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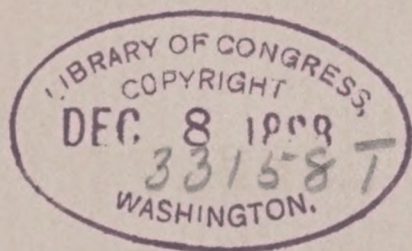
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BRYAN MAURICE

OR

THE SEEKER

BY THE
REV. WALTER MITCHELL



NEW YORK
THOMAS WHITTAKER

2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE

1888

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PREFACE.

Bryan Maurice was written many years ago, and there are in it several things which would appear in considerably modified shape if the book was to be reconstructed.

But it seems best to let them stand as pictures of a state of the Church, which at that time were drawn to the best of the writer's knowledge and ability. The doctrinal points and the general tone are such as the author is willing to abide by. It has been regarded as in some sort an autobiography. That it is not, in any one of its incidents or sketches of character. The only particular in which it can be so considered is in the mental processes of the change from Unitarianism to the faith of the Church, and even here, as the writer's experiences were in no way parallel with that of his hero, the likeness is not very close. The hero and heroine are entirely ideal.

When the book was written there was a movement on foot toward the construction of a "Church of the Future," one which should unite the doctrines of a liberal Christianity with the practices of Catholic antiquity. It was partly to deal with this that the story was conceived and executed; and so far as any such ideas are now existent, *Bryan Maurice* may be useful to show what sort of issue they would find.

It has been objected to all writing of this sort that religious discussion in a novel proves nothing, because the author can shape it so as to produce the conclusion desired.

While this is only partly true, since fiction constrains the author much more nearly than is believed by the general reader, it does not touch at all the soundness of an argument by itself considered. This stands or falls on its own merit.

One of the ablest and clearest pieces of reasoning one can find, the late Canon Kingsley's "Phaethon," is in the form of dialogue, and of course open to the above criticism.

BRYAN MAURICE

OR

THE SEEKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE Albergo Della Poste of Faenza is not an inviting hostelry. So thought a young American, as on a December evening he sat shivering in one of its dreary chambers. The floor was of brick, with only a little rag of carpet before the fireplace. The fuel provided was either of light grape-vine twigs which flashed up furiously and then fell into white ashes, or else of monstrous green logs which would not kindle. There was an inch of space between the door and its groundsill, through which the air streamed in dolefully. Dinner was just over; there stood a bottle of thin, sour wine upon the table, a paper of rank, weedy-looking cigars, and a few books lay beside. A huge, battered travelling-trunk was standing near the bed, upon whose canvas-covering were marked the letters B. M. It was about six o'clock, and the dusk had fairly set in. Upon these slender resources and his own thoughts the traveller was depending to "make a night of it," at least till toward midnight. It was not a very cheerful prospect. The young man lit a cigar, threw a handful of twigs upon the coals, and coaxed the driest-looking log forward into the blaze. "Very like these Italians," said he to himself, "are their fires. All flash and white heat at first with the revolutionary elements; but the solid, conservative institutions, the nobility and the peasantry and the clergy won't catch, and a few ashes are all that is left."

This was said neither cynically or despondingly, but with a semi-complacent air, as though the speaker thought he had made a good hit. Italy and the Italians were nothing to him except to be looked at. He looked round at his table and took up his journal, made an entry or two in the book,—a simple pocket diary,—laid it down, seized a French guide-book, and glanced over a couple of pages, making pencilled notes upon its margin, then turned rapidly over the leaves of a catalogue of the *Accademia dei Belli Arti* at Bologna, underscoring here and there the title of a picture, and then pushed both away from him with the air of a man who finishes his work. Up to this time he had moved rapidly and decidedly, like one who knows his object, but this over, he sat with Kingsley's "Yeast" in his hand, half open, dreamily looking into the fire. He tried to read a few lines, then flung down the book with an impatient air, and took up, as a *dernier resort*, a small pocket-Bible.

"I should like to read that book!" he ejaculated. "Not, of course, for anything in particular, but as a Hebrew history. It has certainly curious things in it. If Jephthah now was called Agamemnon and his daughter Iphigenia, I suppose we should think it poetry and passion and all that; but being it is the Book of Judges, we read it very solemnly to little children Sunday afternoons to keep them still. By Jove! I do think it is the same story,—the legend localized, of course, by Greek and Hebrew. Which had it first? The Greek came from Egypt, so did the Hebrew. Wherefore the Nile is the Father not only of Egypt but of legends. Where, I wonder, is the original home of the myth? Isn't it, after all, allegory,—nature and all that sort of thing,—Zeus and Here the creative and receptive forces, and the wisdom of the mummies generally? Only I wish I could shake off the spell of childhood and read this book instead of staring at it, or thinking of the dollar I am to have when I read it through. I thought I had put the Atlantic well between me and my childhood—and yet —." He fell to reading again, and perhaps by dint of severer effort, perhaps by the help of the train of classical analogies he had invoked and hoped to discover, he succeeded in becoming so absorbed in his reading as not to notice the sound of a carriage rumbling through the archway under

his room, nor, half an hour after, the noise of footsteps in the passage-way. There came a rap at the door, and at his reply the Cameriere entered, bringing a basket of wood, and uttering a profusion of voluble Italian, of which "Americano" was the only word our hero understood. He tried to frame an answer, half drew out his passport, caught up his phrase-book, stammered, and finally broke down altogether, taking refuge in the only familiar phrase. "*Non capisco niente.*"

"Then it is time I took care of myself," said a cheerful voice, and a tall gentlemanly-looking man advanced into the room. "I'm quite alone, *en route* to Bologna, and finding that I've a countryman in the same scrape as myself, I have come to propose that we join forces."

"Delighted to see you, I'm sure—have you dined? Kellner—Garçon—Cam—what's your name?" was the young man's reply; but that functionary had gone.

"I took the liberty of giving him his directions beforehand, and if you will permit me to contribute a little from my own stock of creature comforts we shall do better than by drawing on the resources of the Della Poste."

"My name is Gardiner. You shall tell me yours by and by, if you think best."

The stranger threw himself into a chair, and stretched out his feet to the now blazing fire, drew from his pocket a cigar-case, offered its contents to his host, lighted another for himself, and a pleased look of comfort came over his handsome features. He was a tall man, large framed, and slightly stooping, the head beginning to be bald a little. The whiskers trimmed in the English fashion. He wore spectacles, his hands were white and very handsome, his mouth showed great firmness, and his forehead was high and ample. He glanced at the table, and, catching sight of the opened Bible laid face downward, a graver look came over his face.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I hope I have not trespassed. You were not preparing for bed, were you?"

"Oh no, not at all. Why did you—oh, I see," replied the younger man. "No, I was not reading—that is, I was. I was reading simply for occupation. You interrupted nothing. I shall not go to bed these three hours or more. I am very glad you have come in, indeed."

There came another knock at the door, and the Cameriere reappeared with a small travelling-case, from which the new-comer speedily produced a flask—straw-covered and inviting-looking.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of bringing you some of the vino di Capri to try. It is direct from Naples. You have not been there yet?"

"No, I am on my way to Rome. I left Bologna this morning."

"Ah—where did you stop? At the Svizzer, I suppose? Were there any Americans there—a tall, elderly lady and two young ones?"

"No, sir; only English, and the officers of an Austrian regiment. Stop—I believe a party came in last night, and one of the ladies was tall. I passed them on the stairs, and heard her say, 'My son promised to meet me here;' but more I can't tell you."

"That is enough," said the elder. "I was delayed at Ancona, by this passport nuisance, a whole day, and went out to see the Santa Casa at Loretto. What an absurdity it is to suppose that a house should fly through the air from Palestine to Italy, and yet Romanism insists upon this as one of her miracles."

"Do you really suppose, sir, educated Catholics believe any such things? I supposed that we had got nearly to the end of holding the miracles as a ground of belief, and after all, one miracle is about as hard to believe as another."

"But you were reading the Bible when I came in. What do you hold that to be?"

"I hardly know, sir. I was brought up to believe I ought to read it; I never was told why, and so I never did read it. I used to hear a chapter at morning and night read at school and college, and a little now and then on Sundays. I believed till I was ten or twelve that the Old Testament was sent down to Moses on Mount Sinai, and the New I supposed came in some equally marvellous way. Then I was told that Paley was unanswerable to prove the miracles, but Paley's arguments did not seem to me to answer Strauss or Theodore Parker. So I went to my teachers, who assured me that the Sermon on the Mount proved its own divinity; and again, Mr. Emerson made me think something very like that was to be found in the Hindoo and Persian. I

was told that there must be five original races, and that being so, I can't see that Genesis is to be taken very literally. I rather incline, just now, to the notion that it is the allegorical principle of good and evil, as the Hebrew mind shaped it, which is told in the story of Adam and Eve. The feminine part of the soul's nature, the appetite, the will, the desire, covets knowledge; the reason, the calculating, manly element, yields, and with knowledge comes of course sorrow,—since only through knowledge and sorrow can be progress. However, I am all afloat, I confess. I was looking just now at the coincidences between the Hebrew and Greek legends, and trying to put them exactly on the same level. I left as many prejudices as I could at the Custom-house of Rotterdam, but I find old associations too strong; and yet I cannot see why Samson and Hercules should not be equally legendary, or why the battles under Troy's walls are not quite as real as those before Jericho."

"Where were you educated, sir?" broke in the elder.

"Old Harvard," was the reply.

"So I supposed," said Gardiner. "Old Harvard, being younger probably than the youngest building in these streets, has the right to walk roughshod over the truths of the past. I myself had a little of the Harvard training, and know something of its teachings. I don't much wonder at your present difficulties. Have you any objection to believing?"

"I was brought up to hate and despise New England Calvinism, and to suppose that my common sense was my own, and not to be the slave of impossible propositions. I have an objection to believing in predestination, for that seems to me to settle all need of belief."

"Well, we will let Calvin and Arminius go for the present—let us dispose of Genesis. Are you entirely committed to the five-race theory?"

"Not at all; I have no other objections than Behring's Straits, and they never seemed to me insuperable."

"Are you willing, then, to concede that Genesis may be true?"

"Certainly—only I can make very little sense of it; a wild legendary book, fragmentary, minute in detail, and vast in outline, breaking into startling episodes, such as the Deluge, the fall of Sodom, the dispersion of Babel, and the sacrifice of Isaac. I never could—pardon me, if I shock

you—I never could receive that for anything but a myth. The divine command could not require anything so awful to test a man's faith. No, I do not feel willing that Genesis be taken except as an allegory."

"I hardly know where to begin with you. I suppose you will accept a Creative Spirit?"

"Certainly—Bonaparte's reply to the savans always seemed to me conclusive—'Very well, Messieurs—but who made all that?'"

"And you don't object to man as a part of His scheme?"

"No, of course not."

"And He made man sinful?"

"Why no, I suppose not—that is hardly consistent with my idea of the Creator."

"Then man is innocent now?"

"There is the difficulty, sir. I have rather taken up the theory that there is no such thing as sin, that it is only the conflicting elements of man's nature working out of harmony in his efforts after the highest good: that is, what is sin in one man is only the abandoned virtue of a lower stage. Duelling, for instance, becomes murder as we grow civilized."

"And are there no sins which are always sin independent of society?"

The young man got up from his chair and paced the room hastily once or twice, looked at his companion, then his eyes fell.

"Well, I give up that point," said he; "yes, I know that sin is a reality, and theories are just so much bravado and whistling in the dark. I suppose—I'm—like what most young men are; and if I had any doubt about myself, I've seen one or two cold-blooded things which about settle the question. Yes, sin has got into man—somehow—but that story of the apple and the serpent is hardly anything but a fable."

"Let us leave the serpent—though I should like to have you explain the universal hatred of mankind for the serpent race—let us leave him for the present and keep to what you call the apple—a word you won't find in the Mosaic account, by the way. What were the three things which tempted Eve? It was good for food, pleasant to the

eyes, and to be desired to make one wise. Now here are the three representative qualities which the Church in her baptismal covenant describes as the world, the flesh, and the devil: that is, the bodily appetite, innocent in itself, except for the prohibition; the pleasure of the eyes, that is, the intellectual faculty, the perceptive powers; and the moral element, the soul's craving for power. Now turn to the New Testament to St. Luke's gospel-account of the temptation. What is there addressed to our Blessed Lord? The temptation of the bodily appetite, to make the stones bread; of the intellect, as involved in worldly dominion; and of the soul, in the casting Himself down from the pinnacle of the Temple in order to save Himself by Divine power. He is in this last to sacrifice Himself in appearance to win the popular belief. The sin is not that He who made the five loaves feed the multitude should make the stones bread, nor that the Messiah-King of the whole earth should possess the world's kingdoms, nor that He who was lifted up to be the great High Priest of the earth should offer His life for the people. The sin was in transgressing God's command and losing the subjecting power of His own will. Now see how exactly that corresponds to Adam's temptation, or rather to Eve's."

"I see," said the young man thoughtfully; "I see there is more in it than I fancied. But what of that which follows? God inflicts death as the penalty for a single sin: is not that hard?"

"No, it is consequence—merciful consequence. You say you left your prejudices at Rotterdam—but how about your New England Harvard prejudice in favor of the sanctity of human life? Is death never a blessing?"

"I confess I never thought it so. I read Bulwer's 'Zanoni' in College, and I longed for Mejnour's power of indefinite living. Life is so short and so glorious."

Gardiner smiled sadly, and then said: "Death is an ultimate fact for humanity at any rate—apart from revelation; but how could Adam live for ever, having yielded to his animal nature and let it get dominion over him? He had become animal—the appetite sought for the appetite's sake. An immortality of drunkenness would be an immortality of misery, a progressive degradation. Even Zanoni and

Mejnour, if I remember, won their right to live by conquering the body's desires."

"Yes, you are right; and I see too that temptation to an innocent being must have been external. I never thought of that. But why was not Adam forgiven and restored? God is surely sufficient for that."

"You must remember that man was created in the image of his Maker, and therefore a free agent. Restoration could only be by enabling him to recover his lost self-possession. He had accepted the dominion of an evil power, for, as you say, the temptation must have been external. Now that is given in hope. Eve is promised that from her seed shall come the Deliverer. And the first institution for fulfilling that promise is one which directly meets the animal tendency—the institution of the family. Take Genesis, and you will find it the record of family life. There is a priesthood of the first-born. Cain offers an unworthy offering—not sacrifice—but purchase. He gives the fruits of the ground. God's bounty he claims as his own possession. Abel's offering is sacrifice, the shedding of blood—according to appointed type of a death to come. Death which ends the dominion of the flesh, the world, and Satan, is to be the gate of life. This world has been unparadised to man by his own sin. God gives him the hope of a new and better one. What is the historic fact of all primal and savage races? They are families, tribes, clans: the head is the born head and King and Patriarch. God, in the calling of Abraham, developes the state. The Jewish theocracy introduces a new order into the world. The Asian system, which in India and China still exists, is based upon the family. The European, upon the national life. The American, with its Democratic theories, is the beginning of the Church. These three institutions—Family, State, and Church—are God's divine appointment correspondent to the physical, intellectual, and spiritual elements in man to work out his restoration."

"That I like; it seems to me grand: but how does the Mediatorship of Jesus come in?"

"When you come to understand the Church you will see. But in the first place what was man's offence in essence? Disobedience: now, to renew the race, it was necessary that it be obedient, and to that the obedience of a Federal head

was necessary. The Church is the Church of Christ. It is His humanity possessing the race. Its condition is unity with Him and in Him."

"You get beyond me there, sir. I have no idea of a Church beyond that of a worshipping assembly, and I must say I think the private, personal devotion much better than most of the worship I see; and yet—— Last summer I was in Munich. I strayed into the Pfarrer Kirche—the new one. There was no one there but a peasant woman and her little one. She knelt down with the child in her arms, put its little hands together, and made it repeat after her a prayer. It brought the tears into my eyes, and I would have given anything for her faith and some one to lead me as a little child into some sort of belief and desire of prayer."

"Have you ever attended the Church services—I mean the Episcopal Church?"

"Yes, now and then, and they always pleased me: but I couldn't find the places; and then there seemed so little reality about them, and the sermons were so flat and flimsy—pious homilies about Joseph and his brethren, like good little story-books. I tried hard to be a zealous Unitarian, but you see it has led me into questioning everything. Only I know,"—and here he broke out into startling energy—"I know the Saviour's teachings are true—the Sermon on the Mount: the rest is all Jewish to me. I can't comprehend it. I was very eager in reform movements at home, but they were all so one-sided and full of 'the' cause. The Abolitionists were so terribly bitter, and the Temperance men so narrow and ignorant, and the Socialists—I hung by them a good while—simple, impracticable. Living in phalansteries did not reform the world, as by the most able demonstration it should. One-half would try to speculate on the other half. I thought it best to come away and see Europe. The world suited me very well. I had enough to live on in it, and the rest was all visionary. I suppose I have turned Epicurean—but why not?"

"If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," said Gardiner, quietly.

They sat silently for a few moments, and then the young man resumed: "I wish I could see more of you, sir; you

seem to have clear views at least; perhaps you could teach me. May I ask your route?"

"I am going on to Bologna, to-morrow, to meet my mother and some young friends with her; and then we intend, if nothing happens to turn us back, to spend a part of the winter in Rome—at least to be there during the Christmas season."

"I go to Rome to-morrow; we may meet."

"I hope so," said Gardiner.

"I suppose we all bank at Prince Torlonia's, and there we can learn each other's address." The young man drew from his diary a card and handed it to the visitor: upon it was simply printed, in old English black-letter, the name, BRYAN MAURICE.

"And now," said Gardiner, "before we part, do me one favor. I am in orders, and as we are strangers in a strange land together we ought to remember Who it is by Whose care we are guided. Will you share my worship, even though I trespass upon your Unitarian ideas a little?"

"Certainly," said Maurice; and without farther speech Gardiner took up the pocket-Bible and read the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. The words fell with metallic distinctness upon the ear of the young man. The strangeness of the whole thing gave them power, and for the first time in his life the idea came to him of the preëxistence of the Saviour to the human life of Jesus upon earth. As he finished the chapter, Gardiner, simply saying, "Let us pray," knelt down beside the little table. Maurice's first impulse was simply to bow his face upon his hands, but something in him made him ashamed of this, and he, too, for the first time in his life, knelt in worship.

Whether the clergyman was extemporizing, or reading from a book, or repeating from memory, he knew not. He did not look up, but the words flowed readily. A series of brief prayers—each complete in itself, yet following as by a subtle law of harmony—each with a central thought, and in language that, even in the midst of his deep emotion, struck him as of rare beauty, then followed, ending with the Lord's Prayer and the simple and scriptural benediction which, even in the Unitarian pulpit, had been familiar to him—a relic of its ancient Puritan faith. Silence followed, and in that moment's pause, ere either rose from his knees,

a flood of unformed thoughts rushed upon the young man's mind.

Gardiner rose presently, and taking up his travelling-case, held out his hand, saying, "Good-night! I leave early in the morning, and shall not see you again," pressed the hand held out to him, and was gone.

Maurice would fain have sate longer, but the obstinate fire had died to ashes, and the cold drove him to his bed.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Maurice was roused by his *veturo* at the early dawn, after the uncomfortable fashion of that class, who will persist in beginning a day's journey which shall end in the middle of the afternoon, before the cock-crowing. While he was sipping his cup of weak coffee, and trying to persuade himself that the lukewarm raw egg which was served with it was eatable, the Cameriere brought his bill, and with it a small package, which in pantomime he intimated to Maurice was for him. At the same moment, the impatient *veturo* appeared and seized the travelling-trunk, volubly pouring forth, meanwhile, an appeal to the traveller. He could only slip the packet into his coat pocket, and make up from the strange coins in his purse the amount of the bill, not forgetting the Cameriere's "*buono mano*."

It was too dark when he entered the vehicle to do aught but resume the slumber from which he had been too early called; and when he woke, it was broad day. He remembered the packet in his coat, and drew it forth. It was simply addressed to him, with the number of his room at the inn. He tore off the wrapper, and found a small prayer-book of the American Episcopal Church, with the name "S. Gardiner" written in a thin, clear hand on the fly-leaf. It was a small octavo, somewhat worn, with a plain gilt cross upon either cover. He spent some time turning over its pages. At first it interested him much, for his college training enabled him to appreciate the pure English of its style. It was something new to read in the Gospels and Epistles the Scripture without separation into texts. The Psalter caught his eye, and something unfamiliar in the twenty-third Psalm, which he had often heard chanted in the Unitarian service, led him to take out his pocket-Bible

and compare the two. In spite of his avowed intention to treat the Bible as a common book, it shocked his feeling of reverence a little to find the entire version differing. So, promising himself to examine it hereafter in detail, he turned to the hymns at the end. They did not please him. There was a directness of devout expression, an orthodoxy, it seemed to him, which did not suit the refined reticence of Harvard. So the book went into his pocket again, and the rest of the day he saw it no more. At night, however, he took it and tried to use it, but could find nothing exactly appropriate to his mood of mind; the service for evening prayer in families struck him as lengthy and wanting in power. If that was the book Gardiner had used, as he suspected, it had lost its magic.

At Ancona Maurice caught the diligence for Rome. Shut up in the interior with three others—a German, an Italian, and a Frenchman—the journey was passed in a dreamy vicissitude of mountain scenery and nights of broken slumbers—of strange dinners at dirty inns—of a polyglot conversation and general fraternizing of travellers—but all of it wholly external. It did him good, however—gave tone and balance to his mind, which had been growing morbid in his solitary travel.

Only once came a recurrence to his former thoughts. It was one morning when they stopped to breakfast at Terni. A heavy-looking coach, profusely gilt, with a cardinal's hat emblazoned on the panels, stood at the door of the *albergo*. The cardinal, a sour-looking, elderly man, with long robes, under which his red stockings appeared, was just alighting. The Italian uncovered, crossed himself, and knelt on the dirty pavement. The Frenchman took off his hat, and Maurice did the same. The German slipped into the inn, with a shrug of his shoulders. It was an hour after, as they were ascending a steep hill, and the four passengers of the interior got out to walk, that the German, an optician in the Corso at Rome, drew alongside of Maurice, and said, abruptly—"Why did you, an American and a republican, bow to that priest?"

"Oh," said Maurice, "I don't know—I like to be civil—it is the custom of the country."

"Ah, yes, but to a priest—to a cardinal. You are not a Catholic?"

"No, I am a Protestant—I suppose—that is—I am nothing."

"Ah, so—that is good: then you understand me. These priests are the curse of Italy. I hate them. I have to go to mass, once a year, at Easter—or else——Yes, I have to, but then I believe nothing—that a bit of bread is God—well, it may be as much God as there is, but I believe none of it. Luther began, but Strauss and the Herr Doctor Bauer of Tübingen, and the great Schwegeler, have taken it up. Do you read the French? Well, you must read the *philosophie positif*—that is grand, that is good. It is only in a republic, where you have no kings or priests, that you can think. My business is good here, or I would go to America. When the good time comes, we will put down all these priests and the Holy Father the Pope—and have no mass and no marriage and no property any more."

Maurice was not quite delighted with this plain unveiling of infidelity in its simple form, nor did he relish the dissertation against marriage which followed. He had been brought up purely, like most New England Unitarian boys, but without, of course, the abiding scriptural reason that his body was the temple of the Holy Spirit—which, as it never had been made so in baptism, he had never felt.

But he was not prepared for the deliberate denial of all chastity to woman or of all restraint to man. The conversation, which was mainly on the German's part, haunted him all day long, and mingled in his weary dreams in the corner of the diligence that night. It was the pitiless reduction to its lowest terms of his own half-formed theories.

He woke from his restless sleep the next morning as in the gray dawn they passed the Milvian Bridge. "Sehen Sie, mein Herr," said the German, good-naturedly, "das ist Rom." Maurice leant absorbed out of the carriage-window. There was a long line of dim wall with a shadowy dome towering above, and the huge mass of the Vatican stretching away beside it. He watched and watched till the high vineyard-wall of the road hid the view, and then sank back in his corner with his travelling-cap pulled over his eyes. Tears were in them. There was a strange spell in the sight of Rome, of St. Peter's, and a yearning, longing thought that his fate lay hidden within those walls. An hour after,

he caught a hurried glimpse of the Porto del Popolo, and then of the tall Column of Antonine, and found himself gazing up at a range of crumbling Corinthian pillars, with only a fragment of entablature above, and at the same time in the midst of a mob of porters, custom-house officers, and the like. The instincts of travel returned; the bribery, and the trunk-opening, and the carriage-calling were gone through with, and in another five minutes Maurice found himself at the door of the Hotel d'Angleterre. A slight-built, delicate-looking youth was just coming down the broad staircase. He stopped a moment, and then seizing Maurice by the hand, exclaimed, "How are you, old fellow?—this is jolly—I am so glad to see you. There are several of the boys here, but you are the only Hasty Pud—of the whole lot. I am delighted to get a man, too, who will care about pictures and ruins and all that. I've been here three weeks. Come, get your room and dress, and then we will go to breakfast."

Just then a porter with a trunk ran against the speaker, and startled him a little. He caught his breath, and the effort brought on a sharp fit of coughing. When that was over, Maurice had engaged his room, and his friend was following him up-stairs.

"You see," said he, speaking slowly, "I—have—not—got rid of this cough; but I'm better—much better."

Better if he was, when he reached *numero sette sei, al terzo*, he could only throw himself on the bed, while Maurice went through the very necessary and much longed-for ablutions which three days and nights of diligence-travel rendered indispensable. When Maurice began to dress, however, his speech returned. Floods of questions were poured forth on both sides, and plans formed enough to occupy a twelve-month instead of a winter.

It was quite late when they descended again to the *salle à manger* to breakfast. There were only a couple of the usual travelling Englishmen sitting over "Galignani," tea, and toast, at the far end of the table. The two young men hardly hushed their joyous conversation a tone as they rattled on.

"Where first?" said Goodstowe, as Maurice gave signs of rest to his apparently unappeasable appetite—"St. Peter's. or the Coliseum?"

"Well, I must go to Torlonia's, for letters and money—which way is that?"

"Oh, that's toward the Old City—all right—come along. Where did you say Byron Brooks had gone?—taken to preaching? What a fellow? Does Iced Lem-on-ade still spree it as he used to? I met the Gorgeous Sunbeam when I came out, in Paris, and he was richer than ever—seven colors in his raiment—the lilies of the field would hardly hold a candle to him. No, I don't mean that, you know," said Frank Goodstowe, coloring-up. "I have been so much with H—— and P——, and that set, that I pick up their talk before I know it."

"What's the harm in that?" said Maurice, wonderingly.

"Why, you know, I'm sure, where that comparison is used, and by whom. Look," said Frank, breaking off suddenly—"look!—this is Monte Cavallo, and those are the horses of Phidias and Praxiteles. We're on the Quirinal."

It was a warm winter-noon when they came to the Forum and passed down the Appian Way through the Arch of Titus. The soft air came pleasantly from the Campagna, and Maurice was in an ecstasy of pleasure. Horace and Byron and Cicero and Hans Andersen were all mingling together in his memory, as place after place came before him with that familiar likeness of unlikeness with which the Old-World scenes appear to the young American who has pored over the pictures of them from his infancy. Mere strangeness is nothing; it is the charm of finding the inward vision suddenly realized in the outward, and yet so differently, which makes travel such a well of delights. Maurice would neither go on nor linger, but was for reading every inscription through, and yet for hastening at once to the Coliseum—with the unreasonable appetite of a child let loose in a confectioner's.

CHAPTER III.

AT last, however, Frank, who was four weeks older in Roman experiences, contrived to drag Maurice away and piloted him safely past the Golden House of Nero and around to the unruined side of the Coliseum, where the outer-wall frowns in undiminished grandeur. They stood in the shadow, and Maurice's eager eye seemed to take in a photograph of the whole, from the wild grasses tufting the cornice, to the crannies fretting the fallen stones at the base. There was a Latin inscription upon a tablet let into the front. Maurice studied it for a moment, at first idly, with the instinct of an American student of the classics, too eager over every bit of the ancient tongue to distinguish between the Ciceronian and the Monastic.

Suddenly he broke out in a tone of thorough surprise—"Why, Frank, this is a church dedicated to the Martyrs."

"Well," said Goodstowe, "go a step further and you will see where they suffered."

They entered the vast oval, and there in the centre was reared a plain cross. Around the arena were built the canopied altars of the Romish Church. Maurice sat down upon the stone benches of the lower tier in a fit of musing. Frank, the most indulgent of ciceroni, would not disturb him.

At length he broke the silence.

"Why, Frank," said he, "here is the same Church to which the Martyrs and Apostles belonged."

"Of course it is: did you never think of that before?"

"Why, no!—yes—that is, I never *felt* it before." Then, after a pause, "This is, I suppose, the true Church."

He brought out the words slowly and with a pained expression, like one who admits a disagreeable truth. Frank met the inquiry with a quiet smile, which showed that he

was not taken by surprise, but had felt and mastered the difficulty. He pointed in the direction of the Capitol, and quietly said, "Is this city the Rome of the Consuls of the Empire? As we came down the Appian, we saw that the ancient arches and the old pavement stood twelve feet below the present level. It no longer occupies the same site; it has moved away from that and left the old places desolate. That is the position of the Roman Church. It is like the Mediæval Italian city reared over the grave of the ancient Republican and Imperial one."

"Then," said Maurice, "there is *no* true Church, for all modern Churches came from Rome—that is, if your illustration holds good; which I don't admit and don't deny."

"Did Republican Government perish because the Roman Republic became an empire?"

"No," said Maurice, "but Roman Republicanism did. American Republicanism may be a revival, but it is not a continuation of Roman."

"I am fairly caught," said Frank; "but—but—I want to put the thing in another way. Suppose the Roman Republicanism had been transplanted into England, and so brought to us—then the failure of the source would not affect the continuation. Christianity is not dead because Jerusalem, where it originated, fell into the hands of the Mahometans."

"Yes, very good; but you don't mean to say that our churches in America were so transplanted?"

"I mean to say that the One Holy Catholic Church has its representative in America now."

"Well, I don't understand all this; I'll think it up some time—but—I say—let us get up on these walls—this is so glorious." And Maurice scrambled and roamed, unheeding Frank's short breathing and occasional coughs, till the latter plead fatigue, and begged to return to the hotel. Maurice assented, and seeing Frank really looked ill, had the prudence to call a coach which was at hand near the Coliseum—its driver on the lookout for stray tourists. Frank had to lie down till dinner, and Maurice spent the time in writing up his journal and a letter or two.

At the *table d'hôte* they met a large body of travellers—all English or Americans—and the conversation was quite general and lively upon what had been or was to be seen.

It was the 24th December, and everybody was full of the Christmas Eve ceremonies which were to come off at the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Frank, refreshed by sleep and his dinner, agreed to go. Young men are rarely tolerant of invalidism, especially in their equals, and Maurice could not comprehend Frank's willingness to lose any one of the great annual sights. So Frank, a little against his better judgment, and himself rather eager, ventured out again.

The night was clear, bright, and moonlit; slightly frosty, and the air brisk and keen. They found the great church thronged. Its gilded ceiling glimmered in the blaze of innumerable wax candles. There was a buzz and murmur of tourists in the intervals of the chanting—a crowding to catch a glimpse of the procession of the Pope in his chair, with the white peacock fans on either side, as he was borne between ranks of soldiers. The marvellous cradle was solemnly carried up the nave. Maurice remembered that Bethlehem stable had only a manger. The heat, and dust, and incense were all but stifling. They had to stand until Frank, nearly fainting, had to beg Bryan to leave. It was not easy to force one's way through the crowd. Frank was sharply elbowed by a great burly young English Jesuit from the Propaganda, and pressed his hand upon his panting chest with a gesture and look of pain. At last they reached the silent portico and the open air. Frank drew a long breath of relief, and then, as the keen night air filled his lungs, coughed terribly. At the end of his attack he was spitting blood. Then Maurice, really alarmed, rushed up to a carriage, and importuned the driver in his best French. The man hesitated, but a large round *scudo* shining in the moonlight prevailed. Maurice almost lifted Frank in, and then the driver whipped up his horses into a run, that he might be back in time for his own proper fares, for whom he was waiting. The jolting over the pavements did Frank's cough no good, and when he reached the Angletterre he was quite exhausted. Luigi, Frank's courier, was summoned, and the two got Frank to bed and administered a sedative for the cough, which gave temporary relief. Bryan would have watched till Frank slept, but Frank said "No;" and only asked to be let to rest.

"Is there anything more I can do?" said Maurice at the room-door.

"Yes," said Frank, "just one thing. My eyes pain me—please shade the light, and then"—he hesitated a moment—"please take this little book and read to me the prayers on this page."

Maurice felt sadly embarrassed, but he did not like to show it. He took the book, and standing by the bedside—for he could not in fact well kneel, and did not like to sit—read, in as reverential a manner as he knew how, the collects on the designated page of the little manual. When he ended, Frank put out his hand, pressed that of Maurice, and said, in a whisper, "Thank you, dear Bryan,—Christ bless you,—good-night."

Maurice went away with an undefined sense of apprehension and sadness. He strolled out to the Piazza di Spagna and passed a half-hour with his cigar upon the glorious Spanish steps, where by day the models of the painters cluster, and old Peppo, king of the beggars, whom every one ever in Rome knows so well, shambles round on his stumps, and cries in his lusty voice, "*Buon Giorno, Signore.*" He thought of home, of his sick friend, and of the Christmas Eve service he had once witnessed in a little church in his native town. Gradually his musings went Bethlehem-wards, and he found himself wondering why Christmas Eve should so long have been kept in the world. "There is something in it," he said at last to himself—"the Bible cannot be a collection of myths—I give up the legendary theory."

The next morning Maurice stole softly to Frank's room. The door was gently opened, in answer to his light tap, by the watchful Luigi. "He sleep, 'celenza," said the courier, forming the words with his lips, but scarcely making a sound. "If he sleep he will do well," murmured Maurice, little thinking of the ominous coincidence in his words. So he went down, relieved in mind, to the breakfast-table, and there, as was his wont, made acquaintance with a fellow-traveller, a long-legged Lieutenant of an East Indian regiment, going home by the overland route, on leave,—and the two agreed to go to St. Peter's together.

"By Jove," said the Englishman, when in the street,—
"how odd one feels in a dress-coat in the morning,—it's like going to a funeral, d' ye know."

Both the young men did feel rather awkwardly, attired in solemn black, without even a paletot to cover their sabbleness. Swarms of beggars dashed alongside as they strode down the Via Babuino. The Lieutenant swore at them in Hindostanee. Maurice gave a copper coin or two to one of the most hideously repulsive; but when a wretch insisted upon stripping the cloth from his face to show the cancer which half covered it, (artistically painted there by Smudgers, of the Café Greco, that very morning,) he raised his hand threateningly.

"I say," said the Lieutenant, "don't do that now, you'll have the police on you; here's a dodge I was put up to in Florence, the other day,"—and he made a queer back-handed shake with his right forefinger, at which freemasonry the beggar gave a knowing look and fell back at once. They passed on toward the Bridge of St. Angelo.

"I say, I suppose we shall have to miss chapel," continued he. "I don't quite like that—for I never did stay away from church on a Christmas day; but then it's the Stilton to do High Mass at St. Peter's, and then there's an awful Puseyite mess at the chapel—candles and flowers and all that—and one might as well have the real turtle as the mock. I'm not one of your beastly Low Churchmen, either; but I'm an old Rugby fellow, and I can't go this Oxford nonsense. But," he added, "I beg your pardon—perhaps you are in that way."

"Oh, no," said Maurice, "not at all; in fact, I don't well know what it means. I am not in the habit of going to church Christmas day. We do not in America, except a few Episcopalians."

"You don't mean that you're a Dissenter? Come, now, you are too good a fellow for that."

"Well, I am not anything just now," said Maurice, rather embarrassed.

The young Briton gave a broad stare—the two could hardly make each other out. "But come, now, that won't do, you know," said the Englishman. "You had better go out to India and see what those beggars out there are like, and you'd soon settle yourself. I can't say what I mean," he went on, getting red in the face and beginning to stammer, "but—but a man must believe if he has work to do in the world, and got to be under fire and do his duty by a lot of

these poor ignorant soldiers. By Jove, if I didn't believe I should have gone to the bad long ago. However, perhaps, it's different in America—though I can't for the life of me see how."

"May be," said Maurice, half to himself, "I shall find what I want here. How superb!" he cried, as they entered upon the vast piazza of St. Peter's and the whole magnificent view broke upon them.

The Lieutenant shook his head and held his peace, honestly bewildered at such a strange phenomenon as the young skeptic. There was a gentleness, an almost guileless seeming about Maurice, appearing in his tones and manners, which drew every one he met toward him, and that which made the Englishman call him, upon their first acquaintance, "a good fellow," served to perplex thoroughly the latter.

No more conversation passed between them till they reached the entrance. They were admitted at once, leaving behind a dozen unfortunates, who had thought to palm off a sham upon the infallible Church by pinning up their frock-coat skirts into the semblance of dress-coat tails. The infallible Church, being well versed in all varieties of shams, soon detected these impostors, and brought them to shame and confusion of face.

The vast nave was not crowded ; it never is. It seems as if all Rome, and her foreign visitors to boot, could not crowd it. But when they reached the High Altar under the dome, they found themselves in a mob of tourists, monks, and officers, rendering it difficult for them to catch a clear view of what was going on. Behind the open space where they stood, were temporary boxes, draped with scarlet, in which sat ladies in black, with black veiled heads, and bonnetless. The Englishman's length of limb enabled him to see over the crowd, but Maurice, who was shorter, soon left him, and elbowed his way through the throng to a front place. The spectacle was less imposing than he expected. The poor old Pope had a wearied look while the tedious ceremonies went on—the taking off and putting on of numerous vestments, with inaudible Latin prayers murmured the while—flourishes of the thurible and the like—ceremonies to the young New Englander altogether unintelligible. What struck him especially, was the uninterested manner of most of the high ecclesiastics, especially as it contrasted with the rapt devo-

tion of the contadini kneeling in the outside space where the multitude were permitted, and the absorbed, almost ecstatic worship of a few ladies who occupied private boxes near the Papal throne. It was whispered in the crowd that these were English ladies of high rank, and Maurice caught the whispered name of a recent distinguished pervert, whose novels he remembered to have read.

The High Altar of St. Peter's stands directly beneath the mighty dome. Four hundred feet above it in the air is the lantern upon which the ball and cross are built. A canopy, ninety feet in height, is over the altar. Behind it is the throne, in the upper arm of the Latin cross, in which St. Peter's is constructed, a space large as one of the largest American churches, but which, in St. Peter's, appears scarcely more than a recess.

Near the Pope's Throne is the huge monument of that Pontiff who decked it before his death with the figures of his mistresses, sculptured as allegory; contrary to the usual custom, his tiara is not placed on his head, but laid at his feet, in token of the extraordinary and shameless vileness of his life.

The way from the throne to the altar was covered with a temporary carpet, and on each side were ranged the *Guarda Nobile*, each a noble of Rome, in their splendid uniform. They stood, with swords drawn, motionless military statues, only their crested cavalry helmets betraying, by a movement of their flowing horse-tails, that they possessed life.

At last the long services drew to a close. The Pope left his throne and advanced toward the altar, the train of his heavy robes upborne by *Acolytes*. He knelt for a moment, and then, amid a stillness like the hush of a summer noon-tide, took into his hands the sacred emblems.

He pronounced the words of consecration, probably the ancient form which Linus and Anacletus had used, and then, with both hands, he raised high the jewelled and glittering Monstrance. Every head was bowed; the *Guarda Nobile*, with the perfect oneness of military movement, sank on one knee, and lowered their shining swords till their points clashed upon the pavement, while a burst of triumphant music rang through the vast church and echoed down the mighty arches of the nave and aisles. Chanting voices, clear and high and heavenly sweet, the voices of the

soprani and choir-boys, sounded with it. The impression was overwhelming, irresistible, and Maurice bowed his head. Once more the Pontiff's sonorous voice was the only sound, the "HIC EST SANGUIS MEUS" clearly heard, and the chalice was raised with the same dramatic splendor of effect. For a few seconds the genius of Roman art enveloped Maurice in its spell, and he bent his knee and hid his face with his hands, knowing not why. It was a brief trance. As he rose with the rest, right before him was a monk, whose greasy woollen robe was redolent of other odors than that of sanctity, and whose face, as he turned to leer at the ladies in the boxes, was the repulsive mask of a satyr.

The finale came soon. The Pope, with a sigh of relief, returned to his throne, and was presently borne out on his dizzy seat; a performance so "tottlish," (to use a child's word,) as to be rather ludicrous than otherwise.

Maurice looked around for his English friend, but he was lost in the crowd now hurrying toward the entrance. He loitered behind, for it was his first visit to St. Peter's. He soon worked into the clearer region of the side aisle, and paused to read the inscription of that tablet whereon is carved, "Henricus IX. Rex Anglitræ." Something, very like a disturbance, near, interrupted his reverie over the Stuarts—by the way, always to the educated New Englander a most romantic theme, in which Scott and Carlyle oddly contend for mastery. He saw a couple of ladies were in trouble. An Italian, of the lower orders, was annoying them with importunities; Maurice could not tell wherefore. He saw them shrink back from the man's volubility, and heard a few words of English spoken by the elder to the younger. He hurried to their aid, and learned in a word their difficulty. The fellow claimed that they had engaged him as guide, he having evidently mistaken his party. Maurice spoke a few words in French to the man, and sent him, grumbling, away. Then turned to the ladies, and asked what could he do for them? They took in his position at a glance, and, evidently relieved a little, the elder lady spoke. They were seeking their carriage. Her son, she said, was a clergyman; but, not wearing the regulation dress-coat, had been separated from them at the door. They were to meet in the portico, and were seeking him when the Italian had followed and annoyed them.

Maurice at once offered his services, saying, "I am an American." The elder lady was tall, her dark curls here and there touched with gray, her features high and dignified, and about her face Maurice thought he saw a familiar look. "Since you are a countryman," said she, "we will trouble you as far as our carriage. I thank you very much."

They made their way to the open air, and Maurice, finding a place where the ladies could stand in safety, went in search of their coach, the number of which they had fortunately taken. It was not easy in such a jam to find the right one; and when he returned he found a tall gentleman standing beside them, who turned, and Maurice beheld the familiar face of Gardiner. Explanations, warm greetings, and the like, follow. Maurice was offered the spare seat in their carriage—and found that they were at the Angleterre also. He was presented in form by Gardiner to his mother and his young niece, Miss Maud De Forrest. Once seated in the carriage as her *vis-a-vis*, Maurice was enabled to see and scan the faces of his new acquaintance. The elder lady we have described before. The younger did not appear to be a relative, for she was a blonde. She, in spite of her English name, was an American, with the delicacy of feature so characteristic of the spring-tide of our girlhood. Her eyes were a deep blue, and there was a dark shading of the braids of hair which crossed her forehead which distinguished them from the washed-out, colorless tresses of Germany. It was the hue Bryant has so admirably hit off in a single line—

"Brown in the shadow and gold in the sun."

There was, however, in somewhat of contrast to the gentleness of the whole upper face, a touch of firmness about the small mouth, and a rather decided rounding of the chin, which gave character to the face at the cost of pure conformity to the classic statuesque type. Like other ladies that day, she was dressed in black, with a black lace veil.

The conversation soon turned upon the ceremonies witnessed. Gardiner remarked that he had gained a tolerably good view of them. "You know, mother," he said, "I went back to the hotel and got a dress-coat; but could not join you. I thought of going to Chapel, but then as we had

service with the Bishop of Gibraltar in his parlor this morning, it did not matter; and after what H—— said to me last night, I thought it was not best to commit myself by being present at ——'s absurd performances there. I find it is quite a party matter with our friends, and on their account I would not compromise myself."

Maurice himself felt a slight revulsion of feeling at his own enthusiasm, and with the audacity of young New England liberalism jested at the affair. "I wonder that such mummary could move any one. The elevation of the Host was very fine, but what meaning is there in it all? What is the Host? I'm sure I don't know." The young lady looked at him with a serious look of astonishment, and then glanced rather timidly at her uncle.

"Oh, but, Miss De Forrest, I'm sure *you* don't know," continued Bryan. "Young ladies are always very learned in all foreign customs; but unless you are a Catholic—You don't belong to the Catholic Church, I suppose?"

"I trust I do," she replied, and was about to add something more, but Maurice, coloring deeply, interrupted her.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon—sincerely. I did not dream of it for a moment; please excuse me—let us talk of something else. I shall offend you by my unlucky blunders."

Maud saw his error, but the moment of explanation slipped away, and she seriously doubted whether he could be readily made to comprehend what she meant. So she merely smiled to show she was not offended, and the conversation took a different turn.

"Have you seen any of the galleries yet?" he asked.

"Not yet," said she. "We begin to-morrow at the Borghese."

"Oh! I am going there too. Frank Goodstowe, my friend, whom I met here, says it is splendid."

"That tall gentleman you were with at St. Peter's?" said the elder lady. Miss De Forrest said nothing, but became suddenly paler.

"Oh, no," said Maurice; "Frank is ill at the hotel, poor fellow; his lungs are delicate, and he has had a slight attack of bleeding."

"Is he from S——, in New York State?" continued Mrs. Gardiner.

"I think he is; I knew him at Harvard; he was my classmate; a capital fellow; of *your* Church, too," said Maurice, with a slight stress on the pronoun, turning to Gardiner. "We used to call him the parson, in college, but a better fellow never lived;—not like the Orthodox generally, who are not always gentlemen, and who sometimes will give information to the faculty, and always stand out against rebellions."

"Did he take a good degree?" asked Gardiner.

"Oh yes, sir, in the second eight; might have been in the first; was one of our best writers and speakers, but would not take the trouble; rather preferred to mouse round in the library." He was fond of the river, too. I have had many a glorious pull with him by moonlight, in a fisherman's dory he kept, down through the bridges to the old Powder-house wharf."

Just then the carriage stopped at the Angleterre. Maurice had scarcely time to hand out the ladies, when his arm was touched by Luigi, on the watch for him. He turned, and the deep grief on the worthy courier's face made him forget the ladies, and Gardiner, and everything else.

"Il Signore Francesco is very bad. Another"—and Luigi touched his lungs in expressive pantomime. Maurice waited for no more, but sprang up the stairs, three at a time. Luigi followed more slowly. As Maurice entered Frank's room he found him sitting up in bed—propped by pillows—his face ghastly pale, and the windows open, in spite of the cold, which at Rome is quite noticeable at Christmas. A young physician, an Englishman, staying in the hotel, was in the room, preparing a stimulant. He held up his finger as Maurice entered, as a warning to him to keep quiet. Goodstowe made a sign with his thin hand, which he could hardly lift from the bedclothes, and the Doctor was at his side in an instant, moving with that quiet gliding step only learned in sick-chambers. Frank spoke something in a low whisper, and the medical man turned to Maurice and said quietly—"Do you know of any clergyman of the English or American Churches now in Rome? Your friend has just sent for the Chaplain here, but it being Christmas Day he will probably be dining out somewhere."

Just then Luigi entered. "The chaplain Inglese is not

chez lui," said he. Frank's face was very sad to see, and large tears came into his eyes.

"Stop a moment," said Maurice, "perhaps I can do it." And he was starting for the door, when Frank made an impetuous movement, (followed, alas, by a cough, fearful to hear,) which the physician's quick eye caught, and arresting Maurice by one hand, he laid the other upon Frank's, and bent down his ear to listen. It seemed an age, though in a moment Frank's words came labored and faint—"Church—clergy"—"Yes, yes!" said Maurice, and was off. He hardly knew how, so breathless and instinctive was every movement, but he found himself knocking at Gardiner's door. The clergyman opened it, meeting him with an inquiring look—almost stern—which softened on seeing Maurice's agitation. The young man sobbed rather than spoke—"Frank is dying—wants a clergyman—*can* you come?"

"Certainly, of course," said Gardiner; and instantly tapping at the inner door of the next room *en suite*, he said—"Mother, we will not dine till the five o'clock *table d'hôte*. I am called to a sick person;" and, without waiting for a response, turned toward the corridor.

As they went toward Frank's room—"Do you happen to know," said he, "if your friend has been confirmed?"

"I hardly know," said Maurice; "I remember seeing a book on his table about Confirmation, and he had to go into Boston one day about that time—it was in our Junior year—to see the Bishop; he missed a society-meeting by it; but I really can't say, I don't think I know what confirming really is." Gardiner did not reply—only nodded.

They had by this time reached Frank's room. As they went in Gardiner said, quietly—"Peace be to this house and to all within"—and then went at once to the sick bedside. With a glance he seemed to take in the whole situation. Frank's face brightened, and a sweet, pure smile came over it. The physician said, respectfully, but firmly—"He must not talk; I cannot answer for it if he does."

"Oh, no, of course not," said Gardiner; "only make a sign, yes or no, to my questions. You have been baptized?" Frank bowed. "And confirmed?" Frank bowed again. "Have you ever communed?" Frank shook his head sadly. "You are entitled to the communion now if you

desire it." Frank's face flushed, he closed his eyes a moment, and then reverently bent his head. Without saying more Gardiner knelt down by the bedside, and, holding Frank's hand in his, prayed for forgiveness of sins, and faith and penitence for this sick member of the Church. The physician and Maurice remained standing, but Maurice's eyes were blinded with fast-coming tears. Then rising, Gardiner asked—"Dost thou believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?" and continued through every article of the creed, Frank making a faint sign of assent to each. When it came to the words "Holy Catholic Church," Maurice gave a slight start—they had acquired a new meaning to him. He was bewildered, too, at the perfect readiness with which each seemed to understand the other, and yet astonished at the solemnity and fitness of the whole. He had been sick, dangerously sick, while in college; and after he was better, a clergyman, one of the Faculty, had called to see him, but seemed afraid to talk with him, and finally got out something about thankfulness to Divine Providence—he did not appear to like to say "God"—in delivering him from sickness, and then was glad to change the subject to the approaching Exhibition. He remembered this now.

"Are you able to receive the Sacrament now?" asked Gardiner. Frank made an affirmative sign. He turned to the Doctor,—“You are a member of the English Church; will you receive with him?”

The Doctor shook his head—"I'm not, you know—you see I ought to be watching him." And then stepping to Gardiner's side, and drawing him to the chamber-door, said something in too low a tone for any of the rest to hear. Gardiner replied without losing the quiet manner proper to a sick-room, but with a decision that allowed of no appeal,—“You will be kind enough to remain in the next room till I call for you. I am used to sickness, and will be responsible; I cannot have you here.” The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, a slight sneer curled his lip, but he walked without parley into the sitting-room.

Gardiner turned, and after a moment's pause, said to Maurice,—“You of course cannot join with us, but will you remain? you can support your friend in your arms, as he appears too weak to sit up, and to lie down would suffocate

him." Frank's face showed the pleasure he felt at Gardiner's considerate kindness, and Maurice could not speak, so deeply was he touched; but he took his place, half sitting, half kneeling on the bedside, and raised and held Frank firmly and tenderly. Gardiner left the room, beckoning to Luigi, who presently came back, and placed against the wall opposite the bed a small table, covered with a white cloth. In a few minutes Gardiner reappeared, followed by the two ladies Maurice had met that morning. Maud's face was no longer pale, a bright flush burned on each cheek, and her lips were firmly set. She glanced quickly at Frank, who did not appear to notice her, and a slight shade of relief seemed to come over her face. Gardiner said simply, "My mother and my niece," by way of introduction. Maud placed herself by the head of the bed, out of the range of Frank's view—but where, as it happened, from Maurice's position, he could see her. The clergyman placed upon the little table a tiny cup of silver, and a small plate of the same metal. Then opening a delicate damask napkin, he laid a little square of bread upon it, and filled the cup with wine from a graceful silver flagon. He laid over them a veil of fine lawn, with an embroidered cross and monogram, worked within the circle of the crown of thorns. He placed an open Bible behind these, resting against the wall. Maud rose from her seat, and, still standing so as to be behind Frank, placed before him her own little prayer-book, open at the office of the Communion of the sick. Frank motioned toward the centre-table, where some books were lying. The elder lady took a prayer-book,—Frank's own,—and handed it to him; he found the place, and put it into Maurice's disengaged hand. He said softly, "Will not you want it?"

"Oh no, the service is familiar to me, by heart."

Meanwhile Luigi had been looking curiously on. He crossed himself, as the Roman Catholics do, and then slipping into the next room, returned bringing two wax candles and a vase of flowers. He placed these upon the little table, and lighted the candles. It was quite dusk in the room, for the day was very cloudy, and Gardiner made no objection, only exchanged a word or two in French with Luigi, who then knelt near the foot of the bed. Gardiner stepped into the sitting-room a moment,—the physician administered a few drops of the restorative he had prepared,

and then retired once more as Gardiner reëntered in surplice and stole, and knelt down at the simple little altar he had prepared. After a short silent prayer he rose, and while the two ladies stood, read the Collect, Epistle and Gospel, which Maurice found in the open prayer-book before him. This, with the invitation to the Communion, struck Maurice as rather formal. The parts succeeding each other so rapidly, and the annunciation of each beforehand, seemed to him confusing and yet labored. But when Gardiner knelt once more, and all the voices joined in the confession, a deep awe fell upon it as he listened to those words of fervent humility and sorrow. Yet in his state of mental tension, he seemed to himself to experience that dual personality which belongs to the passive endurance of great and protracted emotion,—in which one half of ourself appears to watch and criticise the other. He thought to himself, “How can any dare to come to the Communion after saying such things of themselves?” He had the New-England feeling that one must be conscious of a sinless perfection first,—that idea which underlies all phases of religious thought resulting from Puritan culture. Then the Priest rose and pronounced the Absolution, turning toward Frank and holding his hand just above the young man’s bowed head. It seemed most personal, most direct, nor was this lessened by the deep authority of the low fervent tones.

Then followed the “Comfortable Words,” never to be forgotten after they have been heard beside the bed of death—the sentences which witness of the Incarnation and the Resurrection, the two pillars which uphold our earthly life. Then Gardiner turned to the altar again and read the preface for Christmas Day, and the three voices mingled in that rapt ascription, the song of the Angel and Archangel. Maurice thrilled through and through, and he felt his skeptical lightness fall from him like a cast-off garment. Gardiner knelt once more, and recited the prayer of humble access. The slow, deliberate pausing upon the words seemed to breathe from the speaker’s very soul, and Maurice followed them as if for his life.

But he was startled when Gardiner rose again, and taking care to stand so that Frank could see every movement, seemed, while reciting the Lord’s own act, to repeat

its gestures step by step. Maurice had never before seen the rite, excepting that day, in St. Peter's, in the Roman Mass. When the Bread was literally taken and broken, when the Cup was touched by the Priest's hand, a very strange feeling came upon him. It seemed either awfully real or awfully wrong,—he hardly knew which. He tried to follow the prayers which succeeded, but his thought wandered in spite of himself; and beside that, anxiety for Frank, whose form seemed more and more to rest helplessly in his arms, gained upon him. The hush in which Gardiner, kneeling, partook of both the elements, was to him almost unendurably long. It was a relief when the Priest rose, and holding the tiny Paten in his left hand, extended his right in benediction over his kneeling mother, while he said, "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." Then, laying the Bread upon her open hand, he continued, "Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." He did the same with Maud, looked a moment to Luigi, who crossed himself once more, but shook his head, and then came to Frank. He laid his hand gently upon Frank's forehead as he pronounced the first sentence, and then laid the rest of the Sacramental Bread upon his hand. Goodstowe made an effort in vain to raise it to his lips, and his breath was faint and fluttering. Gardiner put it to his mouth, and Frank made an effort to swallow it, with success, but Maurice felt his whole frame shudder with emotion and weakness. The Priest then administered the Cup—only a few drops remaining as he came last to Frank. He placed the chalice to the dying lips, and Frank was just able to empty it. Gardiner had turned to place the vessels upon the table, and was just spreading the gauzy covering over them, when a cry from his mother made him turn quickly. Frank was seized with a fierce spasm, and half rose from Maurice's shoulder, and then sank back again, the paleness of death upon his face, but with a smile of holy calm over all his features. Maud half rose and caught his drooping hand which hung down beside the bed—felt the pulse. Luigi darted from the room, and summoned the Doctor. He came at once and placed his hand upon Frank's heart. It had ceased to beat. He

bowed to Gardiner, and saying, "I did not think he would last till now," quietly left the room. They laid the lifeless form upon the bed and closed the eyes, while Maurice sank upon his knees in a great agony of tears.

Gardiner repeated the Lord's prayer, in which both ladies joined in voices broken by sobs, and then another prayer, which Maurice lost entirely, in the amazement of his sorrow.

Then slowly, but with firmer accents, the three, rising, began the Gloria in Excelsis. Maurice had risen also, all but mechanically, and stood looking upon the silent face of the dead. He was half inclined to resent this continuance of the service as a bitter mummary—now that its purpose seemed ended—when a strange thought was born, as it were, into his mind. "If Frank's faith be true," it said to him, "is not this the very utterance of the released soul in its deliverance from earth?"

So it was that he knelt again with the rest, and for the first time in all his life was spoken above him the Apostolic Benediction—

"The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—be amongst you and remain with you always!"

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the hush of the last moment had passed, the two ladies hastily left the room. Gardiner threw off his surplice, and said softly to Maurice, "Wait here till I return." In a few moments he reëntered; Maurice sat motionless by the corpse, holding Frank's hand in his. Luigi was sobbing in one corner. "Had your friend," said Gardiner, "relatives at home to whom we ought to send?"

Maurice was recalled to the care of the living, as Gardiner saw was best he should be. "No parents," said he. "I think he had an uncle, who was his guardian, but I do not know his name or address."

"Luigi," said the clergyman, "Did your master give you any papers to take care of, lately?"

"Si, Signore. He write last night; he say he die soon; he tell me give it to Signor Maurigi;" and Luigi drew from his breast a folded packet. It contained a note for Maurice as follows:—

"DEAR BRYAN—when you read this, I shall be gone. Take charge of these papers, pay my bills, and see that Luigi has a handsome present. You will find my purse in the lid of my trunk. If more is needed, apply to my uncle, Thomas S. Goodstowe, care of Goodstowe and Coles, New York. If there is any left, give it to the Poor-Box of the English Chapel. I am too tired to write. Rememb—Colis—our talk"——

The writing of these last words ran into a shapeless scrawl, and only the fragments here indicated were legible. A spot of blood on the margin told the story. The packet contained also the key of Frank's trunk and a few memoranda. One of these was as follows: "My will is in the hands of I. Davis, attorney, New York, 35 Nassau Street." There was a pocket-diary, some miscellaneous papers, and a folded copy of verses. These last Maurice put away unread.

While Maurice was thus engaged, Gardiner had summoned the landlord and sent a servant for the English chaplain. The landlord was assured that all expenses should be met, and directed to send for a proper undertaker; all of which he seemed to understand, and then as the chaplain did not come, they sent for the doctor who had attended Frank. He luckily was aware what steps were necessary, and gave a few concise, clear directions, to which Gardiner listened attentively. Maurice took possession of Frank's trunk, and had it removed to his own room. He took Frank's Prayer-Book from the table, and placed it in his pocket, and then sat down to watch by the body. Luigi placed the little table by the head of the bed, with the lighted candles upon it. "The master," he said, "was a good Christian. Your English priests are not like our priests, but that was good." Presently Gardiner signed to him as they went out together.

It was a long and weary watch for Maurice. Christmas day faded into night. The undertaker came, the sexton of the English chapel, grave, quiet, and respectful. The body was shrouded and placed in a coffin, and then silence once more. Maurice was face to face with the great mystery of death. It was the first time in his young life. Before the coffin came, it had still been Frank his friend who was there, but now the change was fully realized to him, when the face and form were shut out from sight. Awe came upon him, something like disquiet at the last. He turned over the pages of the Prayer-Book listlessly, unable to fix his attention upon anything. At length Gardiner reappeared. "Will you see the English chaplain, sir?" he said to Maurice. "I am told he is below." Luigi followed, with two of the undertaker's men, who came to watch, and Maurice was glad to go out of that sad room. In the salon below they found a florid and rather portly gentleman in a rather ultra-clerical dress. "The Rev. Stephen Gardiner?" said he, inquiringly, as they entered.

"That is my name," said the American clergyman. "I am an American clergyman, a Presbyterian of the diocese of New York. We sent for you,—this is Mr. Maurice, a countryman of mine, and the intimate friend of the dead, —to ask concerning the funeral."

"Fh! really, now, I'm very sorry, but I'm hardly at

leisure to attend to it,—it must be, you know, at night, and the Protestant ground is so shockingly far off. I'm not at all well, and Lord Ellesdean is quite ill; and I'm in constant attendance on him. You know I'm not the regular man here, only taking the cure while W—— is away. Now you're in orders, I think you said, I dessay you wouldn't at all mind taking the duty."

"I expect to," said Gardiner, quietly. "I desired to see you in order to know what steps were necessary to obtain permission from the government."

"Oh! aye, really I can't say. You've a consul, or an ambassador, or something of the sort here. I've sent you our sexton, who will do the thing very properly. Did your young friend send for me in his illness?"

"Yes, but you were not in," said Gardiner; "the case was urgent,—a sudden bleeding of the lungs,—and I was at hand and gave him, at his desire, the Sacrament. I presume you would hardly, under the circumstances, consider it a trespass on your cure, as Mr. Goodstowe was a member of the American Church."

"Oh, no, no, by no means; you're in the city, you know, in the Bishop of Rome's diocese, and you must settle that with him. By the by, I never, you know, do that thing. Outside the walls I'm not in the diocese of Rome, but in that of Ponte Milvio; and as I cannot find my diocesan, I venture to act, d'ye see, taking it for granted that, as I am in the practice of the rites of the Church Catholic, he would approve."

"I must say, I admire your distinction," said the American; "as my conscience does not trouble me about the Bishop of Rome's limits, I shall officiate to my own countrymen where they need me."

"But, my dear Sir," said the chaplain, "that is schismatic, very schismatic, positive dissent."

"Well, it may be dissent, but as I cannot worship with the Bishop of Rome, I certainly do not mean to go without worship; and while he denies me the Sacrament in its fullness, I shall receive it when I can get it unmutilated."

"Now, I really can't agree with you there; there's a vast deal to be said on the other side. Of course if there is a Real Presence, and I fancy you won't deny that, it ought to be altogether in all parts of the Sacramental elements

alike. We can't divide it, you know, and why not then find it in one as in both?"

"It is not a question of argument," said Gardiner, "but of authority. What our blessed Lord commanded to be done, Rome shall not forbid me to do. But as I have your permission to officiate to-morrow, I will do so, and I'm much obliged to you for calling."

"Oh, not at all, not at all, I am engaged to-night at a *petit souper* at the Hotel de Russie, in the Piazza di Spagna, and called in on my way. I fancy you had better see your ambassador to-morrow, or Prince Torlonia,—he will arrange it for you. Good-night!" and he was gone.

"I have done that," said Gardiner to Maurice; "I called on Mr. C——, our Chargé. I know some of his father's friends well, and he will attend to-morrow."

"How very kind you are," said Maurice; "I never even thought of these things."

"No! I knew you could not be expected to, and I would not put it upon you; but you look pale; you have fasted quite long enough; go and get something at once, or you will be ill."

Maurice did indeed feel the want of food. It was long past the hour of the *table-d'hôte*. He went listlessly out into the night, and crossed the square to the restaurant of the Hotel de l'Europe, where he had once dined with Frank. He ordered his meal and sat moodily down to it. A party of young Americans came in, chatting aloud in the fresh spirits of youth. They took the next table, and though his back was toward them, he could not help hearing their talk.

"See here, Bob," said one of the party, a young man with a dark moustache and "garotte" collar, "why can't you go with us to Tivoli next Sunday?"

"Don't ask him," broke in another; "he's engaged as *primo tenore* at the American Chapel."

"What! has the fair Emily hooked him in so far as that? She's snatching a brand from the burning, especially from such rips as you and me, Tom."

"Why do you call him a brand? because he's a stick, and a black one at that?"

"There, boys, that'll do; you can't sing and so can't shine. It pays. let me tell you, for we have to rehearse all the

week, and between finding the places and whispering about it in church-time, and all that, I get through the long prayer nicely, and when the sermon comes I pull out a novel. Then, after knocking about with you fellows all the week, it does a man good to go to church."

"So I should think," said the first speaker, "especially the novel part. How does Miss E—— like that?"

"Oh, she don't care."

"Don't she care? I rather think she does. I heard her tell you it was shameful."

"Well, I can't help that. I've religion enough to last half an hour; but by the time we've done singing, mine sort of gives out. The sermon is a bore anyhow, and I told her so the other day. Says I to her, 'If I do the pious half the time, you ought to let me off from the other half.'"

"Well," said a third, "give me the original old Church for my money. There you have it seasoned to taste, much or little, hot and strong, or iced and mild, just as you happen to want it. There was that High Mass to-day in St. Peter's, three mortal hours long; and yesterday morning I went in to the Military Mass in the Trinitá del Montè, where the nuns sing superbly, by the way, and I saw the French officers come in. The scamps were just eight minutes at it, no longer than our morning prayers at Old Harvard, and a precious sight more entertaining."

A thin, bilious-looking Englishman, at the next table to Maurice, crossed himself on hearing this irreverent speech.

"For my part," said another, who had not spoken before, "I go to the English Chapel, when I do go. There's some splendid women go there, and they say it's a first-rate opening into English society, especially if you are up to the High-Church game. There's a young parson I met the other day, out of whom I am getting all the new dodges. Besides, it's the only respectable Church at home, and a fellow must go to church there *once* a Sunday."

"By thunder, I won't stand that," said the singer; "I'd like to know if the Dutch Reformed isn't as good society as anything Episcopal. And when I play Catholic, I'll have the real article, and no sham mosaic."

Just then a new-comer entered, and came up to their table.

"Boys," said he, "I've just left the consul's. There's a

young American died to-day at the Angleterre. F—— says we must all turn out and go to the funeral.”

“Who is it?”

“Where is he from?”

“Yes, we ought, that’s a fact; we must stand by the country.”

“I don’t know,” replied the other; “I have forgotten the name, that is”—

Maurice rose and turned toward the group. “My class-mate, Frank Goodstowe, of the class of —— at Harvard, died to-day of consumption. He was,” and here his voice faltered, “my—my—very dear friend.”

There was first a hush, and then expressions of sympathy and inquiries, and proffers of kindness, from all the good-humored, thoughtless young fellows. One had met him. Others knew of him, and in a confused but hearty way each tried to know something of his illness, and how best to show their good-will.

Cards were exchanged, and promises to be present given.

Maurice felt himself drawn, in spite of himself, by the tie of the mother-land, nearer to these gay young men.

The next evening he met them at the hotel. All were there, in decorous black and with quiet demeanor, showing real reverence where they could be touched with a reality. The American Minister and Consul came with their households, and some few other Americans. The little procession moved quietly through the dusk to the Protestant burial-ground, that spot where so many bright hopes have been quenched. Far away from the inhabited part of the city, beside the Porta San Paolo, where the pyramid of Caius Cestius looks down upon the graves of Shelly and Keats is the little cemetery. Gardiner stood at the entrance as they alighted. The young Americans took up the coffin as bearers, and Maurice followed as chief mourner, with Luigi. Mrs. Gardiner and Miss De Forrest followed with the American Minister. Two torch-bearers stood beside the open grave, as Gardiner, holding his Prayer-Book, but not even glancing at it, began the beautiful burial-service. The light streamed mildly upon the old walls of Rome, and the heavy masses of the stone-pines and cypresses caught the flickering radiance. The group were silent and deeply impressed; and when Gardiner, having

pronounced the solemn sentence of commitment, began, "I heard a voice from heaven," Maurice glanced involuntarily upward, as if to catch an answering echo from on high. The words sank deep into his heart, and when in low murmurs some around him joined in the Lord's Prayer, he too, though afraid to let a sound pass his lips, joined mentally therein with his whole heart.

When he reached the hotel again he found the American party lingering to bid him good-night. There was a little constraint about them, as not knowing exactly what to do or say; but one of them stayed behind the rest a moment and said,—“You will find us at Nazari's, at breakfast, every morning at nine. When you feel like it, join us, for you must be lonely.”

CHAPTER V.

IT was not the next morning nor the one after that Maurice availed himself of the invitation. He preferred the quiet of the hotel and to steal off to the Coliseum where he spent many hours, lounging with a book upon the ruined seats, musing over many things, trying to shape his plans of life according to the glimpses he had gained of a new light. He would have joined Gardiner's party at dinner, but it was increased by one or two English clergymen, Oxford men, and with them ladies. The talk was all of Newman, and Gladstone, and Mr. Ward, and the Bishop of Exeter, and the Gorham case, which was pure Sanscrit to the young New Englander. So after a week's solitary sight-seeing, one morning, instead of breakfasting at the hotel, he strolled round into the near Piazza di Spagna to Nazari's, and according to promise, found in one of the dingy inner rooms his new acquaintances. He wanted company,—distraction,—he was barely twenty-three; he had come abroad to see all that was to be seen. So he first faintly declined, and then accepted an invitation to join in one of their excursions. Rome has them for many days, and ever new. It is now the Vatican, then the Barberini palace, then the Corsini, then Pamphili-Doria, or the fountain of Egeria, or the Baths of Caracalla, or to mount to the ball of St. Peter's, or to lie on one's back and study the Aurora of Guido upon the ceiling of the Rospigliosi, or to go to see the Gladiator dying at the Capitol, or to pass the day in modern studios, or to visit Overbeck in the grim old Cenci palace by the Ghetto,—we are tired of cataloguing before we are half through. Rome cannot wear out. The writer of this history, if he could put his head into Fortunatus's wishing-cap, would unhesitatingly exclaim to be young again and endlessly wintering in Rome.

So, to return, Maurice went with the party, it is no matter where, but to some one of these, and dined with them at the Europa afterwards, and agreed to make one in an expedition to see the Vatican Gallery of Sculpture by torchlight. The start was to be at the Hotel de Russie, where were ladies to meet, Americans all, and Maurice was presented and made at home, as it used to be in the good old times before it mattered from what part of the land a man came, so he only swore by the Stars and Stripes. He found himself paired off with a fair Bostonian, whom the others fought shy of as a "blue." By the time they reached the gallery, Maurice and she had got through with that preliminary fire of desultory talk by which we ascertain one another's position before opening in earnest. He was rather pleased at finding himself not mated with one of the chatty little New York belles, of whose smiles his friends were so emulous. So he hit off rather dashingly one or two of the Harvard celebrities, and on her side the look of polite sufferance was exchanged for one of decided attention. Thus it happened that she accepted his arm at the entrance of that long corridor which introduces us to the greater treasury beyond. By torchlight views there is no lingering over the inscriptions and rude intaglios from the early Christian tombs which line the walls of the corridor. We go only to see the chief gems of the collection. As they paced together up the long hall, Maurice, who had seen just this first portion and no more, was inclined to talk about them, and especially to air his new-made discovery of an early Christian church existing in Rome. The lady listened politely, but evidently had no sympathy with art so archaic and unclassical as the rude crosses and palms from the tombs of Rome's serfs and outlaws, princes though they might be in the kingdom which is eternal. However, all discussion of this ceased as the torch-bearers stopped before the magnificent head of the young Augustus, that superb sculptural prophecy of the first Napoleon. The show began here, and Maurice, who had read Arnold, and was rather well up in his Roman history, regained his lost ground by the spirit of his criticism upon the founder of Roman Imperialism.

The effect of torchlight upon the Vatican sculpture is indeed marvellous. The marble seems to swell and heave in

the tremulous rays. Especially as they gazed upon the Laocoon, the serpents appeared to be actually gliding around the smooth limbs of the boys, and the rugged features of Neptune's priest seemed to tighten with the spasm of a living agony. One of the ladies uttered a half-suppressed cry of terror, and Maurice felt the hand upon his arm tremble. They ended with the Apollo Cabinet. The fair Laura, Maurice's companion, was in ecstasies. She was in her element. She showed a critical knowledge of anatomy that was startling in its correctness. She quoted Miss Fuller and Emerson, and then advanced an opinion that such nobility of art could only be attained again when culture should have opened the wider fields of Grecian life once more to us. "To the pure all things are pure, to the refined all things are ideal. We need to break away from sinful compliances with the absurd legend of a fall of humanity, the fable of priesthood. The beautiful is the true and the pure. The Greeks were as noble as we are, and their art did not shrink from its legitimate results." The young men around were listening. Maurice felt his cheek grow hot as he caught the expression upon one or two of their faces, but the young pythoness of art did not notice it.

"No," she continued, "we do not hide the ideal of form in the brute, why then in man? When the true religion, which is the worship of nature, is perfected, we shall be able to have faith in humanity."

Happily the torches were lowered at the close of the regulation ten minutes, and the lecture came to a pause. Maurice felt at liberty after that to study a little more closely nature in the face of this new hierophant of its creed.

Laura Sedley was undoubtedly beautiful. She had clear-cut features, with dark eyes, which look straight and unshrinkingly at you; a fine mouth, with rather thin lips, and with black hair brushed back from a very intellectual forehead. There was a thorough *aplomb* in her manner which made her seem quite matronly to the young man, but there was nothing in it of self-consciousness, no appealing softness of word or look. She was simply expressing certain well-pondered decisions in a pure philosophical way.

"Oh," said she, as they left the cabinet, "I could have worshipped Apollo."

"Can't you now?" said Maurice.

"What! the deification of the sun, a simple planetary unit amid the myriad millions of the Via Lactea?"

"Well, fair Hypatia" (Kingsley's book was just out and everybody reading and talking about it), "can you not idealize?"

"Please don't call me Hypatia, I have no patience with the woman, she was no true philosopher; how could she be with the absurd science of her day? She cared for the worn-out prettinesses of old paganism, just as some of my schoolmates, girls who belong to St. Polycarp's Church in Boston, do about their High Church playthings. It is all very pretty, like little girls sitting with their dollies, playing tea-party. For my part, I always wanted to cut my dolls open, to see what they were stuffed with;—no, give me science and art."

"But art must have art's inspiration."

"That is nonsense, you must have art-knowledge. Zeuxis flung his sponge at the dog's head on his canvas and made the foam flecking its mouth; and so what calls itself inspiration dashes at its work, hit or miss, and now and then makes a success. What of it? It does not gain a real induction. Inspiration, genius, are but the silly world's synonymes for luck, in its gambling ventures upon the great Rouge-et-Noir table where Nature keeps the bank. *We know* that your rule of chances is reducible to the perfect mathematic."

"Who are 'we'?" said Maurice.

"We Comptetists, disciples of the Philosophie Positive."

"Then you cannot worship Apollo, because you can make another as good as the Belvidere."

"Certainly, if it were worth while, with time and pains enough. The Apollo is constructible, but man prefers to make something else."

"Miss Sedley," said Maurice, taking her hand and holding it up to the light of the moonbeam (they were now crossing the court-yard of the Vatican)—"Miss Sedley, your diamond is simply a crystal of charcoal; or carbon, I suppose I ought to say; make me a hatful of diamonds and I will think of becoming a convert to Positivism."

She withdrew her hand from his and also dropped it from his arm, with a slight maidenly gesture of offended dignity.

She is less positive than she professes, thought the young man, having rightly interpreted her movement.

"Pardon me, Miss Sedley," said he, "I forgot I was talking to a lady, and used a freedom only allowable toward a *brother* philosopher."

"Oh, you young men," she replied, "Pendennises all, sneering at everything and doing nought."

"Well, what does the Philosophy of Positivism bid us do? All knowledge is the same, except for the distinction of motive. We push our investigation into the arcana of wines and dinners, which are equally alluring with chemistry and botany."

"Do not trifle, Mr. Maurice," said she impatiently, "you have some brains; you are not like R—— and F—— here, mere sticks and dawdles,—I see you can reason."

"I am sadly in earnest, Miss Sedley," said he, flashing up into the remembrance of what was most upon his mind, "I am sincerely waiting to be taught, and I am sure that one question lies at the root of all teaching, 'What am I here for?' Rome would gladly answer that question for me, I see, if I will only shut my eyes and put my hand into hers. She has a key, she says, to the mystery of the future life, but I am not yet ready for self-surrender. I am eclectic enough, goodness knows, but one must have a motive."

"Love of science for science's sake."

"Please distinguish—What is science? what right has knowledge in any branch to arrogate to itself that title, if all lead to nothing? As Emerson says, 'what do I know about rats, or the private life of lizards in the wall?' I can go out and study that all day here upon the aqueducts. Why not as well to study the stars? Suppose I exhaust all knowledge, becoming the last man and heir of the Ages; when I gain the ultimate fact, what shall it profit me?"

"Do you mean, 'what shall it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?' Don't inflict that horror upon me. I became a Comptelist as much to get away from that stuff as for any other reason."

"No, I did not mean it, though as I am not yet converted to Positivism, there may be something in that; I meant just what I said."

She paused. Her former question had been but fencing to gain time. Maurice was looking deeper into these questions than she had ever done. Faith was wakening in his soul, while on hers was resting the satisfied slumber of skepticism. She only half liked this disturbing process.

"Ah," she said, "wait till the ultimate fact be found; you will have enough to do before that. Meanwhile, here is your problem, sir; take the work of Compté and Buckle; give us the new religion. With the perfect knowledge will come the perfect happiness. Ignorance and sin are the same. Did we know how to live and be happy forever, we should live and be happy forever. When you do this you will be the Prophet of the New Religion. We will worship you. *Tu Magnus Apollo eris!*"

"But, my dear lady, do you not know that the more knowledge increases, on the more points it touches the unknown? If ignorance and sin are the same, the more we know the more we are likely to sin, for aught I see,—at any rate to be unhappy. I can't wait for this ultimate fact to be gained." "However," added he, "to be Apollo is a temptation. Do me the favor provisionally to burn a little incense to me, and hang a garland on my head now. I will take the hecatomb when my work is done. Apollo is lazy, also bred in New England, and likes to get earnest of his wages before he undertakes the job. And now, fair Dian, since you will not let me call you Hypatia, here is your carriage. Permit me to hand you in. I am going to commence my studies forthwith by an examination of the laws of combustion, as Sheldon here is doing." She hardly bade him good-night, she was so provoked at the turn of persiflage with which he had ended his talk. Bryan passed his arm into that of Sheldon, the young man who, on the night of their first meeting, was in favor of having the genuine old Church, and no shams, if one must have a Church. Laura Sedley threw herself back in the carriage, and refused to join in the rattle of the others, but kept repeating to herself over and over the words,—*"ultimate fact."* They were a terrible stumbling-block. Hers had been the ideal side of Positivism—she had not before seen

its Epicurean aspect. Of course it shocked her, but she could not drive it away.

To the readers of this story who live, or rather belong west of the Hudson River, these young people may seem a very exaggerated caricature. To the Eastern portion of the critics no apology or explanation is due. There is but one Boston, and Harvard is its university.

Meanwhile Bryan was sauntering with his companion across the magnificent piazza. Unobserved by them, the same Englishman who had crossed himself in the café of the Hotel d'Europe at the silly speech of one of these young Americans, came out of a side-door in the Vatican and followed them. The young men stopped beside one of the fountains to look at St. Peter's. The Englishman followed, and watched them from behind.

"Mr. Maurice," said Sheldon, "I've been thinking over this Catholic matter. I like it. I joke about it with the fellows here, but there's more in it than just fancy. I have been studying these monuments up here in the gallery. There was a Church here in St. Paul's time,—there has been ever since. They have been going straight along from the start. Some things they have added, no doubt, but they can't have changed them so much, you know. Why are they not as near right as our folks at home with their great square meeting-houses and all preach, preach, preach? Now this St. Peter's is something like what we read about in the Bible—Solomon's Temple and all that. At any rate, if a fellow is to have any religion, as I suppose a fellow must, this is thorough-going. I like going to confession and getting pardoned off. A man leads a wild racketing kind of a life here,—he don't mean any harm by it, but he can't very well help it, or pull up short if he wants to. When one has been spreeing it rather hard and got sick, then to whiff round and experience religion and turn Methodist, because he is played out, seems to me *spooney*. It's like a horse when he can't win the race turning jackass and dragging a sand-cart. But then one hates to think of slipping off the hooks after a wild time with Belmont and Tom King, and those boys. The safest way, *I* think, is to hedge on religion, even if you bet large on the good time generally. You can do that in the Old Church. She says, Pay as you go.

While in our shop it's just run up—no end of a tick, and then have the bill come in when you least expect it."

Maurice was rather confounded by this patent Roman cement for broken resolutions. Amused, too, by its frankness, but he could not answer it. Was it not just coarsely stating what he was secretly longing for? He, too, wanted a religion which would bear softly on the pleasures of the world. He wanted a creed which was not followed by any decalogue. So he could not answer Sheldon, but stood there looking at the moonbeam in the fountain basin, and sucking at his cigar as if to draw from it a smoky solution. He remembered Frank sleeping under the cypresses there away, and wondered if *he* had experienced religion because he found himself consumptive. It did not sit badly on Frank at any rate. He gave a sigh and turned to go. Just then a voice close by made both of them start.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but did either of you drop a letter?" it said. They looked round and the sallow Englishman stood beside them. Sheldon felt in his pockets. The letter was lying at Maurice's feet, but on the other side from the speaker. Maurice took it up. To his surprise it bore his name. He opened it. It contained only a line,—"You seek truth and peace. Be to-morrow at noon, at the Church of the Gesu."

"This is certainly for me," said Maurice, "but how came it here? Did you ——?"

"Oh no, by no means. I was just crossing the square and saw it lying on the ground. I recognized your friend for an American, and so I ventured to speak, which I should hardly have done with one of my own countrymen; but I have been in the States and learned how to be polite at the expense of reserve." Maurice thanked him, and then the stranger added, "Will you direct me to the Piazza di Spagna. I am a stranger in Rome, only came two days ago from Civita Vecchia, and have not learned my way."

"Oh, certainly," said Sheldon. "Come with us—we are going there—take a cigar?"

"Thank you—I don't mind," said he, taking it, but not lighting it. Maurice turned to give another look at St. Peter's.

"Say what you please," he broke out, "it is the grandest

temple in Christendom,—not but what I like the Gothic cathedrals better—but this is so grand.”

“I say,” said the Englishman, “you both are Protestants I suppose—all Americans are. Now I’m an English Catholic. I dare say you wouldn’t mind telling one how this sort of thing you see here strikes you. I’d like much an intelligent Protestant’s impressions. In England there is so much party-spirit in us all that you can’t get a civiler word than scarlet woman of Babylon from them—but in America you are more liberal. I’m told your Lord High Chancellor, or Chief Justice of the President’s Bench—or something of the sort, is a Catholic—in fact the President himself might be—mightn’t he?”

“Yes,” said Maurice, “I believe you’re right. Judge Taney is a Roman Catholic.”

“Well, then, come, tell us how this strikes you. I can’t say I exactly like it. Of course, I must stick by Old Mother Church, but at home it is very different. There we Catholics are the old gentry—old Stuart men. We look down upon those upstarts who got rich when Henry plundered the monasteries, and the fellows who had army contracts under the Georges—we, who can trace back to the Conquest, and find our names in the Doomsday-Book. I can tell you we’re not all priests and beggars, as they are here. A priest is a priest, of course; but unless he’s a gentleman and comes of a good family, you keep him at a distance, except just for his duties, and he knows his place. But here it is just My Lord, and hats off to every Irish vagabond out of Maynooth. Then there’s so much stuff to believe. Of course I like a picture over the high altar in my church. So do some of your Protestants—the sensible ones I mean—but I can’t stand its winking at me. It won’t do—that sort of thing gives Exeter Hall a terrible pull over us. Now say out what you think; you won’t offend me. If I’m right, I ought not to care, and if I’m wrong, why it’s only fair to tell me so. Honestly, now, don’t you think it overdone?”

“No,” said Maurice, “not if it is sincere.”

“Oh, well, you know, but how can it be? Anything in reason; but if I am to be crossing myself this way every time I come to one of these, (he suited the action to the word as they came beneath a lamp burning before a shrine

with the Madonna and Child at a street corner,) I shall be tired enough before I get home. Not that I like to see a man stop and light his cigar at these, as I saw one of your countrymen try to do at Malta. No more would you."

"Frankly," said Maurice, "I would like to believe it all—one must believe something. It is so comfortable to believe."

"There's just where I wonder at you. I was born to it, and I should as soon think of denying that I'm a Lancashire man as my religion, or selling the old place at home, that came into our family in Edward IV.'s time. It is a point of honor to take it all—the hard and the easy—but if I were quit of it, as you are, I would look twice before I leaped. I'm born a subject of her Gracious Majesty, but if I were not, do you think I would emigrate from America to England?"

The contrast between the off-hand manner and bluff good nature of the speaker and his appearance was very striking. Thin, with rigid features, close-cut attire of deep black, quite like an English dissenting minister, he talked like a hearty, broad-shouldered English squire.

"No," he continued, "I don't want to make proselytes, or to see any made; and when I see young fellows like you, whom all this show and pomp will strike, looking toward the Old Church, I like to give you a fair warning. When you're in, you'll stay in. Our people have a knack of keeping fast hold upon their converts, and when you have once given up to a priest, you're like a well-broke colt—you like the stable best. We find belief come easy, we are trained to it; but you can keep a doubting and asking questions, and trying to find something to suit you. I dare say it's very nice, or so many of you wouldn't do it. And then there's this thing: our Church is always open, when a man does want rest, and authority, and all that—and we let in a man at the last moment."

The young men were silent. No panegyric of Romanism would have had half the power of this seeming dissuasive. There is no idea to an American with so much of hidden fascination in it as that of belonging to the Old World. Here was a man without prejudices apparently, who saw the faults of his own Church, yet stuck to it.

"See here," said Sheldon, "I have a mind to know some-

thing more about your Church, and I wish I had some good fellow, who don't care, as you say, about converting me, to tell me about it—to give me a fair chance to know what is what. Dine with me to-morrow at the Europa, and we'll have a quiet talk—at six—if that suits you?"

"Well, I'm game," said the Englishman, and he gave Sheldon his card. "Ah," said he, "here we are at the Piazza di Spagna. Many thanks for your kindness, gentlemen!" and he turned and left them. They walked back toward the Angleterre where Maurice was to stop—but had they watched they might have seen their late companion, after pausing a second to make sure that he was not watched, pass on with a swift steady step to the gate of the Propaganda, summon the porter by the bell, and respond as he went in to the deep reverence of that official by a brief authoritative gesture of benediction.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning Bryan remembered his mysterious letter and the appointment it contained. He looked at it again. It bore, as was said, only the words, "You seek truth and peace. Be to-morrow at noon at the Church of the Gésu." But at the end, and in ink of a fainter hue, as if written in some sort of sympathetic fluid, which had come out from time or warmth, was this reference: "St. John, chap. i. v. 48." Maurice caught up his Bible and looked out the text. It startled him exceedingly. He fixed upon first one and then another of two or three circumstances as the one alluded to, but could not determine, and, as it proved, was quite astray in all. He breakfasted at the hotel, hoping to meet Gardiner, but did not; then went to the Pamphili-Doria Palace, to see that famous gallery of pictures. Still he kept nervously looking at his watch, and full ten minutes before the time he stood upon the steps of the Gésu. Once within the lofty church, he wandered round it with the shy, loitering step which we Americans generally assume in foreign places of worship; neither wholly recognizing nor wholly ignoring the sacred character of the place. Your genuine English Protestant would, if permitted, climb the high altar itself, Murray in hand, to see a famous picture; while the worshippers come in, kneel, and rise up again in a thorough business-like and wholly at-home way. He found himself at length in front of the main altar, looking up at the huge globe of *lapis lazuli* above the Baldachino. A flock of little Jesuits, led by two large ones, came in, went down on their knees simultaneously, and jumped up again and went their way. Maurice was reminded of a flock of crows lighting, as he had often seen them on the salt marshes of his home. He was about to follow them away, the half-ludicrous idea having fallen

like a damper on the excited mood with which he had come to the church, when a tall gray-haired man, with a lofty and striking face, and clad in a long black cassock, having a dark purple cape above it, stood beside him.

"You are welcome, Sir," he said in English; "I felt sure you would come. Pray step this way, where we may converse without disturbance to others."

He led the way to the sacristy, where he seated himself in a confessional, pointing Maurice however to a seat in front of him. Then he was silent. Maurice felt embarrassment gaining upon him, and, to relieve it, broke the silence, just as the other expected that he would do.

"You sent for me to come here to-day. Why?"

"Because of the reason why you, thus sent for, came. Another would have taken no heed of it."

"But how did you know that reason? I hardly know of it myself."

"The patient does not question the physician as to how he knows him to be ill, he asks for the remedy."

"Can you give me a remedy?"

"I can."

"Let it be so; but first prove yourself to be the physician."

"You are an American, and take nothing and yet all things for granted. We can afford to be indulgent. Do you remember the little church at Stertzing, in the Tyrol?"

Maurice started. He did remember it; and that then was the key to the mysterious allusion of the text in the letter. He had strolled into it while his horses were resting, and while his mind, deeply moved with the spells which Romanism weaves in that land—the most perilous of all to a Protestant of doubtful faith—was in a most unsettled state. He had found the church empty, though open, had crossed himself from the benitoir, and then knelt before the little altar, looking, not upon its tawdriness, but above it to the rude and painful figure upon the cross, and had prayed aloud for light and guidance. Of course, as a young New-England Unitarian, no thought of adoration to the figure, since not even one of worship to the Being whom it presented passed his mind, but he had done so with a vague longing to enter into the simple religious

spirit of the mountaineers, whose faith and nobleness of life he had so learned to admire and love. He had met the curé coming to the church as he left it, and had half resolved to turn back and question him, but shame-facedness withheld him. He felt sure that no one else could have witnessed his act; in fact, with that true New England mixture of caution and enthusiasm, he had examined the little church closely, to be certain of his solitude, as soon as he rose from his knees.

"Yes, father, I do remember," said Maurice; "but you? were you there?"

"I never have been north of Milan, my son. I have not been outside of Rome for three years. Can you not believe that your prayer was heard?"

For one moment Maurice was ready to say yes. The perfect self-possession of the ecclesiastic showed him that this was not a chance knowledge adroitly used, but that far more was known to him than he chose to reveal. A faint smile played about his firm, handsome mouth, marking a full conviction of power.

"Nay, more, my son; you fancied, did you not, that my letter, for it was mine, referred to what you did at Bologna a fortnight since, or to what you did six days ago here in Rome?"

Maurice was now fairly bewildered. That leaning toward the marvellous we all have, for a second or two fairly mastered him, and then the old native shrewdness came back to his aid. It was all a trick, he thought, clever, inexplicable, but still a trick. Before he could speak, however, the priest, reading all the inward movements of the mind in his face, according to the wonderful skill of his order, said,—

"Pardon me! Do not think that I hold this to give me any claim upon your attention. Such a plot as you suspect might do for a dull or a shallow brain. I may not tell you *how* I know these things, that is, or rather is not, *my* secret, but I am aware that you must see there is a natural explanation simple enough to one who has the key. We do not need to work false miracles to win souls. The mighty mother only desires to prove her love. Does it show no care, no tenderness that you have been so sought for? The eye which saw your involuntary homage, knew that you

were no child of the Church. At the first intimation on your part that you were seeking the fold, yearning love goes out to meet you. *Cum autem adhuc longe esset, vidit illum pater ipsius et misericordia motus est, et occurrens cecidit super collum ejus et osculatus est eum.* That love, you see, has never lost sight of you, but has watched and led you here. How many hours after that prayer of yours, think you, was it that the Mass was offered on yonder altar for *your* conversion? Not generally as for any heretic, but for *you*."

Maurice was really moved. The artful appeal to his feelings put his reason to sleep.

"Yet, father," said he, "what would you have me do?"

"Accept that thou seekest, my son."

"Tell me first, for that is my chiefest trouble, what that is." And ere the priest could reply, Maurice went on: "Do not ask me to seek to save my soul; that I cannot stand. You all, Protestants and Catholics, alike are harping upon that—a spiritual selfishness that leads us to look out for number one. You each profess to represent the only genuine insurance company for heaven. And your only object is to get us to pay you the premium instead of to your rivals."

"My son, look around you and ask yourself what the Catholic Church has to gain by a single convert. *Nonne dimittit nonaginta novem in deserto et vadit ad illam, quæ perierat donec inveniat eam?* I do not ask you to care for saving your soul. You may find some day that your soul is of value; but that is not your motive. It is that you come back to the mother's bosom, the mother whose love and care I have been proving. Come and prove your love by service, not such service as the so-called churches of the world exact, which gold and silver measure, but such as they know not of—prayers for quick and dead, adoration for her beatified servants, whom she delights to have honored; meditations, such as true affection delights in, upon her glorious career as the spotless Bride. Yes, my son, like the true mother in the wise judgment of Solomon, she would rather have you hers thus in spirit, though another possessed your body and the title of mother, than divide with any the dead possession. Continue, if you will, Pro-

testant in name, in acts of outward membership, but give to the Church your soul's affection, your real allegiance."

The appeal was made with consummate skill. Its lofty tone touched the heart of one very keen to detect the first symptoms of selfishness, and who had been repelled from all religion by the manifest faults and sectarianism of the religious. The father added, after a moment's silence,—

"Go, my son; you now know why you have been sought. The grace of God in your own heart can alone make it effectual. If you want me, ask here for Father Francesco, the American priest. If you should be ill, night or day, I will come to you; send this card [giving him one] to this church, by any Italian."

Maurice rose to go.

"Can you not," he said, "give me something to read upon the matter? I am very ignorant."

"Certainly; here is a list of works, and an order to admit you to the library of the Propaganda, prepared in expectation of this interview. You see we know your wants, and have the best robe and the ring of gold ready. We shall yet kill for you the fatted calf."

They left the sacristy. Maurice held out his hand in farewell. The priest did not take it, but laid his own gently on Maurice's shoulder.

"Have you forgotten," he said, while a sad sweet smile came over his face, "have you forgotten what is better than books?"

He pointed to the rail of the altar. The church was empty of worshippers, as it was the hour of noon, when the Roman churches are generally closed. Maurice knelt there, unable at first, for tears, to command his thoughts; then he prayed long and fervently. When he rose the priest stood over him in the act of benediction. Maurice left the church silently, a watchful and quiet acolyte opening for him a wicket-door in the great portal. As he looked back he saw the priest bowed to the pavement in absorbed devotion, and felt in his heart that the father was praying for him.

Maurice spent the next week much in the Propaganda library. In one thing, however, his mentor had failed. He had not suspected the depth of ignorance of Christian history, and of the leading doctrines of the faith under which

the neophyte really labored. Many of the ablest arguments glanced off from him harmless, like sharp icicles from the tortoise's shell. He was bewildered, as by a gorgeous vision of the great Church in the early centuries, but he could not seize the vital point of her life in the Christian verities. So a cold fit followed the fever, and it occurred to him with characteristic Yankee caution, to apply not to the Jesuit father, but to Gardiner, for an explanation of what these dim phantoms meant. His thorough Unitarianism saved him from the really strong point of Rome's appeal—her guardianship of the orthodoxy of the creeds,—as his Puritanism prevented him from appreciating the fact of her unbroken orders. So he thought he would take his perplexities to the Anglican minister. If his solution confirmed his own half-formed impressions, (as he had always been told that Episcopalianism was half way to Rome,) it would be the testimony of a hostile witness, and therefore to be trusted; if it did not, why the matter was where it was before.

So he waited his opportunity and caught the clergyman one evening after the five o'clock *table d'ôte*. He rushed at once into the subject. "Mr. Gardiner, may I ask you a question about religion,—about the Church?"

"Certainly, any number. Come up to my room and we will take our leisure; just let me get a cigar and take one for yourself, and then we shall talk freely."

As they took their places, Maurice standing before the fire-place, and the clergyman comfortably stretched out in a large arm-chair, Maurice began,—

"Why do you say that when a good man dies, he goes straight to heaven, when the Scripture says he does not?"

"What does the Scripture say?" said Gardiner.

"*Hodie in Paradiso cum me eris*," said Maurice, unconsciously quoting from the Vulgate. He had fired a prepared mine from one of the books of Romish controversy, dug with wondrous pains against Protestantism, as understood by Jesuit writers of the third class.

"We don't say that any man goes straight to heaven, though your new friends, the Romanists, say that the beatified saints do. We say that the dead enter the intermediate state, there to await the last judgment, when soul and body are reunited." Maurice colored at the allusion to his "new

friends." "You have been dipping, I see, into the Romish controversy, and that shot came out of a familiar arsenal of the enemy; you perceive it did not hit *me* at all. Had I been an ultra-Protestant, it might have, and I should have been forced to declaim against Purgatory to cover my retreat. As it is, I can fall back upon St. Paul, and bid you read over the Burial Service. Did the Father tell you, or did any of the books he bid you read tell you that the English version was full of errors, and so that you had better go to the original Latin?"

"Something of the sort."

"He might have intimated that St. Luke wrote in Greek, if he had been really anxious you should go to the fountain-head. Who is your spiritual director? N——, or F——, or W——?"

"How do you know I have a spiritual director?"

"Oh, that is plain enough. Did he present himself to you in some startling way, or did you go to him of your own accord?"

Maurice told the whole story, which, of course, we need not repeat, nor Gardiner's few but well-put questions, which brought out the whole thing into plain relief before Bryan's mind. When the account was ended, Gardiner paused a moment, thoughtfully—

"I think I have it," he said, at last. "Was it intimated to you that you could dispense with an open profession, only giving your secret allegiance to the Church?"

Maurice started. "Why, yes," said he. "I did not look at it in that light, but something of the sort was certainly said."

"No, of course you did not, but that was the way of it. They try that on New-England men. They are not anxious to get avowed conversions, the shrewder sort. The vulgar Irish priests like to make a great hurrah over a proselyte from a good family, but the wiser heads know that at home an open secession ends a man's true influence in New-England. They want to set a secret leaven at work—in Colleges and among the leading circles. But I think I know how you were got hold of. You were in the Tyrol in September last, you say. A Boston lady, who was then on her road, spiritually as well as corporeally, to Rome, came by that route from Vienna—has been here ever since, and

has become a zealous disciple. She must have seen you there, and being in the same state of mind as yourself, read at a glance all that was working in your thoughts. She has told the Father of it. She knew you were a Harvard Unitarian when you left home, for she was then one herself. I think, from what you have before told me of our friends in Boston, that she knows you personally, at least by sight. Your name and all that she could tell of you were entered upon the books of the Propaganda. When you reached here, your arrival, like that of every other traveller, was notified to them by the passport officials. They have your pasport, and by the *visés* could trace your route. You say you met an English gentleman at Bologna; went with him to the Campo Santo, and afterwards called with him at a convent to see a young friend of his there. He was a papal agent, not on the watch for you, but for any fish floundering in the sea of doubt. He learned your name and sent in his report—all in the line of his work—to head-quarters, where it was filed with the rest. They are wonderfully systematic here in Rome. The Roman incident you speak of I have no clue to, but it was in some similar way known. Mother Church had never troubled her loving heart about you till she found you ready to her hand; then the affair was reckoned up and placed in the hands of Father W——, a deserter from our own communion, whom I knew well, and he, I suspect, planned it. The letter so adroitly dropped by B——, an English Jesuit, who has hopes of one of the new bishoprics they are plotting in England—I know him too—was very like one of Father W——’s devices.”

Maurice sat still; he had taken his place on the sofa quite disenchanted. “What had I best do?” he said doubtfully.

“You had best make up your mind what you want to do. I am sure I would not have you turn Papist, and indeed I don’t much fear it, but you had better even do that than continue unbelieving. You have first to consider whether you can be a religious man. What you are thus far trying, is to escape being a Christian by becoming a Roman Catholic. When you have determined on being a Christian. I think I can, by God’s grace, help you to become so; but you must first realize the fact of the need of salvation.

I don't mean from the consequences, but from the *fact* of sin—the sin itself.”

“What *is* sin?” said Maurice.

“My dear young friend, that is a question you must ask and answer of yourself. Holy Scripture can teach you, and prayer. Do the will and you shall know of the doctrine.”

“I will certainly think of the matter,” said Maurice, “but I cannot go on in this way with the priest any longer.”

“No, certainly not; of course not.”

“But something I must do.”

“Well, do this. You want in the first place to find, at least in your present state, somewhere to go for guidance.”

“Yes, that is it. But I can't accept the Bible, much less study it, as you say, unless I know what to think of it. I want its true place in history. Rome here has professed to give me that, but by putting it altogether to one side. She offers me a Church autocratic, not inspired, but of itself infallible. Now history will not let me believe that. My New-England teachers offered me a Bible infallible, but yet I was to get its meaning according to my own lights. Parker and the rest have told me that it has a meaning all hidden under a cloud of mistakes—that there is a grain of wheat buried under heaps of chaff. I think I should like a Church with the Bible in its hand—for somehow I have come to see that there is a Church somewhere, and I cannot feel that the Bible is just an ordinary book.”

“That is precisely the right position,” said the clergyman. “You want a body of men organized in a common faith, allegiance to a person, to be the fit recipients of a revelation committed to enduring records. That body are the founders of a society which shall keep and transmit those records—the two indissolubly bound together as the Nation and the Constitution. Their association must of necessity be, not from accident of choice but from ordination. The body exists organic and entire before the record is made. St. Matthew and St. John were made Apostles of the Lord before a line of their gospels was written. Now this society must be continuous or it loses its hold upon the revelation.”

“There I differ,” said Maurice, now roused in argument. “We have the Greek writers, Homer, Plato, Demosthenes,

&c., but we are not Greeks, nor has the Greek Commonwealth survived."

"No, but the human race has, and we are men. But that is not the point. We are not seeking the fact of the preservation of the Scripture revelation, but its authority. Those writers you spoke of stand on their own merits, and for them their existence is enough. The Bible, to be an *authority*, requires a continuous witness. Its merits—and here is your New-England fallacy in failing to see that you receive it unknowingly upon the witness of the Church Catholic which you ignore—depend, you say, upon your spirit of receiving it. On the contrary, your impressions of it are the consentient warrant of your reception of it primarily upon authority. You were shown, as a child, little by little, that it was best to do as your parents ordered you, but that showing was not the ground of your obedience. That lay deeper still. You did not first convince your reason of the evidences of parental care, before receiving it, but receiving that care because ordained of God, you were strengthened to value it, by the proofs of love which it made manifest to you."

"I see, sir," said Maurice, after a pause.

"It is then necessary to find that society."

"Where is it?"

"In the Church Catholic. You have taken one step—having found it not to be in the Catholic Church, so-called, which is Papal and not Catholic."

"Yet," said Bryan, "she has continuity!"

"Yes, but as you say, she puts out of her hand the Bible, the charter, which should be, if she were true, her chiefest treasure. My dear young friend, here, for the time being, is your part, study that out; read, when you can get them, the writings of the Anglo-Catholic reformers. I will give you a note to the very man in Oxford who can help you, and meanwhile try to live a sober, righteous, and godly life. When the Church is found, you will find the key to the Bible, and then I hope and pray you will find that it tells you of a Saviour. Now I must say good-night. It is past eleven, and I have much to do to-morrow. Only do not make up your mind rashly, and when we both return to America, write me, and we shall meet again. I will see you when you like here; but I can plainly discover that

your mind and soul will both need more discipline ere the right hour come."

Maurice left the room feeling much lightened in heart, but as Gardiner had supposed, not convinced, and ready to relapse into his dreamy poco-curantism. He little knew that ere he slept the good priest had prayed long and fervently for him, nor how gladly, in spite of his seeming coolness, his heart had burned within him as they talked. But Gardiner knew well the depths of the New-England pride of reason; and though the way he had suggested may seem to some of the readers of these sketches a way not according to the gospel pattern, he was nevertheless right. The young man had great possessions of the intellect, and until he could bring them to the market, resolved to sell all that he had, he would never follow the Master whose steps lead to the cross. And the surest way to bring this about was to suffer him to test their practical value for himself. "We speak what we do know." The ordinary processes of "awakening" do not commonly turn the New-England mind. It must shift its whole plane of spiritual and intellectual being ere it can put on the white robe of true and loving discipleship.

CHAPTER VII.

BRYAN left off his visits to the Propaganda. The conversation with Gardiner had opened his eyes somewhat, and though he had but little opportunity for the reading Gardiner had marked out for him, he contrived to work out one or two propositions in his mind which were of use to him. The apparent sincerity of the Romanists had at first attracted him, and, therefore, the first glimpse below the veil had equally turned him back. One thing he saw: Gardiner was just as much, in his own idea, the priest of the one Church as any foreign ecclesiastic, and was as thoroughly in earnest, with the additional merit of being frank and honest. He was dimly arriving at a sense of the claims of the Church, rather by way of feeling than of argument, but, therefore, so much the more effectively. His contrast had hitherto been entirely between the shifting, contending ways of popular Protestantism, and the firm self-conviction of Rome. He liked neither, but wanted something which both seemed to promise him in part. The thought of a position which should combine the freedom from superstition of one with the reverence of the other, pleased him. The difficulty was in knowing where to find it, and New-Englander as he was, his first idea was, of course, to try and construct it for himself. Gardiner might have helped him, but the Gardiners were just then leaving Rome for the south of Italy, and busy with hurried sight-seeing. So he drifted back into the American set. They were a good-natured, but awfully reckless, somewhat dissipated, lot of young fellows, rich but ill-cultivated, full of momentary enthusiasms, but very partial to champagne in the most absurd places, and with very little of moral principle toward the other sex. They had two creeds about woman,—one toward their own countrywomen, and another much worse toward

all foreigners. Maurice contrived to keep only to the former, and hence was thrown very much with the young ladies of their acquaintance—a lively, dressy set, who, while violating all the *covenances* of continental propriety, were perfectly modest and right-minded girls—according to their teaching. Miss Grant, the “Emily” of the chapel-choir, soon contrived to draw him into a travelling flirtation. She had tired of her lazy tenor admirer, who in his turn had tired of using his fine voice in hymn tunes, and becoming aware that Maurice was a Harvard Unitarian, she seemed inclined to change her missionary sphere from the conversion of a gay young New Yorker, to the setting at rest the heresies of a quiet Bostonian. She knew about as much of the one work as of the other, but she fancied herself, at first, greatly successful, and, moreover, she was not half as much scandalized. Bryan was ready enough to talk on religious matters with her; and, moreover, being all afloat himself, he was scrupulous about unsettling the faith of another. He was morbidly alive to the question of a religion. I think one gets so in Rome, from the ceaseless presence of the sights and sounds of worship, and the under-current of a great historic tradition continually drawing you in.

There are pagan altars before which men once knelt in awful sincerity—these are the tokens of the days of the martyrs. One may laugh at the head of St. Peter impressed upon the wall of the Mamertine prison; but if you believe that Jugurtha was really let down into its chill darkness, you cannot help feeling that St. Peter *might* have trodden the same sad depths. So as Miss Grant had not very great confidence in her theological powers, she was soon driven to the Orthodox American formula of trying to coax her neophyte to go to church with her. To her surprise Maurice assented. He even seemed glad to be asked—a new phase in her experience of young men whose coats and boots were of the world, worldly.

The American chapel at Rome was then a funny compound. One week it was Presbyterian, the next New School Taylorite, the third Dutch Reformed. There was a little bit of liturgy for such Low Church Episcopalians as were shocked at the flowers of the English chapel in the Old Granary outside the walls; a peppery dash of Calvin-

ism for the conservative Orthodoxy of New York; a slant now and then toward the laxer beliefs of Boston; and once, from the unexpected failure of a preacher, a real bit of Quaker meeting, an half-hour's silence, at which next day everybody laughed, excepting a Philadelphia family who were really of the faith of Fox and Barclay. Strangers who had missions to convert the Pope, came and went; young licentiates in theology aired their maiden sermons, and Doctors in Divinity put forth their rounded periods. Maurice went steadily for three Sundays. He came away from the last impressed with the feeling that it was a mere makeshift. He said as much to the fair Emily that evening, in reply to her enthusiasm over the morning sermon.

"It was all very well, Miss Grant," said he; "but that sermon of his is flat contradiction to the hymns you sang before and after it, and the prayers were to both. We had Methodist singing, Baptist praying, and a sermon that was neither."

"But don't you like to see different denominations meeting on the common ground of the Christian faith?"

"No; not when they don't meet, and their ground isn't common. You and I sang, that 'The voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain;' and then the Doctor prayed that the elect might be speedily brought to a sense of the truth; and then Mr. Adams told us that we had only to *will* to be converted, by calculating the advantages of the step, and we should be converted. Somebody must have been wrong."

"But all believe in the Saviour," said she, "and that is the essential."

"All disagree in that, it seems to me," said Maurice. "The fact is, I have consulted both these gentlemen, as well as given an evening's study to the hymn-book. Adams tells me that I must believe three and one to be the same thing. I tried to work round it; but no, he tells me that is just Unitarianism in disguise. The hymn-book says, Christ died for all, and the Doctor says, He did not die for infants or the non-elect. The Doctor also says, I must be immersed—he is strong in that—by a regularly immersed minister; but he will not admit that any Catholic can be a Christian, though the Baptistery at Florence would hold half his congregation, and is deep enough to drown in."

Now, if I'm elected I can't see that immersion will go for much, and if I'm not I am sure it won't."

"You are beyond my depth," she replied, shaking her long curls; "but I'm sure that as Americans we ought to go to the Church where pure Christianity is preached, and be true to the faith of our Fathers in a strange land."

Maurice laughed, as he took his hat to go. "The 'faith of our Fathers' seems to me a very uncertain faith; but if being born in Yankee-land makes one all right, I am tolerably safe in that. However, in spite of the risk, next Sunday I am going 'outside the walls.'"

He did so, and was shown into a back seat with liveried footmen and buttoned pages. He could not follow the service in his American Prayer-Book, and was utterly bewildered at a sermon upon the duty of Confession and Friday fasting. His New-Englandism took fire; and the Sunday following he looked for a moment into a church where Mass was going on, and then strolled out on the Campagna and worshipped nature with the help of a pocket Shelley and a cigar.

Worse followed. As he was lingering home through the dusk in a rather dissatisfied mood, there dashed by him an open carriage filled with his young American friends. They pulled up suddenly, a few yards beyond him, and looking back beckoned to him. He came up and was greeted with a chorus of gay voices—

"We've been to Frascati; had a jolly good time. Come and dine with us, and go to the Opera to-night."

"There's no Opera, you heathen, to-night."

"Yes there is, and the best of the lot—always is, Sundays, you know."

"No, there isn't."

"Bet you what you like. Jump in, Maurice—squeeze in anyhow," and Bryan found himself half hustled, in the big-schoolboy fashion of our young countrymen, into a place—three on a seat, in a wide ramshackle vehicle; and so up the ancient Appian pavement and over the smoother streets of modern Rome they rattled, to the door of the Lepre.

Maurice had never seen that famous dining-place of the artist brotherhood. He found it a little repulsive: the smoky cavernous rooms, the odd waiters, the queer dishes,

the funny polyglot conversation, and free-and-easy ways, all jarred on his fastidious taste. But his appetite was sharpened by his long ramble, and the Orvieto good, and he, having been lonely all day, disposed to be companionable. The boys were very polite to him; they had a notion that he was rather a superior fellow, and deferred to his ideas on art and his authority on classic subjects. He had been already a year in Europe, leisurely seeing and studying, while they had only come out in the fall, and spent six weeks in Paris, as well as plenty of money, and then posted as fast as possible to Rome for the winter. They were a clannish, light-minded, superficial set, but brimful of good-nature, and very ambitious to be gentlemanly.

"By Jove, fellows, this is a new way of spending Sunday night," said one. "Three months ago I was reading good little Sabbath-school books and the 'Christian Visitor' at home, just as regularly as the week came round, unless I could get leave to go to prayer-meeting. Do you know I had some thoughts of going to Princeton—only the governor said he couldn't afford it."

"Couldn't afford it! Mac, what in time do you mean? Princeton's cheap enough—cheap and nasty, I think."

"No, no;—you don't take. 'Look here, Fred,' said the paternal to me when I proposed it—'you'll lose three years' studying. Then you'll come out of the seminary and want to marry right off, and have to go hunting for a parish. You're lucky if you get one up country with four hundred a year. You marry, and your wife brings an olive-branch with every two years—parsons' wives always do. I shall have to support you, at least, to the tune of a thousand a year; and then when you break down with bronchitis, you and your tribe will be coming to live on me. The great city churches are above your mark, and they don't go a-begging; besides, they are no such great things after all. No, no; I can give you six months or a year's run abroad; then you come home and settle down to business; *then* I can do something for you, and by the time you'd have been trying on your first white choker, you may be independent of me. Then marry *well* and I shall be clear of you, and can look after the rest.'"

"Sensible man the Pater; what did the ma'am say?"

"Oh she liked the Princeton dodge, and thinks I'd have

made a great preacher, but she has hopes of my next brother Sam, or little Arty."

"Well I'm bound to try the law," said another. "You can live at home then as long as you're in an office, and if you don't get practice, go West. But, fellows, how about Sunday? Oughtn't we to be keeping a little quieter to-day? I don't like picking it out for a regular spreeing time; a fellow might stay at home and write his letters, or go to chapel."

"Oh, bother chapel. What's the good of chapel here? When a man settles at home that's different; but for my part I always find myself thinking of all sorts of things at chapel, especially during the long prayers, either about the girls I have been training round with, or else I fancy the ceiling a billiard-table, and go to trying shots all over it. Last Sunday I was so sure of one that the moment church was out I went and had a try at it on Pietro's table in the Corso. So I concluded my chapel-going didn't amount to much."

"I'll tell you what *I* used to think of during sermon-time in the old meeting-house at home," broke in another. "Very much like that, only more so. I used to fancy getting all the glass chimneys of the lamps and setting them up at the end of the aisle and bowling at them with the shades. They were round as balls you know, just globes of cut-glass. If I could have got in on the sly the day before I left home, I would have done it, sure."

Maurice laughed at the odd idea. The speaker, however, went on. "That is what church-going comes to with most of us young fellows. We have nothing to do, and it don't interest us, and we can't help thinking. I don't see the use. Two of my best friends experienced religion in the great revival, and for six weeks they never let me alone about joining with them. In six months one of them was on his way to Calcutta before the mast, for having got his fingers too far into his boss's safe; and the other married a girl in a hurry, and if he don't drink now, it is because he can't find a bar to run his face at in ten miles round. It was a pity, too, for better and steadier fellows than they were before I never saw; but just being so set up with the idea of being all right, seemed to make them lose all head."

"But," said Maurice, "that was not the case with *all* who were converted then?"

"No, it did some of them a devilish deal of good. Some of the hardest cases stuck to it, and are all right now. Ned Holmes and Sam Goodwin, my friends, you see never had been in anything wrong before, but this it was did for them. They had got through-tickets to glory, and so," added he with a laugh, "they stopped at the first station to take a drink and the cars left them."

"But," said Maurice, "was not the trouble that they had the wrong motive,—this 'going to glory,' as you call it?"

"I don't see what other, except to keep out of scrapes. If a man cannot keep from lying and stealing and getting beastly drunk unless he joined the Church, he had better join; but if he can, what's the use of being tied up so that you can't play a quiet game of whist, or smoke a cigar, or be in the same room with a glass of wine, or dance, or go to the theatre? Because you can't swim it's hard that I mustn't go in bathing. There's the humbug of it. If you're a Church-member, all these things are sinful; if you're not, nobody thinks the worse of you, if you only behave."

"Look here, Harry, you're all wrong," said one who had not spoken before,—a dark-faced, black-haired young man, with a slight sneer always playing round his mouth, and a sensual fullness of the lower jaw. "*I* hope to be a religious man. If I'm not, I know what will become of me." And he pointed with his forefinger emphatically downwards to the floor. "I shall be one if I am to be, when my time comes. I sha'n't be before that for all my trying. Until I am I can't make things worse nor better, and so I have my good time while I can."

"But Mr. Jones," said Maurice, "you don't mean to say that you may break all the commandments as often as you like, and then repent and be clear of the whole afterwards?"

"Yes I do; keeping them will make no difference if I'm not effectually called, and if I am then what has happened before will make no difference. If God means to save me out of hell He can do it without me, and if He don't I can't make Him. Meanwhile I have an engagement with a friend who don't like to be kept waiting," and with a satyr-like leer he rose to go, his handsome face looking positively

ugly for a moment. He bent down and whispered something in the ear of his neighbor, and was gone. The debate had been free enough till he spoke,—earnest, but rather laughingly carried on,—but this last had fallen like a wet blanket on them all. There was a moment's silence, and then one said in a low tone, "Left you again to set" ——

"Hush!" said the other; "never mind."

"But I do mind, and I'll go halves with you, for it is a downright swindle. I move we cut Jones. He's the worst man I know in Rome, and if he is going to be mean with the bills, then, hang him, let him slide."

"So I say. Anyhow, that's queer doctrine of his, that we are all bound for brimstone and no help for it. If Jones is to be 'called,' as he calls it, I'm not so sure that I had n't rather stay out in the cold. Fancy having to live forever with such a fellow! Not much heaven in that."

"See here, fellows, don't let's have that sort of talk. I don't believe him, you know; but there is something in what he says, only he has it all put wrong end foremost. We had all best keep decent now, and when the time does come for any of us, we sha'n't have so much lee-way to fetch up. I can't answer his way of putting it; but I know this,—I may slip off the jib-boom end of a dark night at sea, and I don't want to have a rascally life to reckon up just when I'm trying to keep afloat. I know some things won't hurt any of us to do, but this Sunday spreeing is not one of them, and I don't go again. Come, boys, let's be off."

They rose from the table. Maurice slipped his arm into that of the last speaker. "Come up to my room and have a quiet talk."

The rest went off for the Opera, considering that as they had made a day of it, it was just as well to finish it, but resolving all to do better a week hence.

I dare say some of my readers will be scandalized by this free talk. I cannot help it. The scandal is in the thing itself, not in the describing it. It will do some of us no hurt to know what young men really think and feel, and how they express themselves when with one another. I should like to write a proper tale about proper characters. But when a man starts to find religious knowledge, by the cross country route, he will meet with many who are not

proper characters, as in fact, generally, if he keep his eyes open and live in the world like a man.

I am describing young men as they are,—at least, as a great many of them are, and if the description is not an attractive one, it concerns somebody to try and make things better. Much as I detest Rome's way of dealing with her laity, one thing we might learn from her, that it is worth while to know the facts in respect of those we are trying to convert into Christian men and women. The confessional is not needed for that, but common sense and moral fearlessness are. As long as young men laugh at us for good, solemn, but utterly unsophisticated book-worms, we shall not influence them much. The patient must feel that the physician understands his case before he will be submissive to the treatment.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN they reached Maurice's chamber the conversation was at first upon indifferent topics. Then a brief pause ensued, and Bryan said, looking up suddenly, "Mr. Stewart, you are not a member of any church, yet you seem to have religious ideas. I want to know what you think? I am afraid of all these people who are committed; they are working for their own sects, and just repeat what they have been taught in childhood. I can read their catechisms, and all that, when I want to, without taking things at second hand. But you,—you *think*, and I want to know what you make of that fellow Jones' talk. I confess I cannot answer it, and never could, only I don't believe it any the more. You may put it any way you please; but how is one to reconcile one's free-will with the infinite power and knowledge of the Creator? If the doctrine of the atonement is true, why doesn't the other thing follow? There's my rub, you see."

"Well, now, Mr. Maurice," said Stewart, setting his elbows on the table, and pushing back, with both hands, the thick black curls from his forehead, "I'll tell you what I think of the whole thing. I've been to sea since I was eleven years old, and a man must think a good deal when he is keeping the middle watch of a quiet night in the trades. Now, if you won't be shocked at my way of putting things,—a sailor's rough way,—I will tell you what I think of it. I have pretty much worked out the thing in my own way, with the help of my Bible. God sends the winds to blow as he will, but He doesn't hinder us from sailing on whatever voyage we set out. He sends the storms, too; and when a man is caught jammed in between the Isle o' Man, and the Welsh coast under his lee, in a North-Channel hurricane, no arm but His can save him.

For all that, it don't do for one to go out of port with a short-handed crew, and sprung spars, and rotten rigging, and a leak under your forefoot. Now, He has given His orders, and the first thing a man learns at sea is, 'Obey orders if you break owners.'"

"That I see plainly enough," said Maurice, "but how about the atonement?"

"Well, I don't mean to speak about that irreverently, or make comparisons which shouldn't be made; but it seems to me as if our part in it was something like this: Suppose the crew of a man-of-war mutiny and go below just as the ship comes under fire. The captain, after calling on all hands to do their duty, goes to the wheel himself, and with his own hands steers the ship by the batteries, but he himself is hit and mortally wounded. Now, if government was to say to that crew, 'You, every one of you, deserve to be hung at the yard-arm, but your captain has begged that you be let off for his sake. You shall be forgiven if you will try to be true and brave men,—true to the death.' It does seem to me, that if anything would make good and true men out of a set of mutinous rascals, it would be such a piece of good news given to them as they stood with the ropes round their necks. And just suppose the captain in some way come to life again, and ready to lead them once more, if they would only follow him."

"You think, then,"—said Maurice, who had followed out this sailor rhetoric as best he might, rather hazily,—“you think that the moral effect and example of the Lord's death is the principle of the atonement?"

"Moral example?—No! I tell you that the men who have skulked their duty and deserve to be strung up and know it, are pardoned; pardoned for the sake of one who has done his duty, and who is rightful master of them all, and has a perfect right to say they ought to be served so. It isn't a merit of their own if they do their duty after that; it is the least they can do; and if they don't, they deserve to be hanged, and that with a new Manilla rope, and a whole starboard watch to sway aloft on it. Still," he continued, "there is a bit of a puzzle here that I was a long time in making out. And what came to help me was after I got into the Navy and heard the Articles of War read. They read, you know, after each offence, 'You shall suffer

death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall inflict.' When I first heard that, as a middy, it struck me as fearfully hard. But after a couple of cruises I knew better. I found out then what disobedience of orders might bring. When you send a crew to quarters in port, or are exercising them at making sail, and all that, and the order is given, 'Let go the foretop-bowline,' for instance, and the man isn't at his station, it may be only a rope parted, or the work put wrong. But when you're ranging alongside an enemy's frigate, and because one man skulks his duty, and, for want of doing the right thing just at the right moment, your ship misses stays and is raked, fifty stout fellows' souls may be logged against that one skulker's account. Man-o'-war life is an easy life when every one does his duty, but you see a powder-monkey's carelessness may blow up a line-o'-battle ship; and so you see a man's duty isn't measured by just the way it looks to him. But, on the other hand, if a man does his best, any reasonable set of officers know how to make allowances for mistakes, and they like and favor a man who pulls with a will, and tries to be true to the country and the flag. I said to myself many a time, the Articles, bloody as they seem, are only meant for those who deserve all they get. The service isn't a machine, where, if you put your hand in the wrong place, your arm is torn off at the shoulder, whether it is accident or mistake or foolhardiness, all alike. It is meant for reasonable beings, and a man's motives and good-will are taken account of."

"I can't say I quite get your idea," said Maurice. "What about being justified by faith? The clergyman I saw lately talked a great deal about the necessity of that, and said that all one's works were nothing at all, and worse than nothing."

"Well, just you read what St. Paul says. He is a man that all sailors love, if for nothing else than for that voyage of his. I've been in a *Levanter*, off Cape Spartivento, and I know that any one who could keep a cool head and a brave heart there, and, what is better, give them to all the rest, especially with a lot of soldiers aboard—to my thinking the worst sort of passengers, because, you see, they are accustomed to take nobody's orders but their own officers'—was not a man to be set down for a know-nothing. St.

Paul gave me a deal of comfort; for it seemed to me that his idea of faith was just the sailor's idea of trust in his captain—keep to your duty, and let it blow high or blow low. And his notion of a man's duty seems to me our sailor's notion—that a man must have his wits about him, not waiting for orders for every little thing, like one of those sentries who can't answer a civil question, or do anything but just be drilled. You see, on shipboard, we get our general orders; but a man must know how to do his work, and learn it, and have an eye to windward. When I'm sent to the wheel, the officer of the deck gives me my course by compass, but he isn't at my elbow all the time, telling me just when to put the helm up and put it down. I know I've got to keep the sails full, and meet her when she comes up, and not let her fall off. It's intelligent service that is expected of me. A prime seaman who is always ready to obey all orders, without a question, uses his head, for all that, quite as much as any landsman can do."

"I see," said Maurice, "what you mean, and I like it, too. Your idea of the pardoned mutineer is not a bad one. To such a man pardon is good news; and that, by the way, is what Gospel-evangel really means, though I never thought it. But there is another point I want cleared up. I suppose, on your own showing, you would have to accept the pardon by taking service again. If a Christian means a pardoned mutineer, he has to speak out and promise to be loyal and obedient, before he can show it by his conduct."

"That is so, sure enough, and I mean to do it the first chance I get."

"Well, here is *my* trouble," said the other, "I don't know how and where I ought to do it."

"As for that, I can only give you my sailor notions," said Stewart. "I say, whenever I see the old flag flying, and that is the Cross, I go aboard and report myself to the commanding-officer. I have my choice, and if I can find an Episcopal chaplain, I shall go to him. You see that suits us, sailors; it is more ship-shape. We like to have our officers under rules, as well as we are, and not left to their own heads. I don't mean to hurt your feelings; but this chapel here, at Rome, is a sort of fore-and-aft concern, like a mackerel-schooner bound for the Banks, the skipper, mayhap cook last voyage, and foremast-hand the next. If

those rich churches on shore only knew how much good they could do the sailors, they would take more pains about it. A Prayer-Book is a thing any captain may carry, and read the service. It suits old-country emigrants; and many's the time, in the Liverpool trade, when they're sick and down-hearted, that a bit of it will put life into them. One can carry the short prayers out of it in his head; and on a wild night aloft it's a comfort to have them to say over, when you have too much to do to be making up prayers, and thinking what you ought to be saying. We've a name for everything, and a place for everything aboard-ship. I wish I had a Prayer-Book now."

Maurice remembered that he had two—Frank's, and the one Mr. Gardiner had given him. He hesitated a minute, and then said, "I can spare you one, the gift of a friend, however; and I must ask you, when you get where you can buy another, to return it to me."

Stewart took the little book, thanking Maurice, and rose to go. "Good-bye," said he. "My leave will be up next week, and I must be back in Liverpool. I've a fourth mate's berth in one of the American steamers, and I hope we'll make the trip together. Good-night,"—and he was gone.

This conversation was not without its effect. Of course the young sailor's idea of the Atonement, and of faith, is not presented as a scientific statement of the truth. No one but himself is to be held answerable for it; and if it is not orthodox, no cavil must be taken at it. This is a story, not a treatise on doctrine. Its object is to show the history of a mind's progress, and all things true or false which help therein are part of it.

Consequently it will not be improper to turn to a very different scene. One of Rome's annual events is Prince Torlonia's ball. The grandson of the lucky shoemaker, who made a fortune out of an army contract with the first Napoleon, now props the Papal finance and its tottering sovereignty. Everybody who banks with him is invited; all notabilities, foreign ambassadors, and the like, are there. He keeps a palace expressly for his fêtes, and mingles the splendid with the shabby in magnificent parsimony. Maurice, of course, was there. It was a scene of fairy-like enchantment. Soft lights, from hundreds of wax-candles,

illuminated a brilliant suite of apartments. There was the reception-room, the music-room, the ball-room, the conversation-room, the card-room, where sat Antonelli, playing with Gen. —, the French commander at Rome. The wives of the Roman *noblesse*, Orsini, Pamphili-Doria, Corsini, and a host of others, were there, blazing with necklaces of diamonds, family heirlooms, taken out of pawn for that one night. A Bavarian countess, with a magnificent diamond tiara, rivalled in her splendid beauty the fair Principessa Torlonia, the daughter of the Colonna. A Shrewsbury and a Dufferin bore up worthily the escutcheon of England's proud, matronly loveliness; and the New World was represented by scores of delicate, superbly-toiletted beauties, in the evanescent spring-time of American belle-hood. There were serene Bostonians, secure in their Emersonian creed; that philosophy, and the rare accident of birth in the three-hilled city, had made them "lords" (or, rather, "ladies")—

"of the sphere,
The seven stars, and the solar year."

Besides these were the coldly-passionate girls of the South, full of *retenue*, yet ready to break forth into fire at a whisper against the haughty pretensions of their States; frank Philadelphians, showy New Yorkers, and not a damsel of them all but remembered and revered in her secret soul the tradition of the few peerless Americans, who, like the lady of Burleigh, had won, and, far more successfully than her, had worn, the perilous honors of transatlantic nobility.

Verily, the American female-worship of the heraldic honors of the mediæval time is fearfully and wonderfully ordered. It is the child's reverence for age. Before it the best scheming of cunning mammas of that fearless, indefatigable British matronage goes down in dismay; but it buys dust and ashes at the price of life. Its type is the Balaclava Charge, of which France said, "*C'est magnifique, mais c'est ne pas la guerre.*"

Amid this throng Bryan met almost all his winter acquaintance. Even the younger members of the Quaker family were there; the sons rather "loud" in dress and free in manner, and the daughter, while attired after the fashion of the "world's people," preserving that indefinable air of

neatness and delicacy which is nowhere so sedulously taught and learned as in high-toned Quaker families. Without an ornament, and hardly with a bit of decided color in all her dress, the young Philadelphian attracted many eyes, and her frank enjoyment of what, to her, was a novel and exciting spectacle, was very pleasant to see. Maurice obtained an introduction, and as she did not dance, which, in the crush of the ball-room, was a toil of a pleasure, she accepted his arm and went with him to the other end of the grand suite of stately rooms, where was a little theatre, upon the mimic stage of which a company of no mean artists were performing a brilliant little comic opera. Like many Quakeresses, she was passionately fond of music, and was entirely enthralled in the witchery of that most magical of entertainments. Her guarded home-experience gave her no inkling of what it was that she was at,—what to her would be a forbidden amusement,—nor had she become wiser abroad. Consequently she enjoyed with all her soul, and, after the *finale*, chatted with a child's enthusiasm, and listened to Maurice's account of the story, evidently without a scruple, while she visibly shrank from the card-room, and glanced with a look of lively horror at the impassive Cardinal, who sat with a little heap of gold before him, *vis-à-vis* to the fat, gray French general. When Maurice pointed out to her the celebrities present, he was surprised at her familiarity with literature and history. A son of Mrs. Hemans was talking with an American poet, whose delicate verse and comic mastery of the humorous dialect of New England are alike unrivalled. The twin stars of Arno—Paracelsus and Aurora Leigh—were there, a German historian and diplomat, and many another whose names were household words to her. After the airy ignorance of the New York belles, and the cool, critical *nil admirari* of Boston, this was very refreshing. Yet there was no attempt to play off upon him airs and graces. She talked to him as simply and unconsciously as to a brother, without a shadow of boldness, and yet without diffidence. We are to meet her again, and therefore I tell the story of the commencement of their acquaintance.

Out of a ball-room it is a brief step into the scenes of Carnival week. It is a mad time in Rome, especially the last two days. Maurice was not too old for the fun, which

is rather school-boy like, but for all that exciting, and, so far as the Italians are concerned, perfectly good-natured. He rode up and down the long line of carriages which slowly traversed the Corso. He flung bouquets to the ladies in the balconies, and *confetti* at the men on the sidewalk. Then he took a balcony at a friend's lodging, and showered handfuls of the snowy hail, which is supposed by a conventional fiction to be sugar-plums, but which is only plaster and flour, into the open vehicles beneath. He saw the riderless horses, the fiery, fine-limbed Barbary colts race day after day. He had by this time "done" the galleries, the antiquities, and all the lions thoroughly, and it was somewhat of a relief to get into such a practical present, after so much of the past, even though of such mad nonsense as the Carnival. He went home every night tired enough, yet not so tired but that he could spend an hour over a book. He was lodged at a house upon the slope of the Pincian Hill, and his room was at the top of the many-storied dwelling, looking out over the city. There at night he would sit reading, and step from the soft lamplight within out on to his balcony and muse long upon what he read. His book was one which Gardiner had lent him,—a brief history of the English Church. It was not at all polemical, quite elementary in fact, and would have been hastily glanced over at another time. Here its simple statements, read over and over, chapter by chapter, wrought with no little effect upon his mind. They opened new avenues for thought. He faced that disclosure, to a New-Englander so startling, of the organic continuity of the Anglo-Catholic Church, through the stormy period of the Reformation, and that still more startling point of its primitive independence of Rome and derivation from a Gallo-Oriental source. He had hitherto regarded the Church of England as one created upon the ruin of the old faith, very much as if the Christians in Jerusalem had managed to outvote the Sanhedrim and take possession of the Temple. A restoration of what was primitive was an idea undreamt of hitherto in his philosophy. He conceded the point as respected England. Still the English Church was English, and by no means Catholic, and his present dream was the idea of Catholic unity. He had yet to grasp the idea of Episcopalians being other than a sect in America. That rooted idea of Congre-

gational New England,—the right of the majority to organize belief and practice for themselves,—hindered him. The English Church was the Establishment; but we had no establishment, and therefore—here his logic went wool-gathering, and that conclusion was not yet. Thus matters stood when he went out on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, the night of the Mocoletti, the last night of the Carnival.

The night of the Mocoletti is the one night of Roman gaiety. The whole length of the Corso, seen from above, is like a vast serpent formed of fire-flies. A torch-light procession, or an illumination (and either of these, well managed, are sights of great beauty), is more imposing, but less magical, bewildering, grotesque. From every balcony, window-ledge, and possible resting-place of man, glitters a myriad of little tapers. Everybody is carrying a light, and everybody is trying to blow out his neighbor's, while all throats send up a mocking, pealing chorus of "*Senza mocolo, mocolo m-o—co—l-o-o-o-o*,"—in English, "without a light," and intended as a taunt to those whose lights are extinguished. Young and active as he was, Maurice soon left the balcony of his friends and went down into the street, joining the throng on foot and mingling in the maddest of the sport. Now standing with one foot on the step of a carriage, he aimed a rapid blow at the twinkling spark of a solitary taper; then, darting into the crowd, he slapped right and left with a knotted handkerchief at two flaming candles borne by two English middies; next, with an active vault, he was on the back of a horse and snatched from the postillion a light, rekindled his own taper, blew out the stolen prize, and sprang to earth again amid the cheers of the beholders. He had reached in triumph the broad piazza in the midst of which towers the ancient column of Antoine, when a little eddying whirl of the crowd threw him outside the line of pedestrians. He paused to take breath and to look about him. All at once he caught sight of a female figure standing near the base of the pillar. There was that in her attitude so markedly unlike every other about him that he looked again. It was that of patient, drooping endurance, like that of the little girl in Ary Scheffer's charming picture of the "*Lost Children*." Yet she was not a child, and his next thought was of the lady in the *Masque of Comus*. The quiet neatness and precision

of her dress had a familiar look, and as he was trying to think where he had seen it, a surge of the crowd forced him close to her side. As he raised his little taper with the instinctive movement of *light* preservation, which is part of one's habit on the night of the Mocoletti, the gleam fell upon her face and showed the features of the young Quakeress of Torlonia's ball.

"You here, alone, Miss Winrow! Can I help you?" exclaimed he.

She gave a little half-sob, half-cry, and clasped his arm with both her hands. "I have lost my party," she said, "and could not get through the crowd. My brother is so wild; and thee knows," said she, lapsing unconsciously into the familiar speech of her childhood, "young men do not care much for their sisters."

"Permit me to take the place of this lost brother," said Maurice. "You are stopping at ——?"

"The Hotel del Europa on the ——. I have forgotten the street."

"I know it well," said Maurice, "but are you equal to the long walk we must take, unless we can break through the line of carriages? We must, I fear, go round the head of the Corso."

"Oh yes," said she. "I don't mind the walk; but Thomas—he may miss me and return here."

"I think I ought to get you home first, and then try to hunt him up."

"Thank thee; perhaps it would be best so," she answered; "but thee, you I mean, will lose the spectacle."

"Oh never mind that," said Maurice, flinging away his taper and leading her at once out of the crowd.

He had at once a sense of grave responsibility. It is not so easy to traverse Rome by night. One may easily lose his way, and some quarters are neither reputable nor safe after nightfall. Maurice was familiar with the streets of the city, but in his anxiety to spare his companion unnecessary walking he several times missed his road, and once had to leave her outside at the door of a wine-shop while he inquired within the route. Not until he reached the broader and more frequented Via Babuino did he breathe freely. When at length he emerged into that well-known thoroughfare, he gave a long sigh of relief.

Miss Winrow had kept silent pace with him, walking with the short, tripping step which betrayed her schooling over the brick smoothness of Arch and Chestnut Streets. She had kept silent as long as she had seen him perplexed with the intricacies of the way, but now spoke.

"Is thee—are you tired?"

"Oh, no," said he, "only wonderfully relieved to know just where I am and to have you in comparative safety."

"Were we not safe?" said she. "I have not felt afraid."

"Well, to tell the truth, I have been more anxious than I care to be again, for the last ten minutes, ever since we passed that cut-throat looking group of men under the little shrine on the corner where the light was burning before the Virgin."

She turned her face, with a look of quiet, grateful sweetness upon it, toward him and said, "Then I have to thank thee for more than I know."

"Oh, that is nothing," said he, "only I am glad we are well out of it. But were not you frightened before I met you all alone in the crowd?"

"No, not frightened; I was thinking of something I once did which seems to me might be very wrong; and yet, I don't know why, I felt, if I never got out of the danger alive, it would be a real comfort."

"What can it be?" thought Bryan.

She seemed to make a sudden effort over herself, and then said, "I must tell you what it was or you will think it so strange; besides, I have long wanted to tell some one not of my own family." Maurice could think of nothing but a love-affair, and was inwardly disgusted at being taken for one so old and grave that he might safely be father-confessor of such confidences. He simply said, "Your secret will be safe with me, Miss Winrow, and such advice as I have to give is at your service."

"Well, if you do not mind a long story I will tell it, for I really want to know if I have done wrong. Only I must begin at the beginning. I have a school-friend who came from New York. Her father was a Friend—a Quaker, thee knows, but her mother was not; she was an Episcopalian, and Letty was brought up to that, and when her mother died, she made Letty promise to be true to her Church till she was a woman. We were great friends at

school, and when we left she was always writing to have me visit her. So just before we were coming away here I went to spend a month with her. She was not a gay girl at all ever, but now I found her more good and quiet, and so fond of her Church. Of course I did not think as she did, and at first did not care to talk with her about it, only I could not help hearing what was said between her friends who called on her. First-days—Sundays—I used to go to Friends' meeting with Letty's father, as I promised at home I would, but week-days she got me to go with her. At first it was so strange, but I liked it better and better. There was a church near where they had daily prayers at nine and five, and Letty never missed going, if she was well. I liked to see the little children baptized, as almost always on Wednesday and Saturday one or two were brought, and at home I used to read over the service in the Prayer-Book, and then I found there was another service for grown-up people, so I read that too; and then I took the Bible and found the places which the book alluded to, and it made me feel as if Friends' Society had been mistaken in this thing. One First-day evening we were sitting in the parlor, and a friend of Letty's came in. He was a young minister, and Letty was engaged to him, but they would not let me leave them, though I tried to. Letty was just so nice and thoughtful of others, and he seemed just as good as she. He soon found out what I was, and then I asked him some things about the service which I could not understand; and so I can't tell how it came on, but I said, 'I wish I had been brought as a little child.' 'It is not too late now, is it?' he said; but Letty turned the subject before I could answer. But after we got up to our room at night, she spoke of it herself. I had been thinking about it all the time in meeting, and I did long for it more than any one could tell. So as we sat there, and I was at the glass putting up my hair, I told Letty I meant to go forward the next time there was a baptism. We talked a long time about it, but neither of us thought of father and mother, what they would think, and that is what seems to me now so wrong, though they are not strict at all. The next day Letty was not well, and I went to service alone. There were but few people in the church, which seems to me so strange, for I would go whenever I possibly could. I sat

up in front, for in Friends' meeting we young people often do, on the low benches; so after service was over I stopped to look at the font. It was a very beautiful one, of white marble, and carved on all the panels. While I stood there, Letty's young clergyman came back into the church. He had read service that morning. It seemed to me I must speak then, I was to go home so very soon, and I said, 'I wish I might come here.' 'Why should not you come?' said he. Then I told him I had never thought of it till lately, but I wished it so much and believed it to be right. He asked me some questions as to what I believed and as to what I thought baptism meant, and then he begged me to wait a minute. He went away, and presently the other clergyman of the church came back with him. He was an elderly man, his hair quite white, and such a pleasant, good face, the purest, gentlest looking face I ever saw. 'Well, my daughter,' he said, 'you want to be baptized. From what Mr. — tells me I think I ought to receive you; but is there any reason why you should not come?' 'No,' I said, 'there is none.' 'Are you free to decide this for yourself? Is there no one you should first consult?' I really did not think father and mother would care, for when my Cousin Robert became a Presbyterian they blamed Uncle Robert and Aunt Catherine quite a good deal for being so put out about it; and I remember they said if Robert only followed the inward light, he ought not to be blamed. So I said 'No.' If I could have written and got an answer, I should have waited; but I knew I could not, for as soon as I returned home we expected to start for Europe. I thought of the great ocean which I dreaded so much, and so I said, 'I would like to come this afternoon, and Letty will come to stand up with me.' 'What! Miss —? My own god-child? Oh, if *she* is your witness,' said the old clergyman, 'it can't be wrong. She never did anything wrong since she was a wee baby.' Well, after I went home and talked with Letty, she insisted upon being well enough to go with me, though she had a sick-headache almost, and she took me to Doctor —'s study, and he had a long talk with us, and Letty made a great many things plain to me, for she understood Friends' ways, and helped me to tell the Doctor what I meant, only I could not express it rightly. So we came to the church at five that afternoon; not many there.

but all seemed like people who really loved to come, and the church not very light, but quiet and gentle for all the bustle of the streets outside. It seemed to me as though I had really left the world behind me. When the time for baptizing came my heart beat quick, and I would have kept still; but Letty gave me a quiet pressure of the hand, and untied and took off my bonnet, and led the way. The young clergyman came and stood on the other side in that white dress thee knows they wear; and such a dear, good lady, with a sad, sad face, like one that had known trouble, but found real comfort too, came and stood next Letty. It made me feel stronger at once, and when the questions were put to me, I did not look on my book at all, but tried to speak them right out of my own heart, for I meant them just as truly as I ever hope to mean anything. It seems strange now, but when the water touched me, it was like washing off all light and vain feelings, and I did promise in my heart to try to be kind and true to every one; and when he made the sign of the cross on my forehead, it seemed like taking up the Saviour's cross. Then afterward it was so very dear to have everybody kneel down and join in the Lord's Prayer; it was as if we were all one family."

"But, Miss Winrow," said Maurice, who had listened with great astonishment first, and then with eager interest, "you surely don't think this was wrong. I would give my right hand this moment to feel as you did."

"No, not that so much, but afterward, not telling mother. To-night, just before you came to me, I was so distressed thinking of that. Ought not I to tell her now?"

Among the books Maurice had read in the Propaganda Library, was one put into his hands with special reference to the question of secret conversion to Romanism. It had strongly attracted him, for it set forth the advantage of being in the service of the Church and leading others to it without being an avowed member. All young men's minds are fascinated with the notion of a secret society in which to exert great and unsuspected power. This was most artfully put. He was well aware of the unpopularity which the becoming a Romanist would bring upon him at home. The point was cunningly argued; the lawfulness of dissimulating because of the unreasonable prejudices of others. All its sophisms rose at once before him. For himself he had

been half persuaded, but when it came to applying that reasoning to the case of another, of a pure, innocent young girl, then looking trustfully at him for an answer, the lie shocked him, and thus the last lingering spell of Rome vanished into thin air at the Ithuriel spear.

"You ought to tell," said he. "Mind, I do not blame you for not having told; only I say tell now."

Her only answer was at first a low sob. Then she gathered strength to speak. "Thou hast been a true friend. God sent thee just when I needed."

Maurice was too much moved to reply. They were by this time at the Hotel del Europa. Two gentlemen stood in the *porte cochère*, trying to induce a coachman to let them take his vehicle, and evidently under strong but subdued excitement.

"Father—Thomas—here I am!" exclaimed she. And in a moment was in the arms of the elder, with whom the decorum of Quaker reserve utterly broke down for a moment. Maurice was going, but the younger detained him. And then, after a word or two from his daughter, the old gentleman addressed him—

"We cannot thank thee enough for bringing Ellen back safe. What is thy name?"

A few words of explanation and introduction followed, and Maurice was eagerly besought to call on the morrow.

"My wife," said the old gentleman, "will then be able to see thee; her fright to-night has been too much for her, but Bryan thee has done us a service we can never forget."

CHAPTER IX.

BRYAN was punctual in his next morning's call upon his Philadelphian friends. He found the ladies in, was presented to the mother, whose eyes filled with tears as she greeted him, though her thanks were expressed in a quiet, subdued tone, and with that careful avoidance of all extravagance of phrase which none but a Quaker matron seems wholly able to attain. Maurice remembered that he had been thanked with four times as much *empressement* by a New York dame only the week before, upon the occasion of his bringing back a coral pin lost by her at Frascati. He wished that Mrs. Winrow would leave them to a *tête-a-tête*, but she showed no signs of stirring. He was longing to ask the young lady if she had told her mother and what the result had been. Presently Mrs. Winrow glanced at the clock and said to her daughter, "Ellen, this is one of thy meeting days, I believe,—isn't it? Thee ought to go, if thee has taken that for thy choice." Miss Winrow colored slightly, and her mother went on, addressing Maurice, "If thou wilt accompany my daughter, unless thou hast scruples, I will take it kindly. She does not know how to find the English Chapel, and I think she hardly ought to go alone." Maurice professed himself delighted and that he had no scruples, and Ellen left the room to put on her bonnet. Two things struck Maurice as strange. He noticed the correctness of the elder lady's grammar when she spoke to him, and its constant error as she talked with her daughter. I believe it is universal. I never knew but one Quaker who did not, in the bosom of the family, use the objective for the nominative of the personal pronoun. With a stranger many will be scrupulously accurate. The second thing was the utter unconventionality of the whole proceeding in selecting him for her daughter's escort.

Miss Winrow returned in a moment, and with her came her brother. "Thomas will go with us," she said to her mother, who gave a half sigh, and then replied, "Yes, he will learn the way to wait upon thee in future, but not to go in." The young man's face lightened considerably at his escape from what he evidently felt to be a penance due to his neglect the night before. "I will wait for thee, outside, Ellen," he said; and the three left the hotel together. If the reader knows the thoughts and ways of "Friends' Society," the explanation of the above arrangement will not be needed. For the uninitiated it will be necessary to add something.

Mrs. Winrow did not wish her son to enter the doors of the English Chapel. She was too conscientious to keep Ellen back, and she saw less harm in trusting her daughter to the care of a stranger than her son to the perversions of that Church which is looked upon with a traditional but special disfavor in the tenets of Quakerism. As a matter of fact, the Church is most congenial to these good people; only by tradition and the Book of Discipline they are bound to hold it anathema.

Ellen had her own feeling of the proprieties, however, and she had insisted on having her brother's escort. That young gentleman expressed himself artlessly enough over his good luck.

"Mother needn't be worried about me. I'll go and smoke a cigar in the square, and if there is any music in either of the churches there, I'll look in. She doesn't mind my going to the Catholic churches: but sis, I'll be sure to be on hand when thee comes out; it is now quarter to eleven, and it will be twelve before thee wants me." He kept close beside his sister, however, till they reached the door of the English Chapel, which is, or then was, just outside the Porta del Popolo. Maurice thought him immensely *de trop*, but to his surprise Miss Winrow spoke freely. "You see, Mr. Maurice, I have told my mother, and she at once decided thus. You know that to-day is Ash-Wednesday, and all good church people keep it."—"But how did your mother come to know that?"—"She was once engaged, she told me, before she married father, to an Episcopal clergyman, but her parents broke it off, and I think she knows a great deal about the Church, but she feels it would not be right to think of it now. She told me this this morning, when I

told her what I said to you last night. She said she was more grateful to you for advising me as you did, than ever for bringing me home safe. From something she half said, I could not help fancying that it was some concealment on her part which broke the engagement. Poor mother! it was a trial to her, but not so much nor in the same way I feared. But she begged me not to try to influence Thomas, and I have promised I would not, and—only think—she gave me this.” As she spoke, she put the little prayer-book Maurice had noticed that she was carrying into his hands. It was a little volume somewhat worn, with a tiny cross stamped, but not gilt, upon the cover. Upon the fly-leaf was written, “Hester Archer from A. H. S., Easter Even, 1821.” This was in faded ink: below it the mother had pencilled, “Hester Winrow to her daughter Ellen,” and Ellen had added the date, Ash-Wednesday, 18—. They reached the chapel entrance. Maurice had not thought of going to church that day; but feeling a strong hope that the brother’s care of the young Quaker would be as remiss as on the previous night, he very cheerfully declined the invitation of the latter to wait outside and to stroll on the Pincia. So he went with Ellen, and was rather surprised to find the bare, uninviting interior quite full. They, however, succeeded in finding a place quite near the extemporized chancel. Maurice was not so strange to the usages of the place but that he could imitate his companion in her quiet act of private prayer, and it composed his thoughts. The white-robed priest entered, not the usual chaplain, but a slender, pale, and tall man, whose face impressed Maurice at the first glance with a sense of power. Still more did the full, rich tones of a voice exquisitely modulated and pervaded with a sad solemnity, in entire keeping with the penitential service. Maurice had no difficulty in finding his places, for the little hands which held the book before him pointed at once to the proper page and line, and the low voice of Ellen came truly in with every response, save only where the English book was varied from the one she held. All through to the close of the Litany, the spell of the service grew deeper and deeper.

But neither of the young Americans were prepared for what followed when the clergyman rose from his knees, and the congregation with him, and after a moment’s pause,

began the Commination Preface. Miss Winrow turned the leaves of her prayer-book confusedly, then closed it and remained listening. But the ear of Maurice had caught the first sentence and moved him to attend further. "Brethren," the priest said, "in the Primitive Church there was a godly discipline, that, at the beginning of Lent, such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance and punished in this world, that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord, and that others, admonished by their example, might be the more afraid to offend."

So natural was the manner of the clergyman that Maurice could hardly tell whether it was an extemporized exhortation, or read from the book. It was not until he entered upon the comminatory sentences that Maurice determined the point, and then his next neighbor, a lady in black, put into his hand one of the Chapel prayer-books open at the proper place.

Maurice was soon in a strange conflict of feeling. Used to the soft and soothing words of the Cambridge Unitarianism of his day, to hopeful utterances about the progress of the race, the beautiful ideal humanitarianism which has presented perhaps as never so well before the perfection of the Lord's nature as man, his spirit rose in intense rebellion against the uncompromising old Hebrew denunciations. Nor was his mood soothed by the imploring, yet warning address which followed. He unconsciously stood more erect than usual, as if bracing himself against it. But those ringing, searching tones right out of the heart of the speaker, not in routine formality of customary service, but poured forth with the tremulous eagerness which made the eye lighten, and the slight gesture of the hand, scarce lifted from the desk cushion, instinct with all a prophet's fire—these bore him in spite of himself along the tide. And when all sank upon their knees with that instinctive habitude which the Church makes so natural to her children, and which is so unlike the hesitating or wilful fashions of Independency, and together began the Miserere, Maurice could keep back his voice no longer. For let humanity be what it might, he was personally conscious of the fact of sin; the remembrance of many an ill-spent hour came to haunt him. Tears unbidden gathered in his eyes, and

twice ere the service was ended his voice, in spite of all his young man's shyness and wilful reserve, faltered almost to pausing with scarce controlled emotion.

It was a positive relief when, after the gospel for the day, the priest began to announce the order of the Lenten services. Daily prayer was to be at ten and five, and then some special services were mentioned, the meaning of which utterly escaped our young Harvardite.

When this was over, Maurice thought surely he will not attempt to preach! but giving out a couple of verses of a hymn, he knelt down at the altar during the singing, and, then at its close, standing just behind the chancel rail, began to speak. Maurice half-listened as one who hears with the outward ear only, until his wandering thoughts were called back by one short sharp sentence—"Sorrow for sin is not repentance. That means turning back. He who is lost in the desert is sorry, but if he will not lift his eye to the star, or cast it downward upon the compass, but persists in tracing the weary round of his own footsteps, his sorrow will not bring him to safety. *He who is adrift upon a plank in the midst of ocean* is sorry, but if he will make no signal to the passing bark or raise his voice in entreaty, he will not be taken to the haven where he would be. He is not seeking to be saved. All men are sorry after wrongdoing, but not all with the godly sorrow that worketh repentance. Men who doubt are not happy in their unbelief, but they may be content. Men who sin are not happy in their sinfulness, but they do not repent until they seek to forsake. Penance is not penitence. It is paying an old debt with a new promise. It is going to the debtors' prison in order presently to be discharged bankrupt; it satisfies no creditor. Suffering does not atone. Were those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell sinners above all that were in Jerusalem? I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

How much more Maurice heard, he never could rightly say, but this brief extract took strong hold upon him. He went silently forth with the young Quakeress and turned homeward. By the obelisk in the centre of the Piazza del Popolo they found her brother, not sulky precisely, but evidently bored to the last point of endurance by long waiting. "It is two good hours you have been in there,

sis—it is worse than yearly meeting. Come and have some lunch—you must be half-starved,” said he. “I must go home, Thomas,” said the young lady. “Oh, I didn’t mean you, sis,” said he, half blushing; “it isn’t like Parkinson’s here, where one can take a lady; but Mr. Maurice—he has earned the right to something.” Maurice was half-inclined to accept. He did not fancy his companion, but he was ready, as your traveller of a year’s experience is apt to be, to fraternize with any one who is decent, knowing that nothing is easier than to shake off a troublesome companion unless he have a home mortgage on you, in the which case it is difficult. He felt that the young man was anxious to show him some attention for what he had done the evening previous, and that he could hardly, in courtesy, decline without some excuse. “After we have seen your sister home, and I have been to the hotel for my letters,” he said, “perhaps I will.” They walked a few steps further, when Miss Winrow put her little prayer-book into Maurice’s hand, pointing with her finger to a particular line. He read the designated words—“Days of Fasting: Ash Wednesday and Good Friday.” “But,” said he, answering her thought aloud, “I am not an Episcopalian.” “You will be,” she answered; “nothing else will satisfy you—something tells me you will.”

However, Maurice found the excuse he was thinking of converted into a real reason when he got his letters. One was from Frank Goodstowe’s uncle and former guardian, to whom he had written the news of Frank’s death: Frank, it seems, had left quite a large property. The will deposited in New York had been destroyed by fire, but there ought to be a duplicate, or else one of later execution, in Frank’s own keeping. It was necessary that Maurice should return and bring that, and attest that it had been in his charge. The letter contained an order on the American Steamship Company for a passage in the Liverpool steamer of June, and an ample draft for all travelling expenses incurred by the journey, and the promise to make good the cost of revisiting Europe again. But very urgent reasons were stated for Maurice not to delay his home-trip later than June. Maurice found he should have just eight weeks left to visit Naples, to pass Holy Week in Rome, and to return by way of France to London, if he expected

to have a fortnight to spare in England. So he resolved to start immediately for the South of Italy, and therefore spent the rest of the day in packing, having his passport viséd, and in doing up such odds and ends as the best trained tourist always finds loose at an unexpected summons.

He wrote a brief note to Miss Winrow to say that he should not see her again unless she was in Rome during Holy Week, and excusing himself from a half-implied promise to attend the morning service the next day at the Chapel.

He found at the *table-d'hôte* that evening an old college friend—two or three years older in standing than himself. They met and greeted heartily. Langdon, for that was his name, had been in a German university, and intended to return in the autumn to take his doctor's degrees.

It is four weeks after that Ash Wednesday, and we have passed from the narrow streets of Rome to the lovely landscape which one looks upon from the crest of the height of St. Agatha—the beautiful bays of Naples and Salerno. Two young men are sitting gazing upon it, and drinking in the soft languor of the spring atmosphere. They have been making the most of the previous days, and have visited every point in the scene before them. They have climbed Vesuvius painfully, and slidden down its cone dustily and gleefully; have lunched at the Hermitage, have stood in the depths of Herculean excavations, and in the Forum of Pompeii. Capri, where they spent such a charming day, floats midway between the blue heavens and the blue sea. There across the bay is the classic Cape of Misenum; far to the south lie the three wondrous temples of Pæstum, in the midst of the malaria-haunted marshes; and close beneath their feet is the long glen at the head of which stands the famous monastery of La Cava. All these they have seen, and more yet which must pass unchronicled. They have been draining the cup of Neapolitan enjoyment; one day, the vivid life of the most stirring streets in Europe; the next, the petrified repose of those streets upon which for eighteen centuries nearly oblivion has brooded. As in Rome one's thought naturally turns to Religion, so in Naples it turns as naturally to History. In Rome there has always lingered the tradition of that ancient Etruscan

tribe which flung itself like a gauntlet into the midst of the Alban peoples—and this, in spite of Virgilian epics and Livian romances, has stamped the permanent homogeneous character upon the Eternal City. Changes innumerable have indeed passed over her, but underneath all there is the one stern elemental instinct of domination. Rome is the parent of the papacy—and the papacy out of Rome is an anomaly and a failure. But Naples is full of history. One sees the Grecian traces everywhere; then the influence of Asian voluptuousness and Egyptian mystery; and then suddenly into the midst leaps the Norman Crusader, and marks out his realm by the sweep of his sword-point to north, south, east, and west. The young men in their daily chat had been going over these matters. Maurice, with the enthusiastic romance of a young scholar, caught by the surface glitter and glow; Langdon, with the far deeper, more accurate learning, the result of his three years' study in Germany, withal digested and made ready for use with the clearness and quickness of the American brain. Without any dogmatic overbearingness, but simply by the force of a clearer understanding and a wider knowledge of the facts, he had established over Maurice a great unconscious influence. The dreamy languor of noontide was upon them. Maurice was pulling off the orange flowers from a bough he held in his hand, and Langdon quietly peeling the fruit of the same. To-morrow, after four weeks of constant companionship, they were to part—one for the Orient, one for the West. "Just think of it, Langdon—two months hence and I shall be in America, and you in Jerusalem or Damascus." "Yes, I suppose so. I wish we were to change places," said Langdon. And the fair-haired, broad-browed young American stretched his athletic form lazily. "I am rather worrying to get to work, but I must 'do' the East. I hope to get a chance at Cairo and the Nile, though it is fearfully late; but then hang Palestine; I expect to be bored with monks, and relics, and Bible-stories, at the cost of six dollars a day and the chance of Syrian fever." "Why do you go, then?" "Oh, I want to work out on the spot *my* theory of the mythical origin of Christianity. You see, at Tübingen our professors were keen enough to see that for all Strauss was right, he was terribly to seek in one thing. He hasn't accounted for the New Testament writings."

"No, I should think not. Men don't write a history of an imaginary personage who never was."

"Don't they though? I should think you had never read of Pius Æneas, or of Odin, or of King Arthur. However, there the books are and must be accounted for. Now there are two things I never could reconcile: the miracles, which can't be received, and the character of Jesus Christ, which I do not believe is a forgery of priestcraft. The men who could invent such an ideal must be themselves a miracle. The puzzle to me is how this religious idea—for I still reject the notion of any real personality of Jesus of Nazareth—has become the perfect mover of man's aspirations. Somehow the Hebrew mind was peculiarly fitted to bring out that thought to perfection. The troubled state of the whole world as it came under the Roman yoke resulted in a determination of all impure humors to the one centre at Rome. There was among the small ascetic sects of Palestine a wonderful purity and simplicity, and all this suddenly seems to have freed itself from other elements, and crystallized pure and perfect about the ancient Messianic legends. Now the historic fact is that there were many Christs, and the probability is, that out of these different claimants to the title and the hereditary throne of David has been made up the legend as we have it. The fact in the gospels that one belonged to Bethlehem, the other to Nazareth is alone conclusive. Luke and Matthew won't square upon the same platform any way."

"But what do you say to the miracles—how can you take one part and not another of the story?"

"Allegory—my boy—allegory. You don't know how entirely the Eastern mind wraps up all truth in that shape—just as they always bury all the coin they get. Its instincts are all esoteric. The difficulty is to get the key, and I think I have it. These books, you know, in any event must have been written after the events they describe—you admit that." Maurice never had thought of that before, having the hazy Protestant impression that the Church was somehow born with the Bible in its hand. However, he said, "Yes," not very well seeing how he could say "No."

"Very well, then; there are two things to account for—the Church, which must have been first in existence, and

then the books. The parsons all fall back upon the miracles, according to Paley and Butler and all that. But we, who reject the miracles, have another course to take. The Church is established, a Hebrew ascetic sect founded on this legendary expectation of Messiah. Nothing more natural. The books are written in the interest of different parties in that. Now one has only to get the state of parties in that era, to have the key of the miracles in their allegorical bearing. Now for that we must go on to the first clear historical point where Paul comes on the stage. He was a man of first-rate abilities, a great man, young, and in the prime of his powers. He was an extra-Palestinian—that is a Jew who believed in the nationality, but not the locality of the nation. There was a great deal of party spirit over that point, Stephen the martyr was put to death in that quarrel, and Paul was in that business. At first, though, he was on the Palestinian side—that was Gamaliel's influence, no doubt. He continued on that side till the Damascus journey. He found himself betrayed by the people in power in the Sanhedrim. The fact was, he was too vigorous and rising a man for those old gray-beard plotters. So just at the gate of Damascus he is struck down by one of his own troop bribed to assassinate him. He is rescued and carried into the city, and there the plotters, who have failed of their first stroke, conceive the brilliant idea of disposing of Paul and throwing the odium of it upon the Christians."

"But who are the Christians?" said Maurice. "Oh, this Messianic sect. It is a sort of jacquerie at first, a peasant revolt against the tax-gatherers and the Romans. Then out of it has grown a secret association founded on the belief that their lost leader has returned to life. That is one of the universal myths you know, and just the strongest possible bond of union. Moreover, they are a fixed fact to be assumed for the present, one of the phenomena of the time. Well, Saul of Tarsus is delivered to them. He is a Pharisee, and the Sadducees had got the better of him for the time. While he lies there wounded in Damascus, in the hands of the Christians, Nazarenes historically at that time, who evidently suspect the trap, and think the best thing is to let him get well if he can, he comes to a really magnificent conclusion. You see you owe

no fealty to people who stab you in the back. He will therefore abandon his old party, and he will turn the tables on them, using their very attempt most effectively. He puts himself into the hands of the Nazarenes. He sees that Jerusalem is doomed. Hitherto he has had a conflict of duties. He is a Jew, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; he is also a Roman citizen, a Tarsite, a Cilician. The extra-Palestinian policy will reconcile these two. And he will make use of the Nazarene order to carry out his plans. He learns their principles, and at a glance takes in the enormous capabilities of the league. The Jewish people shall survive, but no longer as a nation,—the Empire will never permit that; nor as a tributary province,—Hebrew pride forbids, but as a secret society. Such an association, based on Oriental ideas, can do what it will. So he seizes at once upon its fundamental legend,—of the rising from the dead of Jesus,—and uses it to account for his own change. No mortal hand struck him down, he says. He is theirs to live and die in the faith of their dead Leader, whose resurrection he thus testifies to. The order at once feels his presence and leadership. He goes into Arabia, in the hope of stirring up the pure original stock of the Hebrew people. He fails there. That work was reserved for Mahomet. However, he gains experience, and turns to bring in the foreign Jews in Syria and Asia Minor, and that with some success. Now, however, he comes to an issue with the Jerusalem party, who are still clinging to the old Palestinian notions. He is too politic, however, to break with them; temporizes, submits, professes to consult with them, but sees their impracticability and narrow-mindedness. He conceives the gigantic idea of swamping them in the order, and of extending that beyond the Hebrew race to the Eastern Gentiles. He finds that the foreign Jews are too few and too scattered,—too much under the spell of the old Mosaic and Davidic institutions for his purposes. Well, he seizes the time when Peter—always rash and headstrong—has made advances to the Roman soldiery in Judea. Peter's idea—not a bad one, only impracticable—is to make proselytes of the gate from the legionaries, and thus to have the army, or a part of them, in the control of the chiefs of the order. He actually initiates the centurion Cornelius. Paul takes that up, and Peter is caught in his own trap.

Now here, at once, are two allegories of the gospels in plain view: Peter walking upon the water and sinking, and his cutting off the ear of Malchus. For you see we come to the time of the gospel writings. Matthew, the wisest and most learned of the original council of twelve—the number of the tribes, you know—has written a history of the earlier legends in the interest of the Jerusalem party. Paul gets Luke to write a counter-statement, in behalf of the Gentile movement. Peter, finding his own influence imperilled, starts Mark upon the same business. Only, you see, he must keep well with the whole society and all parties; so that account is constructed upon the principle of avoiding all controverted points. Then Paul attempts a wider range. He follows up Luke's first pamphlet with a second, of which the main part is the history of his own connection with the Church. And especially in that he is most artfully designated as the Apostle to the Gentiles, with a sort of headship of the extra-Palestinian branch. And this course of his he carries on with ever more and more of magnificent audacity and genius, equal to all emergencies. It is perfectly splendid."

"But, Langdon, what do you make of St. John's Gospel?"

"Oh, that is the work of John of Ephesus, John the Presbyter, or, perhaps, written in the interest of a later theology. You see, of course, the idea primitively, that of political rule in Judea, gave place to a religious idea after Jerusalem passed away. It is the Hebrew Eleusis—must have a mystery at the bottom of it."

"Well, but there are the Beatitudes, the Sermon on the Mount—you believe in them, surely?"

"Why, yes, after a sort; only these seem to me to embody the theocratic ideas of Israel. It is just a homily to the Jewish people, to induce them not to revolt against the Romans, but to keep quiet and obey the old commandments. and God will repeat for them the old Egyptian tradition. That very sermon Luke breaks up into fragments, and scatters about his Gospel, in order to destroy just that very application of it."

"But," said Maurice—much bewildered by this new style of handling the Scripture he had always more revered than read—"seems to me you make St. Paul anything but a good man."

"Oh, he was as good as his age. He was, primarily, full of the order. It is a most instructive history, the gradual development of his policy; how from a zealous Jew he gets fairly into the other extreme, from the simple widening of his point of view. Judaism is sacrificed on its own altar. He says he became all things to all men. But what a splendid genius! I read his Epistles continually; the most perfect of gentlemen, brave, far-sighted, utterly regardless of self; the prototype of Loyola, or, rather, the great ideal both of the Jesuit and the Crusader. He took up there at Damascus the poor little starveling sect of Jewish malecontents, and made of it a power the end of which is not yet."

Maurice was both pained and perplexed, but he could not reply satisfactorily. They talked all the way as they slowly sauntered down the heights to their inn—the delightful "Iron Crown," at Sorrento. They sat late into the night hearing, but not heeding, the murmur of the waves washing the base of the cliffs beneath their room. Langdon brought to bear upon the discussion a mass of critical scholarship that Maurice could not cope with. He was familiar with the Greek Testament in all its readings, and illustrated his dazzling paradoxes from a storehouse which seemed to contain the buried treasures of classic antiquity. He was entirely in earnest withal, though utterly given over to the spirit of criticism, which is sublime in dissection, but can achieve no other result than to fling upon the table a heap of nerves, and bones, and muscles, and to say, Behold what was once a man.

But out of this he had essayed, like Frankenstein, to build up his monstrous giant. Maurice, while borne along the tide of his eager rhetoric, felt dimly the perception of something through it all of real truth and vitality, and that made its hold upon him the more pitiless. Certainly he had gained a new insight into the New Testament Scriptures. He had a sense of a vivid, consecutive, and impassioned history, such as he had never before suspected, in those pages. Darkly there shone, through these wreathing mists of the young skeptic's talk, the image of a primitive church, upon whose topmost spire was lifted into the light of heaven the Cross.

His spirit demanded, though his intellect could not shape the demand, an adequate and central motive. He gained

from that hour a purpose with which to read Scripture with interest, if nothing more. He was approaching the Church from the pure heathen stand-point; and, like the earnest heathen of old, a voice within, faintly heard, hardly understood, was calling him.

They sat late into the night; but when Maurice went to his bed-chamber he grasped, almost instinctively, his prayer-book. He opened to the Second Sunday in Advent, and his eye fell upon that collect. He read it slowly and reverently, half aloud; and then—as one under the fast gathering spell of coming illness struggles against it—said, firmly, “*I will believe, I do believe,*” and turned the page and read the Apostles’ Creed. It seemed to calm him and relieve him, he could hardly tell how or why, and he slept quietly.

The next day they went up to Naples together, and Maurice parted with Langdon, who embarked in the steamer for Malta, while he himself, that same afternoon, took the diligence for Rome.

His first attempt at a solution of this new class of difficulties was to look for Gardiner. He was no longer in Rome. He found, indeed, Mrs. Gardiner and Miss De Forest there still, but they could give him no hope of meeting with their relative. A vacancy had occurred at Florence in the English Church, and Gardiner, considering the services of Passion Week too important to be lost, had consented to give up the splendid pageants of Rome, in order that he might afford to a score of tourists and a few permanent residents in Florence, the services of the Church.

Then he went to call on the Winrows. Ellen was out with her brother. Then, restless and perplexed, he went once more to the Church of the Gesu. He inquired for Father W——, the American priest. He was absent at Frascati, where was a sick countryman. So he went home, and did what he might have known was the only way for him. He undertook to study out the matter for himself. It was a good thing for him to do. He gained at least something like a knowledge of the unity of the New Testament plan. Slowly and very imperfectly, but still with a great awakening power, he convinced himself that no such mere worldly idea lay beneath the New Testament history as Langdon had set forth. But traces of a church began to show themselves,—only, unfortunately, he was but too

slightly acquainted with the real points at issue to see how the Scriptures bore upon them. Only one thing came clearly out, and that was the independence of the different books, both in point of date as well as in composition. He noted a good many matters for future study; and then, after a week so spent, he turned to that gorgeous succession of ceremonies which begin with Palm Sunday, and end with the Easter fireworks.

CHAPTER X.

BRYAN assisted at the services of Holy Week in the midst of a jam and crowd of tourists which was not at all edifying. He saw the indefatigable English charge from the foot-washing of the pilgrims to the feeding, breaking through in a dozen places the line of Papal soldiery. One burly Briton in a Windsor uniform actually used a couple of ladies, as did his ancestry the revolving scythes on their chariot-wheels, sweeping from their unhappy little legs the astonished military, and through the breach so made poured the irresistible sight-seers. What little of religious idea was left in the midst of these elaborate performances was effectually extinguished by the noise and bustle and irreverence of the gathered tourists,—most of them members of a Church that at that very season was in sadness and solemn humiliation commemorating the most important events in the Lord's life.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and bright. Maurice would have gone to church with Miss Winrow, but he wished to see the blessing of the people in the great piazza before St. Peter's. So he witnessed High Mass, and tried hard to understand something about it, and then took his place in the shadow of the colonnade and waited. At high noon there appeared upon the balcony the venerable figure of Rome's latest, perhaps last Patriarch-Bishop, and every head was uncovered. The French army of occupation and the Roman troops of the line were drawn up in front. As the Pope appeared, the officer in command waved his sword, which flashed brightly in the sunlight, and with the marvellous precision of military movement, every musket was grounded, every knee bent. That alone would have made the spectacle magnificent; and coupled with the thought of the powers of war submitted to the authority of the religion of

peace, it became thrilling. Perfect stillness reigned in all the vast area, so that even at the elevation of the balcony the Pontiff's voice was distinctly audible. Maurice may yet learn to pronounce himself the Apostolic benediction, but he can hardly in life forget that moment of intense emotion. One impression was clear amid the tumult of his thoughts, that he must in some way find admission into the bosom of the Christian Church. He was further off than ever from becoming a Romanist,—he had no definite views as yet,—the old self-sustaining, independent instinct of Unitarianism was still unsubdued; but this his parting from Rome was, unconsciously to himself, the beginning of a new life. From Christmas to Easter he had undergone a very important change. His habit of looking at religious subjects was materially, radically altered. He came again to that same square that evening, and saw one by one the long threads of light from innumerable lanterns mark out the whole *façade* of the huge church, until, as the twilight deepened, it stood a glowing skeleton of silvery fires. Then suddenly a torch soared like a star aloft to the top of the cross, and everywhere the building seemed to become a sea of tossing flames. The dome became transformed into the likeness of the triple crown, and the former illumination paled as the glow-worm spark beneath the glare of a meteor. Nothing in the whole *repertoire* of Rome's melodrama of devotion is so superb as this. To be sure, twenty lives are annually risked, and, as the alternative, daring criminals purchase pardon and freedom for new trespass for their night's work. This the traveller does not see—he only enjoys and is amazed.

Easter Monday Maurice staid for the fireworks on the Pincian Hill,—another superb spectacle,—ending with the girandole, or flight of thirty thousand rockets at once into the air.*

The next morning before daylight he was on his way to Civita Vecchia. From thence his journey was as rapid as he could make it,—through France, only pausing a night in Paris to rest, and after a weary week he found himself in London late Saturday night. The next Sunday he went to

*The author is not responsible for the statistics of this affair. *It is said* the rockets are thirty thousand, and it certainly looks as if there were that number.

the Abbey in the morning, where the choral service happened to be performed very shabbily, and a very indifferent sermon was drawled out to a thin congregation,—a state of things which, in this present year of grace, would be found marvellously changed for the better. In the afternoon he somehow found his way to the new and elegant Irvingite church, where he witnessed a splendor and solemnity of ritual that very much moved him, and in the evening went to the respectable old St. James', Piccadilly, where he heard a most capital sermon. The face of the preacher was familiar, and after a time it came to him where he had seen it before. It was the preacher of Ash-Wednesday at Rome.

"Who was it preached?" said Maurice to a pew-opener as he passed out.

"That was our Rector, sir, the Rev. Mr. K——; he always preaches Sunday nights," was the answer given with a tone of suppressed pride.

Monday morning Maurice was busy in procuring various little matters for his voyage. He decided to leave most of his luggage in London, and only to take what he needed,—meaning to return after a month or two. He went to C——'s well-known book-store in the Strand, and was asking for any Irvingite publications they might have, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned and met a Cambridge friend, a Unitarian minister of some eminence, who had been temporarily filling a post in the Divinity School during Bryan's college days, and, being a very genial, warm-hearted man, had often dropped into the young senior's rooms to chat over literary matters. He of course asked Maurice concerning his plans. Maurice was going to Oxford the next day. Mr. D—— proposed to accompany him.

"Well, my real object," said Bryan, "is not Oxford—I've seen that—but an Oxford man, to whom I have letters."

"Oh, never mind that: it is very little use taking letters to these Englishmen; but you'll have time enough for him and me too. I have some letters, and we can make a joint business."

Maurice was tired of solitary travel, as any man will be after a week of it, and was easily persuaded. So Tuesday

evening found them sitting at dinner at the "Mitre," that ancient and Orthodox hostelry, where they partook of their refreshment under the eye of a party semi-clerical in attire and stately enough for a Bishop—whom the Rev. Mr. D—— frankly confessed to Maurice afterward he could not bring himself to regard as a waiter.

The next day they sallied forth to present their letters. Maurice's was to a Fellow of Oriel, the Rev. ——. He was received with great courtesy; but just as the Englishman was about to cast the letter by, a sentence in it appeared to arrest his attention. "Excuse me a moment," he said, and read the whole over again very carefully, evidently discovering that this was no formal letter of introduction. The first question he asked was: "How long have you to stay?"

"I must be in Liverpool Friday night; unexpected business calls me to America; but I return in the autumn, I hope."

"Dear, dear, how unfortunate! Gardiner writes me as only he could write, for he knows that his lightest wish would be law with me, and now it is out of my power to do what he wants done. What I had proposed, for he has written me from Florence about you, was to take you out to my curacy as my guest for six weeks or so. Then we could go over the whole matter seriously. I am engaged now almost every hour till next Sunday, for really I did not look for you quite so soon, and have been making it my business to get my work out of the way so as to be ready for you. I can take you to dine in Hall, and get a friend to show you the lions and all that; but as for the other matter, it would be folly to begin. I am sorry, so sorry; I never was so sorry for anything in all my life. You couldn't now, could you, manage to put off your return?" He looked in Maurice's face with a longing look of entreaty, as if he and not the young American were the obliged party.

Maurice pondered a moment, and then said—"No; it is a friend's business which calls me; and it is connected with a law affair, a will, which I must prove in the courts personally."

"Very well, then, we'll make Oxford pleasant to you now. You'll dine with me to-day, and breakfast with me

to-morrow. Come to chapel at five, and then we'll go to Hall together. Now, if you will excuse me, I must be off. You had best visit some of the colleges to-day. I'll just take you now and put you in a friend's hands for that you know."

So Maurice was given over to the charming hospitalities of Oxford, and enjoyed his three days to the full, but got no opportunity to make the inquiries he wished. On the contrary, he did see something of the very opposite set, to whom D——'s letters introduced him, and heard considerable of very unsettling "Broad Church" talk. He got the impression that there was a large party in the English Establishment which was chafing at the restraints of the Articles and inclined to interpret Scripture very laxly, and he could not help feeling that the latitude of construction these men claimed for their own vows was a good deal akin to that Jesuit casuistry he had heard at Rome.

Then the constant reference to the power of Parliament struck him unpleasantly. He had heard the Anglican Church called a State Church in his controversial studies at Rome, and here he found its members advocating a still wider authority of the civil power.

The brief days were soon over, however. He found himself once more at the Waterloo Arms in Liverpool, that quaint and comfortable resting-place of the just-landed, that bustling dreary abode of those who are to set sail on the morrow; and the next morning, bright and early, he was on board the tug going alongside the magnificent American steamer *Mystic*, the swiftest and most comfortable of those unrivalled vessels that for a season outsped the fleetest keels of Great Britain. As he stepped aboard, his hand was grasped with a hearty shake, and in a semi-naval uniform Stuart stood before him. It was a glad surprise; and still another was in store as the boat came off again, and the Winrows—father, mother, and daughter—were among the passengers.

The second night out was a little rough, and Maurice was glad to forsake the cold, wet deck for Stuart's cheery little state-room. It was his watch below, and the young officer, throwing off his monkey-jacket and cap as he came in, gave Maurice a hearty welcome. He then returned to Maurice

Gardiner's gift, the prayer-book loaned him, with many thanks.

"Do you know that has taught me my duty?" he said, as he laid it on the table between them. "And I've done it, too, as I said I would. I found that the Bishop of Chester was to confirm this last week, in his own cathedral. So I got leave and ran down to Chester; and a friend of mine, an English parson, had me presented; and I've been confirmed and taken the Sacrament, and I feel twice the man I was before. I wish you had been with me. Now, if anything goes wrong, I can stick to my duty without flinching. You see every true sailor may have some day to go with his ship, and I want to have something to keep me true and brave when the last order comes."

Maurice gave a weary sigh. "I am more adrift than ever," he said, "but my doubts must not trouble you. When I get home, I mean to have the matter out, but here on board ship one cannot."

Curiously enough, he had been looking forward to just this time in which to go over his religious troubles at leisure, and when it came, he was shirking the question most of all. He looked half enviously at Stuart, and then nervously turned the subject, nor did he speak of it again.

It was just the same with Miss Winrow, with whom he was constantly meeting and talking whenever her mother's sea-sickness permitted the daughter to leave her. He never could bring himself to talk with her upon those former topics, and when she led toward them, he turned the subject adroitly. This feeling of avoidance deepened as a more personal interest sprang up between them. He gave himself up to the business of pleasing her, and, as is the case the world over, "*Semper ubique et cum omnibus*," he more and more pleased himself. Still, though talking of pictures and travels and the sights of all sorts which day by day were left further behind below the eastern horizon, ever and anon a reference would be made to the time of their acquaintanceship. But her advances were not met. Under the influence of a new feeling, not yet strong enough to require the aid of the celestial to guide the steps of the terrestrial love, his restlessness of mind was subsiding, and his search after things divine seemed to lose its interest.

The American atmosphere seemed to be, with the flag above his head, once more claiming his allegiance to practical thoughts and things. He was going back to New England scenes and ideas. As the idea of a possible love for Ellen Winrow rose to tangible reality in his mind, the notion of returning at once to Europe lost its hold. He would go back to Cambridge and study law or general literature, and if this came to anything, he said to himself, with a light flush coming to his cheek as he sat at night in his state-room, he might make a new effort. He could take his wife's church as a matter of course, as other men did, without being a member of it. Somehow this compromising way of having the question settled for him was very alluring. Only, after all, nothing was decided yet. It was pleasant to enjoy these talks upon the deck, and the passing day-dream; meanwhile, *vogue la galere*—he would see where it ended; and at the worst, if he should be mistaken either in his own mind or in hers, why, he could go to Europe again, and gratify his old longing for the East and for the desert life.

“A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

On the eighth day of the passage, the *Mystic* ran into the dense fogs which hang along the Banks. The steamer's speed was not slackened. They dashed along under the thick weltering cloud, shut in from sea and sky within their little moving circle amid the seas. There is something peculiarly dreary in this. Everything drips, the decks are wet, the cabin damp, the air chill as in a vault, and the eye obliged to rest inboard for every object save a few feet of sullen waves. Maurice rose early from the dinner-table that day, and went forward to the smoke-stack on the upper or spar-deck, where, in the warm lee of that huge column, was the only comfortable place to be found. He was looking abstractedly over the lee bow, the steamer then heading west by south, when all at once the fog seemed to gather in one particular spot just ahead, and he caught the glimpse of a driving sail. In the same moment a warning shout came from the seaman at the *Mystic's* bow—“Starboard your helm—starboard ha-a-ard!” as there came into view the head sails of a ship close-hauled. Quicker than it is

possible to write this sentence, the bowsprit of the stranger crashed upon the starboard bow of the *Mystic*, and with sails all shaking, and with a wild cry of terror in some foreign tongue coming up from her deck, she swung into view abeam; then, as the way upon the *Mystic* carried her irresistibly ahead, fell off again into the gloom—but not before she was seen to be a large propeller, her bowsprit a shattered stump, with a mass of tangled rigging fallen across her bows, her foretop-gallant mast gone over to leeward, and every appearance of a fearful wreck upon her, as the result of the collision. The captain of the *Mystic* was instantly on deck, and in a brief moment the steam was shut off and a boat manned and lowered, pulling in the direction of the stranger. Unconscious of any injury to his own craft, he was taking every measure to rescue the imperilled crew of the other ship. The faint toll of her bell came through the fog in answer to the whistle of the *Mystic*, then the dim flash and muffled explosion of a gun. One man had clambered on board the *Mystic* in the moment of collision—a frightened Frenchman, who, in broken English, gave the name of his vessel (a screw steamer out of St. John's), and declared that she was in a sinking condition. The captain was just ordering another boat lowered, and the excited passengers were straining their eyes into the fog to catch a glimpse of the other vessel, when Stuart, whose station was on the forecastle of the *Mystic*, was hurriedly addressed by one of the watch. He came aft at once, and whispered to his commander with a very grave face, just as a terrified waiter rushed up from below, exclaiming, "The steamer is sinking." Wild confusion followed. The first mate was absent with the boat already lowered, and the crew missed the accustomed authority. Two of the junior officers were new to the ship. Orders were hastily given and countermanded. Maurice hurried to his state-room, took his money and all Frank's papers, and secured them about him, with such trifles as he most wished to preserve; and then, seeing Frank's prayer-book, thrust it into his bosom beside the one which Gardiner had given him, which he had in his pocket. Then he returned on deck to a little group of ladies who were asking anxious questions, and did his best to calm them. Stuart, looking very serious, was at his post, clearing away the small brass gun which the steamer carried. The

sharp explosion followed, startling everyone. Sobs, cries, and wild prayers were heard.

Bryan hastily threw himself amid a group of excited male passengers, and urged every man to make an effort for their safety. The captain appeared upon the quarter-deck calm and collected, and ordered the life-boats and quarter-boats lowered. The crew, obedient to the instinct of discipline, placed themselves at the falls, and the remaining boats were safely in the water when a frantic rush of waiters, firemen, and engineers from below was made. In vain the officers tried to control them. The divided authority then prevailing in the Atlantic steam service bore its fatal fruits. Maurice, with others of the more self-possessed passengers, endeavored to stem the torrent. It was useless. The frightened crowd rushed into the boats; capsizing one, which filled instantly, and was swept under the steamer's counter; and crowding the others to the water's edge, pulled hastily away from the steamer now momentarily settling in the water. Stuart gave a grim smile. The captain, who was faithful to the last, went forward to make one more vain attempt to get a sail over the bow which should stop the leak. The calm of despair settled upon those who remained on board. Stuart continued to load and fire his gun, in the faint chance of attracting a passing sail to their rescue. In the intervals of this duty he got a chance to exchange a word with Maurice.

"We've not half an hour more to float. Help to cut the lashings of these light spare spars, and start the doors from the state-rooms—everything that will float. Those who can swim may have a chance. I go with the ship. Jones," said he to one of the crew, "you and Waters get a couple of axes and get the roof of this house on deck clear; it will make a raft for some of you." The men obeyed, and worked desperately. But the copper fastenings and bolts of the splendidly built steamer defied their efforts. Stuart also directed Maurice to unhook and cast loose the guys of the spanker-boom, and had the standing gaff lowered and cut clear. Some of the men had got down the foretop-gallant yard and rested it across the forward deck. Nothing more could be done.

Maurice turned to Miss Winrow, who, with her father

and mother, were sitting quietly on the edge of the cabin skylight.

"We are in God's hand," was all he could utter.

"We are in God's hand," she replied, "and He will take us to Himself. I did not think to die so young, but father and mother are with me, and I pray God that he may yet save you to His service. Something tells me He will. Good-bye, and do not forget me then."

"Never, if I live, but I would rather die with you. Miss Winrow,—Ellen," he said in a sudden agony at the thought of separation, "what can life be to me without you?"

"Hush!" she said, "hush, not now! I cannot tell what might have been," and a sweet pure look came over her young face. "I have thought of you, for we girls see when we are thought of by others, that, if it pleased Heaven to let us be one, I could have been very happy: but we must not speak of these things now. I"—

A wild, hoarse cry rang from the seamen on the bow as the Mystic gave a sickening lurch beneath them.

"Father, mother, dear—" she cried, as every one on the decks started to their feet. Maurice long remembered seeing—as though he saw it not, for he had then no thought save for Ellen Winrow—Stuart calmly running out his gun once more and applying the loggerhead to the touchhole. The explosion was in the midst of blinding spray, just as a wave broke upon the gunwale of the steamer and swept across the deck, driving the groups resistlessly asunder. Bryan was borne off his feet. Flinging his arms out instinctively, he struck the boom he had cut loose from its fasts and clung to it with the simple instinct of self-preservation. The waters closed over them, and both spar and man went down in the mighty indraught of the sinking steamer.

It seemed ages, though it was but a few moments, when the spar rose again to the surface. He shook the water from his face, drew a long breath, and gazed about him. Only a few fragments of wreck were floating here and there. There were no signs of the friends he had parted with. The captain was upon a piece of the paddle-box at a little distance; and as he rose upon a wave, he thought he saw one or two more. A fathom or two of the signal halyards were still attached to the boom-end, and Maurice worked along

the spar till he secured them and lashed himself securely. Night was fast coming on, and though once or twice he heard voices and the dash of oars, he called in vain. The mate had returned with his boat and was picking up the surviving few, but Maurice was not seen; and soon the sullen wash of the waves was the only sound heard by him. He struggled to keep his consciousness. He thought of many things, of the words of the preacher of Ash-Wednesday, now so singularly illustrating his own case. All through the night he heard sounds of bells and guns and voices calling him, but could not tell whether these were the cheats of his own brain or realities. Then he had a faint recollection of the rolling away of the fog and a clear sky at dawn, into which the sun rose, which was the last remembered incident. He hung helplessly in the lashings, his head luckily clear of the water. When he awoke, he was in a berth. At first he thought the whole a dream, and that he was still on board the *Mystic*; but there was no jar of machinery, only the light dancing motion of a small craft; and the half-conscious wandering glance that he gave showed him the little cabin into which he looked was not his state-room. A rough-looking, gray-haired, gray-bearded man was sitting watching him.

"The Lord's name be praised!" Maurice heard him say. Then something was put to his lips of which he drank mechanically, and sank away into sleep again. When he roused again, he found himself weak, but refreshed.

"Where am I?" he asked in a feeble voice.

"Safe aboard the *Eliza Jane*, fishing-schooner of Marblehead. Don't talk now, but eat a bit, and then we'll get you on deck and hear about it."

An hour later Maurice was on deck. The sun was low in the western horizon. Maurice looked into the binnacle, and saw which way the vessel was heading. She was a little schooner of less than a hundred tons, with everything set that would draw, and dashing merrily toward the American coast. The old man stood at the tiller, steering by the mere swaying of his tall body against the helm, as it seemed. One or two wondering faces of young men were turned toward them, but no questions were asked. Two more young men were busy forward.

"Well, my lad, and how d'ye feel now? You're looking

a bit more rugged," said the skipper. "When we picked you up this morning, there was less life in you than there is now. Bless His holy name for that. You were lashed to a spar that to my eye had the look of a spanker-boom, and the lashings we cut you loose from was part of an ensign halyard I sh'd jedge. What has happened? You were n't the only one adrift when that spar went overboard?"

Maurice told his story briefly. Exclamations of wonder and pity burst from the lips of his hearers. Maurice begged them to put back and try to rescue some others.

"We've done that, my lad, a'ready. We stood on the starboard tack a good two hours after we picked you up, and saw plenty of floating wrack; a boat,—one of these new-fashioned iron life-boats,—bottom up, but no living thing except yourself; and if God Almighty had n't sent back the breath o' life into you, it's little we could have done. Bless His Holy Name! Amen!" said the captain.

"The steamer Mystic; two hun'erd lives lost! The Lord's ways are unsarchable."

Maurice was too weak and excited to talk much; and the kind old skipper made him lie down on the deck, and covered him with a monkey-jacket. And there he lay, neither waking nor sleeping, nor able to think much, but resting, and slowly struggling back into strength.

When night fell, they made him go below, and, after some supper, helped him to undress and turn in, as tenderly as if he had been a child. And then the old captain, evidently doing what he had done daily for years, took a well-worn Bible, and worked slowly through a chapter, one of the Psalms; and then knelt by Maurice's berth-side and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving, not forgetting in it a petition "for them poor souls o' Thine yet mebbye floating upon the lone waters; and that, if it was Thy will, those whom Thou hast so suddenly called to their account was ready when the time come." So Maurice slept once more.

The next morning found him all himself again. When he got on deck, he found the old man ready to talk with him. One of the crew was set to steer, and another was acting as cook; and there was not much else to be done about the little craft, which was still skimming homewards.

"Excuse my asking," said the old man, as they sat together on the sunny lee of the companion-way, while

he puffed away at the blackened stump of a pipe,—“but have you known what it is to get religion? Arter such a marvellous goodness of the Lord’s showing, surely He has work for you in this life.”

Maurice a month ago would have turned aside the question, but he could not here.

“I don’t know,” he replied, thoughtfully. “I do feel very serious and very grateful; and I was thinking last night, if I got home, I would give myself to His service—if I could find how.”

“Well, let an old man tell you, sir. You’re college la’arnt, I guess, and such as you can do a sight o’ good if you will. I know’d He called poor fishermen, like me, to be fishers of men; but he called also Matthew that was at the receipt of custom, and Luke that was a physician, and Paul, he that was laarned in all the laarning of the world; and now has n’t He called you, in saving you out of the great deep? I ha’n’t a hard thought agin Him for making me what I be—a rough fisherman of the Banks; but if I’d had my way when I was young like you, I’d have gone to college and been a preacher o’ righteousness and the blessed Gospel. It wa’ant to be, and that’s why I’m here now. But when I sat watching you breathe just and no more,—Steady, my son—steady. The wind’s more out of the nothe of east and heading us a little. Keep her full-and-bye. For’ard there, just trim the jib-sheet a little flatter. Well, the jib-sheet, well, all!—As I was a-watching you, the thought come to me, like as ’t were a call from God’s voice a-speaking in me, to bid you go and preach the Gospel. For it kinder seemed to say to me,” and here the rough features worked and a strange yearning look came into his face, “that here was the chance I’d been longing for all my life. I lost a boy, might be like you he would be now, whom I always meant to make a minister of,—and many’s the dollar I’ve laid up for him,—but he took sick and died when I was on a vy’ge to Canton: they said some of them it was studying too hard. But I never had no other. These is my sister’s sons; but they’re like me, Bank fishermen,—good boys and steady enough, but just made for the sea. But seein’ you, I feel as if God had give me a life when I picked you up; for *He* sent me to do it.

I'll tell you now how it was, if you won't think it an old fellow's yarn; for it's the living truth before the Lord.

"The day before we picked you up, we had the wind blowing fresh from the west'ard about two pints nothe of west, so that we were beating up against it close-hauled. We were then on the edge of the fog-bank, and our best course was, plain as day, to keep on the larboard tack and head southerly,—especially as the wind was hauling and giving us a chance to lay a better course every minute. Any child could see what was to be done, yet I wa'an't easy in my mind and couldn't get easy, do what I liked, and by-and-by I just put the helm down and told the boys we'd go about. 'Why, father,' says my nephew Tom there,—he's my sister's son, but his father was lost at sea when he was little, and the boys mostly call me father,—'why father,' says he, 'that tack will knock us two pints off our course and take us into the fog beside.' I knowed it as well as he did, but I just give any kind of an answer that he'd see afore we was done, and then I stuck her down to the starboard tack, come what would. I could see the boys look at me as if they couldn't make out what I was at, and twice I got ashamed of myself for being so superstitious like, and then I went about, but I couldn't feel easy, and the third time I says to myself, 'There's something in this. I haven't this load off my mind for nothing;' and then I just gave no thought about it. Now I know, sitting here by you, who never came aboard us when we sailed out of port, what it was for that I felt so, and I believe, just as sure as I believe in Him, that the Lord's got work for you to do." He paused a moment and then said,—"Now I've got one favor to ask you, and I can ask a favor after bringing you back from the gates o' death into life, as you may say, by God's blessing. You ain't got religion yet. I can tell that, for them that has knows; but just you pray for it to come, and don't give up praying till it does come; and don't you mind my praying for you,—for I must and shall,—for you're my son that the Lord's gi'en me back." He rose up from off the deck and walked forward, leaving Maurice deeply moved.

The young man slipped quietly below into the silent little cabin, and with bowed head and bended knees prayed long and fervently. Light seemed to come to him. He had

been sorrowing in his heart for his lost love, though the knowledge and the loss had come almost in the same moment. The selfishness of his old life fell off from him all at once. In broken, scarce formed thoughts, without a definite creed, with little idea how practically it was to come about, he pledged himself to God, and feeling the sense of a personal Saviour, he vowed to serve Him, entreating Him to be merciful and to forgive his past sins, and to take him as His disciple.

When he returned to the deck and his eyes met the gaze of the old seaman, it was with a look that told all.

"God be praised! it has come to you," said the old skipper, "I know it. You don't need to tell me, for we mightn't understand each other; but I see it. And now Eliza Jane, you huzzy!" cried he, slapping his hand upon the low rail, "let's see you walk your sweetest, for we must sight Cape Ann lights by sundown.

"It's blowing freshish, Tom, but I guess we can stand getting the staysail on her; if it goes, why it's only a halyard parted or a main-topmast sprung. Get it up, you and 'Lish, and bend on that new halyard out of the after-port locker."

Under the added sail the little craft fairly sprang from sea to sea, and as the evening damp thickened the canvass, every sail stood like a board. The slender topmast buckled like whalebone, and the lee-shrouds slackened into long bights, but everything held; and as the darkness came down upon the waters, the keen eye of the mariner caught the well-known gleam of the light-house. "Ease her off, my son, a half pint; let the main sheet draw a little!" And so at racing speed, with the spray flying over the sharp bow, and a long wake of foam seething astern, they drew near the dim shadowy outline of the coast, and when the full moon rose red and round out of the east, they made out the rocky headlands of Marblehead harbor, and by midnight were gliding slowly to their anchorage before the slumbering village. With the dawning, Maurice was on the shore, and bidding a hearty good-bye to his preservers, and forcing upon them some keepsakes from the little trifles of jewelry he had been able to save, was on his way to Salem and the railroad to Boston.

CHAPTER XI.

THE reader must suppose himself again advanced over a space of several weeks. The scene is now Nahant, and two gentlemen are sitting in the twilight upon the rocks in front of the hotel, watching a young man who slowly strolls away from them along the cliffs in the direction of the Spouting Horn.

"Well, Professor," began the elder of the two, a rather portly, handsome man, somewhat florid in complexion and ministerial in attire—"well, Professor, what do you think of our young friend there—will he do?"

"He must do," was the reply. "We want something decent in the Divinity School terribly. The last lot were regular sticks—the fag-end of their class in college. The set before were men at whom even the Faculty looked queer—so dreadfully erratic. I don't think it wise to draw the line too narrowly, of course, but Parkerism is just swamping the school."

"Young Maurice isn't in that way at all, I should say."

"Oh, no; quite the reverse. In fact, there is where the trouble lies. He is too orthodox by half, I fear. He had a notion of going to the Episcopal Seminary in New York, if there is such a thing—only I doubt if he knew how to set about it—but he *was* going to consult Dr. —, the Puseyite parson at St. Polycarp's. That would never have done; he would have been drawn in in a moment; but I got him, instead, an interview with Swivel, who is half minded to turn Presbyterian himself. It succeeded charmingly. Swivel insisted, just as I knew he would, that ultra-Calvinism was the real teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles, and *that*, you see, was more than our young friend could swallow."

"Very good; but how did you know that Swivel would say that?"

"Oh, I knew by what he said to me when I"—He stopped, blushed, stammered, and then, seeing himself in for it, said, "I may as well be frank: I did think of the same thing a year or so since myself, and so you see I *was* pretty sure what Swivel would say. Then I caught him on the rebound. I showed him that Unitarianism, *true* Unitarianism, only refused to *define* the nature of the Saviour and his relation to the Father; that we, in reverence for that relation, shrank from the Episcopalian dogmatism, which sought to fix it. I said—I am afraid I went pretty far there—that we did not *exclude* them from sharing the Christian faith—only forbade them to exclude others; that we rested upon the simple terms of Scripture. Then I talked to him of the Church of the Future; how, when relieved from all these old-world trammels, it would grow to possess all liturgies and ordinances and churches, unrestricted by canons and rubrics and conventions. I thought I was sure of him, only he asked me quietly if I knew the difference between a canon and a rubric. I said 'Of course,' but did not venture to state it. Then I took him to the Convention, the Episcopal Convention, you know. It was a bold stroke; but, as luck would have it, the Bishop was not in the chair, and a very undignified squabble was going on between the presiding officer and one of the brethren. What with this and with that I got my lamb out of the lion's mouth, I *think*."

"Yes, yes; but Professor, why take all that trouble? If he finds out how you have managed, you will lose him altogether; and, besides that, what do you want of any one who has to be kept in the dark to prevent him from turning orthodox?"

"Well, I am not sure, I don't believe pretty much as he does; and then I was determined to keep him out of the hands of these Episcopalians. They are the dog in the manger. They won't let anybody else belong to the Church Catholic, and they won't join it themselves. We could keep on terms with all the other bodies, by dropping the name Unitarian, but there they stick with their precious prayer-book, right in the way. Our people will not swallow that, with its Litany and Trinity Sunday and Nicene Creed.

What I said about the Church of the Future I do hold to, and I think it can be done; we can use the Episcopal polity quite as well as the Methodists, and who is to stop us from using any liturgies we like, only we must not be crowded on the creeds. The tide is setting that way just now, and if we can only borrow their boat, we'll leave them high and dry on the shore."

"Well done, Professor; tell it not in Gath, however," said the other, with a laugh.

"No, no! You mistake me; I am serious. You have no idea how the Divinity School has drifted since you and I were graduated there. While I have been west, everything has changed; and before I go back to Titus to my professorship, I intend to recruit a few young men of the right sort. The set there now are either stupid as codfish, or else fellows whose whole study is to pull the Bible to pieces, and to ridicule it,—sentimental, lazy chaps, who take to the ministry as a pretty profession. If we can only get a few young men with reverence and ability combined, we can make a movement. If not, let me tell you that in thirty years or so from now, when you and I are gone, Unitarianism will be dead and buried."

"Seriously, my dear old chum, if that be the case, why try to save it? I do not hold with you. I love it, for it delivered me out of the bonds of a dead Calvinism; it gave me life in the glorious liberty of the Gospel. It gave me a living and loving friend in Jesus, instead of a mere abstract middle-term in the problem of man reconciled or atoned with God. I do not care, as you say, about the ancient creeds. I can take them well enough, if I may take them my own way, but into that horrible prison-house of Trinitarianism I will not go."

"That is just what I am trying to save us from. Parkerism is killing us inch by inch, and we shall be forced back into the old paths, unless we can put that down. That is why I make such an effort to get young men like this Mr. Maurice."

"And how have you succeeded?"

"As far as this. He has promised to go to Cambridge. I have arranged for him that he shall enter as of the second year,—he did read there six weeks after leaving college,—and that will bring him through a year from next June.

That weighed with him. He is terribly impatient for action. I told you his history this morning, you know. That has left him very restless, and I think a little melancholy, as well it might. Moreover, he is tied up in this country for a year by some law matters, in which he is a witness for a friend of his who died in Rome."

"You think then, that"—

"Hush, here he comes."

Maurice, looking older and paler, through the indescribable impress of a great grief, came up to them.

"I have decided, sir. If the Church of my fathers can be a church; if she can unite the two things I love—law and liberty—I will stand by her. I have been thinking over what you said about our Church acting as the reconciler of a divided Christendom—ready to give up Congregationalism and Puritan forms to the Episcopalian, and conceding to the Orthodox original sin, and to the Methodist sudden conversion, and to the Baptist his theory of immersion—and it is worth trying. I saw Dr. Cuthbert yesterday, of St. Simon and St. Jude's Church, and he rather dissuaded me from the Episcopal ministry. He said that he should *advise* my going to Princeton, but that I better remain a nominal Unitarian, fighting against Parkerism, than give myself up to the pettinesses which he says are reigning at the New York Seminary. He says they are all going to Rome. But one thing, Professor, I wish to know before I commit myself. You simply say that you deny the authority of a synod packed by Constantine to force upon the Church *any* creed. You do not require me to deny that creed on its own merits—at least the divinity of my Saviour."

The young man slightly bowed his head while speaking; there was an embarrassed pause. Presently, however, the Professor's friend came to the rescue.

"Oh, no, certainly not; only to hold back from all positive statements outside of Scripture, as surely unauthorized. By the way, I can show you clearly that the Athanasian Creed was never written by him, but is clearly a Latin forgery."

"Very well," said Maurice. "I am a liberal Christian, that is, I do not believe in the compulsion of creeds, and I will go to Cambridge next week."

Six weeks more have passed, and Bryan Maurice is saun-

tering up the lovely avenue leading to Divinity Hall. The building he enters bears little likeness to the glorious colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, but is less like a barrack than the other structures where "ingenuous youth" abides in the New-England University. He ascends to the second story, unlocks his door with a pass-key, and enters a moderate sized but cheerful chamber. Upon its walls are hung a few colored prints of Italian scenes, a very good lithograph of Salisbury Cathedral, and a single-line engraving of rare finish—"a proof"—from Hunt's "Light of the World." A bookcase of plain shelves of stained deal nearly fills one end of the room. Over his narrow iron bedstead there is placed against the wall a plain wooden cross; Lexicon, papers, &c., are strewn rather confusedly upon the table. He seats himself by the pleasant window overlooking the pathway he has just come, takes up a book, but does not seem inclined to study. In fact, he falls into a reverie—a practice which has rather gained upon him of late. He began fiercely to acquire such theology as was ready to be taught there, and enthusiastically to make the acquaintance of his companions in study. There was, we suspect, a little disappointment in both. Presently steps are heard in the entry; then a knock at the door, and to his response, "Come in," enters a young man of perhaps twenty-two, in a rather shabby dressing-gown, and slippers trodden down at the heels.

"Ah, good-day, Blanchard," says Maurice, quietly, not over-eagerly, for he has come to suspect his new friend will prove a bore. The new-comer throws himself into an easy-chair, and gazes about the room. Plainly as it was furnished, it had an unmistakable air of elegance and refinement. The colors of the carpet harmonized with the table-cover and the curtains. The bindings of the books were rich and costly, the lamp upon the study-table an elegant bronze, and the little mementoes of foreign travel (some which Maurice had sent home by sailing packet) disposed about the room were unique. A vase of flowers was upon the study-desk. Blanchard's eye slowly mastered these details, and then, with a half envious sigh, his thought reverted to the bare, close, and dusty room he had just descended from. It was a thought born of the same mental comparison which spoke in his first remark.

"Of course *you* won't be in a hurry to take the first call that offers."

"Time enough to think of that when I graduate; here am I just in the school, and not at all sure I shall go through."

"Well, but," persisted the other, "*you must* think about it, only I suppose you are easy enough with friends and influence. But it worries me all the time. Two thirds of the last class are settled by this time; and of the rest, one is going to be an assistant, and the other two did n't study for preaching, but only to pass three years in Cambridge,—one is going to Germany, and the other is waiting for one of the new college professorships. They all got places easy; three or four old parishes fell vacant about the same time; one of the class was booked beforehand for a Boston church, and only one had to go about candidating. There can't be such good luck three years running, and there's five in the senior class before our turns come, so you see it is serious."

"Oh," said Maurice, carelessly, "I think it does n't signify. If a man has made up his mind to preach, he can find places enough; the trouble with me is to know what to preach, the where I'll leave till the time comes."

"Well, but that is a trouble too. You can't tell. Last year's class were all for Parker, but they say that the old conservatism is coming back again, especially out West. I wish I knew what to go for."

Maurice stared, hardly taking in the drift of the remark. Blanchard went on—"It does n't matter to you, I suppose, but with me it is everything; if I can't get a church, I must go to teaching."

"Wise, my dear fellow, you're just the one I want to see," Maurice exclaimed, as a slender, pale, intellectual-looking young man entered.

"Well, Maurice, what is it you want me to see, or to hear me say?" And he carelessly lounged on to the sofa, and, more by habit than with the intent to read, took up a book.

"I want you to tell me what I am here for," replied Maurice.

"For eighteen months or two years, I suppose," said the other.

"No,—but just tell me; I have been here six weeks. I

came fully believing that Unitarianism was the pure form of primitive Christianity, and that I ought to spread and defend it. But here, where ought to be the headquarters of the faith, they teach nothing definite at all, and everybody seems to believe what he pleases."

"Well, my boy, don't you see the advantage of that?"

"No, I can't say that I do. It was only last night, in this very room, Spencer declared that he did not conceive it of any importance whether one believed in a personal deity or no, and that he regarded all doctrines concerning a future state as snares to the soul."

* "We *are* rather loose here, that's a fact. I am sure I don't know what I believe myself, only I think I am not quite so sure of what I *don't* believe as Spencer is. Blanchard, here, believes the chief end of man—that is, of theological man—is to get a call to a nice parish, and he is ready to preach accordingly. You, I fancy, have a hankering after the pretty ways of the Episcopalians, whom I detest, root and branch. Then we all believe," added he, looking at his watch, "that it is time for the Greek Testament lecture."

Maurice and the other rose, leaving Wise still lounging on the sofa. "I shall stay here in your comfortable quarters; come back when lecture is done," he said.

The two departed for the room of the exegetical professor. That gentleman was a thin, spare man, somewhat bald, with a caustic, dry, and unreverential manner of speech. The scholarship displayed in the recitation was good, at least upon the part of the Harvard men, who formed two thirds of the class, but the exegesis excessively bare and superficial. To exaggerate discrepancies, to discover contradictions where none were, seemed to be the purpose of the lesson. The latter verses of the lesson, which was the third chapter of St. Matthew, brought them to the mention of the Holy Spirit's descent in the likeness of a dove. "What," said the Professor, "do you understand, Mr. Jones, by the dove lighting upon Jesus?"

"We reject, of course," replied the pupil, with an air of glib satisfaction, "the popular and legendary explanation which Matthew gives. The dove, as an emblem of spiritual holiness, was seen to light on Jesus, and the populace fancy it to be a miracle. There being no personality to the Holy

Ghost, we cannot, of course, understand any embodiment of it in an animal. Matthew is merely speaking to record the impression of the multitude."

"Very well, sir," said the Professor; "but that does not explain why the dove should be hovering near a crowd of men, nor why it should have been specially attracted to Jesus. We must take care that our innate unwillingness to receive the fact of miracles does not lead us into inconsistencies. Mr. Mack, (turning to the next, a heavy, dull, rustic-looking man, considerably older than the rest,)—Mr. Mack, how do *you* meet this difficulty?"

The neophyte of the theologic Eleusinia hesitated; the class stirred in anticipation of the coming fun. When the lectures dragged, it was not unusual for Mack to be put on. "Guess he saw a worm, sir."

The class giggled, the Professor smiled, and gave himself the stock explanation. "I apprehend, gentlemen, that the superior holiness of the Messiah attracted and irresistibly impelled the dove to draw near to Him, and overcame, in fact, the natural timidity of the creature. This is not miracle, but simply unusual. With the same perfection, we might be able thus to attract the inferior creation."

"Professor," here broke in another,—“why, if the creative intellect is the principle of life in all things, may it not be found throughout the universe?"

"I don't apprehend the remark," replied the Doctor.

"Well, I mean, if God is in all life, and all life centres in Him, why is not the Spirit of God in that dove descending upon Jesus, just as God's thought dwelt in him peculiarly, because he was a good and holy man?"

"Hum,—ye-e-s, that is a novel and striking view," said the Doctor, a little out of his depth.

"Well, Professor," continued the pertinacious inquirer, "I want to bring about a parallel with that case of Mahomet's dove. He was a great Eastern teacher also. Now, Mr. Carlyle proves conclusively that he could not be guilty of a trick, so that we reject the story of the dove's picking peas from his ear, and yet the legend rests upon too strong evidence to be denied. Mankind do not invent such incidents. Mahomet was also a great world-soul,—an inspired, fiery-hearted, devout man. Why is not his dove a second example of the same manifestation,—the sympathy between

the Spirit of God in nature and the Spirit of God in holy men?"

"Really, a new point; I will consider it," said the Professor. "Our hour is up," (looking at his watch;) and the class broke up.

Maurice went to his room silent and disturbed. He wanted faith, and here was general unsettlement. Wise looked up as he entered, and, reading the trouble in his face, greeted him with a calm smile.

"Old fellow, I've a great mind to throw this up and go to Andover; it may be better, it can't be worse."

"I think not," said Wise. "You don't know Andover. Just drop that recitation, as I have. Do your own studying; get some good Commentaries, and work independently."

"Then I might as well be at home as here."

"No; here you have the atmosphere of study, such as it is." Wise added this last with a significant shrug. "You have books in plenty, and, above all, your work, and nothing else to do. Now, Maurice, I like you; you are not half so much afloat as I am, and I am getting steadier, and one thing we can do, stand by each other. The suspicion has crossed my mind more than once, that the old Orthodoxy, if one understood it rightly, may be the thing. If it is, I would even turn Episcopalian,—which I have always thought the intensest humbug out,—rather than stick to a lie, just because it is 'gifted' and 'spiritual' and 'intellectual,' and all that. But I think there is no need of that. We can do better than to go anywhere. I am a Unitarian by blood and birth. If the Church will keep where Channing and Peabody and Ware placed it, I would not leave it for the world. We must bring back their ways, and walk in them. They were loving and reverent and earnest men. These fellows here now have neither clear convictions nor manly purposes. They are just sentimentalizing or sneering. They are afraid to look a question of fact in the face. What I want, is to know what is true. The Bible may be the outgrowth of a local development of the religious sentiment in man, or it may be a sacred and authoritative revelation. It does n't matter a button to me how it shall turn out, only let me know clearly which it is. But half the fellows here go on, like Balaam's ass, between two blind walls of propositions, which are assumed to be final. No

fear that they will meet an angel to stop them by the way. On the one hand, the Bible must n't be rejected, because that won't do; on the other hand, the supernatural can't be believed, because it can't. There's where they are. I am ready, I say, for either. I can believe the supernatural, or reject the Bible, whichever is *right*. And—and—I want you to stay here and help me find out that. For the life of me I cannot understand why Unitarianism wants to ignore the miracles, unless it is afraid that they will prove the Lord's divinity. I don't say they do, for I don't think so; but if I did, I must say I could take the Trinity as infinitely easier to receive than an account which is based upon a series of impossibilities, blunders, and deceptions, and cannot be received except by cutting it to little bits. It is the weakest of subterfuges," said the young man, springing to his feet and pacing the room. "There is Freeman,—Franklin Freeman, you know,—who was—well, never mind what—in our junior year; he rooms next me, and is everlastingly boring me about the moral beauty of the Lord's teachings being something apart from the Lord's life, and saying that *that* may have been a tissue of impostures, (he rather thinks it was,) without injuring the spiritual worth of His words. The fellow,—I could kick him. I suppose he thinks it a nice doctrine for some people nowadays,—as if it were possible for any living soul to be a great teacher of truth, and be the while acting lies. The plain English of this stuff is just this,—one or two of these fellows really mean it, by the way,—that they intend to do about as they please, and to make pretty talk hide ugly action; the rest all follow, for these men happen to be the ablest in the school. Now this I am sure of. I am *not* sure that there is any institution of the ministry; I am not positive that there is a God even. But I *do* know that if there is a God, and if He calls men to serve Him as clergymen, it must be in no lying and dirty and selfish ways. Whatever His Apostles may have preached, they *did* what the Lord said."

"Why," said Maurice,—anxious to get out of his perplexed, disheartened state,—“why do *you* always say the Lord, and never Christ, or Jesus, like the rest here?”

“Because if He was, and if the record is true, that is the way the Apostles did almost always. But, Maurice,—to

come back to the subject,—you see I appreciate your little arts at pursuing an unpleasant topic;—don't go off. We have, at least, one work to do here,—to raise this school out of the state it has fallen into, if we can: the rest can wait. Stand by me, and I will by you."

They locked into each other's faces a moment, and then, "I will," said Bryan Maurice, and the two struck hands in the clasp of an equal and manful friendship.

One result of this morning's talk was to reconcile Maurice to his place. Saltonstall Wise was, as he said, wholly adrift, yet not weakly. He was a skeptic in the best sense of the term,—an examiner, a trier. The influence of the two young men was soon felt, much as they kept to themselves. They took to attending some of the Law School lectures, and thus, in that strong, healthy atmosphere, gained tone and vigor against the enervating sentimentalism of the Divinity Hall. Upon one point Maurice fell back, after a cursory examination of the arguments *pro* and *con*, upon the high Arian doctrine. From that position he combated the whole tendency of his surroundings. He decided that the Trinity was an interpolated doctrine of the fourth century. With this exception, he struggled to realize the catholic doctrine. One victory he soon obtained. He convinced Wise that Episcopacy was the teaching of the New Testament. If, as in the days of Arius, there were now an episcopate holding those views, he would have applied to it for orders. What he yet failed to perceive was the existence of the Visible Church, and its right to enlarge the ancient creeds.

But he fought manfully against the rationalism around him. One afternoon, in a classmate's room, the subject of the Lord's Supper was brought up.

"My notion of that," said his companion, "is very much like this: You remember our classmate Frank Goodstowe, the Parson, we called him, who died in Rome. Now, suppose he had left a request to us, that on certain days, in order to remember him, we should eat a piece of bread and drink a glass of wine: that would be a sacrament, just as Jesus desired His disciples. That is all there is of it."

Maurice sprang to his feet. "Look here, Willis!" he said; "I was with Frank when he died, holding him in my arms when he received the Sacrament for the first and last time,

and I would just rather die on the spot than believe it to be no more than what you say. I cannot tell what it is, but this I *know*, it is no such trifling as your definition makes it." And Maurice marched out of the room, and did not return to it again for a month.

Strange to say, Maurice never had communed according to the Unitarian rite, and his neglect to do so had never been noticed. The old Professor once or twice spoke to him about it; but Bryan simply asked for further time, and his request was granted. Wise took the same position, and so high was the personal character of the two young men that they were not interfered with.

They fell, moreover, into the practice of going upon Sunday afternoons to the little Episcopal church across the lesser Delta, but as that did not interfere with the hour of the chapel-service it passed unnoticed.

CHAPTER XII.

THEN Wise and Maurice took to spending their Sundays in Boston. They fell, very naturally, into the broadest eclecticism, which they made as stirring as they could by well-arranged contrasts.

Salstonstall Wise belonged to one of the "old" families, and the really old Massachusetts families are of a capital stock, the best in existence—the English country gentry, which, after a couple of centuries in the American hot-bed, has ripened into a rare intellectual delicacy of flavor. The best performances, the highest literary achievements, may not be found among them, in fact, rarely are found where culture is uniform, but the best appreciation is. English authors are beginning to find this out. So, though the rest of the United States may laugh at the "hub" and pass worn-out jokes upon "modern Athens," there is never a writer in this broad land who does not look to Fields' counter as his true court presentation, and the "blue and gold" as the genuine court-dress, only to be properly provided at the skilled *atelier* of Riverside.

Salstonstall Wise had, of course, a Boston home, with a rich aunt or uncle dwelling in Mount Vernon or Beacon Street, or in Pemberton Square, no matter precisely which, and there the two young men always dined on Sundays. It was rather a shock to their conservative Amphytrion, not to have their steady presence in the comfortable old red cushioned pew beneath the shadow of the Federal Street pulpit, and still more when their chat at the table disclosed that their morning had been spent at High-Mass in the Romish Cathedral, or amid the intoned litanies of St. Polycarp, or listening to Father —, the seaman Methodist preacher, or at the Swedenborgian Chapel; or again in alternate visiting between the Music Hall and "Brimstone

Corner," the Stone Chapel and the Second Adventists, in an obscure market-hall. However, it was set down for a sort of theological-wild-oat-sowing, and as Wise had a cousin who rarely made his appearance at the Sunday dinner-table, and whose Sunday occupations were by no means edifying, the old people concluded that young men might do worse. It was preparatory to a staid settling down into the Unitarian compromise. Unitarianism was growing restless just then over its ordinary fare and craving new sensations. Perhaps it was well for young men, who were soon to have congregations of their own, to know what was likely to attract, and the Unitarian mind, like Prince Achille Murat over his turkey-buzzard, "having no prejudice," was ready to find palatable whatever could be cooked. Only Maurice would sometimes let drop a word or two which showed a familiarity with Roman usages that made his entertainers turn uneasily in their chairs. The Church of Rome is the *bete noire* of "liberal" Christianity.

Together the young men, especially in their evening walks out to Cambridge by moonlight, or starlight, or lamp-light, theorized abundantly over the Church of the Future. A revived Episcopacy, with a liberalized creed and an expurgated and enlarged Liturgy, made their favorite dream. As was natural, the more they indulged it, the more they shrank from the commonplace, uninspiring life of a New-England country congregation, such as they had to look forward to. Wise, to be sure, had ample expectations, and Maurice present means, which put both beyond the necessity of immediate work. But Maurice had the burden of his vows in the cabin of the little schooner heavily upon him. He felt that he must seize the first ministerial opening. Meanwhile, in rather a desultory manner, he was laying the foundation of much information, and, of course, some knowledge. One bad habit he was fast yielding to—that of simply keeping out of sight whatever was awkward in history or Scripture. As an eclectic, he could do so; it was part of his creed. "Interpolations," "Corruptions of the Fourth Century," were the rubbish-baskets into which he shot all material discordant with his new plan. In this his friend, the Rev. Turinell Hooper, who had been the means of persuading him to the Divinity School, greatly aided.

The Rev. Turinell Hooper was a man with a strong conservative bent, who had nevertheless become fully committed to the drift of his position. His whole attitude was that of resistance to the liberalizing tendencies of his communion, but of course, whenever he took a strong brace, his feet would slide beneath him, and the attempt to regain an erect position not infrequently threw him much farther forward than he meant to go. Once or twice he had ingeniously turned the interpolation theory quite cleverly upon his adversaries, and had set up some brilliant theories concerning the chief Unitarian proof-texts. He was characterized among his brethren as "an able man, but *so* bigoted." Maurice passed much spare time in the minister's study. Mr. Hooper loved to read to his young friend passages from the sermons he was preparing, and then, having thus freed his mind, would turn with a sigh to the ungenial work of toning them down to suit the weakness of his broad-aisle pews. He affected with his intimates an ultra-ecclesiastical style of talk, and was profoundly severe upon the Puritan axiom which regarded the Church of England as descended from the Church of Rome. He was often called behind his back, "the Bishop of Boston." He really taught Maurice a good deal of high Anglicanism upon the subject of the British Primitive Church. It was from him that Maurice obtained the Oxford tracts, and some other literature not known to the Cambridge course. Nevertheless, few traces of these Saturday morning talks appeared in the Sunday morning Sermons, and his choir having made rebellious speeches and wry faces at the innovation of sundry attempts at chanting, the effort was dropped. He succeeded, indeed, in spite of one or two sturdy dissenters, in persuading his congregation to sit during the prayers. One or two old white-haired magnates rose for a while at the heads of their pews, but as age crept upon them, were glad to rest their limbs. He only, however, could induce a few, a very few enthusiastic young ladies, to bow their heads upon the front of their pews. Maurice alone knelt one Sunday, and as he sate conspicuously in the clerical pew, was accordingly commented on by the congregation in sundry dinner-table talks.

"I'm not going to be made an Episcopalian of," said one Athenian matron; "if I want that sort of thing, I'll go to

Trinity. I don't object to sit, especially when the weather is warm, but as for kneeling, just like the Catholics——"

So, in different ways, said pretty much all, and Mr. Hooper's experiment came to nought.

The winter rolled away, and spring succeeded with its dreary east winds, till of a sudden burst upon them the bright, blooming, leafy June—the one bit of ideal loveliness in the New England year. Maurice had tried, partly in memory of Ellen Winrow, partly for its own sake, to keep Lent, but there was no daily service; and Ash-Wednesday happening to coincide with an exhibition day at Harvard, he found but a few scattered worshippers in the little church, and came out from it only to be drawn into the College Chapel (the old one in University Hall) to hear the oration by a senior, who was the crack man of his class, and, of course, the hero of his day. The tyranny of university custom is strong, and then as the young orator was another cousin of Saltonstall Wise, he had to go afterward to his rooms in Holworthy to congratulate him, and then was forced to stay and eat oysters, and salad, and ices amid a crowd of gay young girls. Being known as a student in Divinity, the matronly element in the party made much of him, and with courteous reminiscences of his own appearances on the College stage, promised to attend his maiden sermon, and otherwise flattered and made much of him. It is all very well for good readers to be shocked at this, but did you ever try to follow church usages without being a churchman? So, when Good Friday and Easter came they passed unnoticed, save by a regretful memory. In two things, however, the young man remained unchanged. He was true to his dead friend and his lost love. He fought shy of the intellectual belles of Boston, who would gladly have chatted with him.

However when May had come, and with it occasional warm and balmy days, came also the anniversary meetings in the city. There was a general cessation of lectures and recitations in the Divinity Hall, and the theological element of the University strode or rolled over Charles River Bridge to do its part as speakers or hearers in the grand eloquence of the platform. It was on a Thursday morning, at about half-past eight, that Wise and Maurice alighted from the omnibus (for as yet the horse-railroad was not) in

front of the Revere. They passed into the hall to summon a waiter, whom they were wont to fee, to take their overcoats and to brush off the classic dust of Old Cambridge and the plebeian soil of the "Port."

"Well! where shall we go this morning, Brother M.?" said Wise.

"Oh, I don't know. We heard Phillips yesterday, and Garibaldi Brown Tuesday, and the elect generally on Monday. Let us have something new. Suppose, for variety, we go to St. Polycarp's."

"Come, that's a good move. I haven't heard a bit of Liturgy for ever so long, and it will take the taste of those awful personal prayers of Freeman's and Blanchard's out of one's mouth. Pity it isn't a Litany day, though."

They started to go.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said a young man of their own age who had been standing by and overhearing them; "but you are too early; service will not be to-day before half-past ten—Ascension Day, you know."

"Oh," said Maurice, "then we had better go to the Bible Society meeting."

"No, no," said Wise; "if it is all the same to you, I had much rather not. We can go to Copeland's for an ice, and then it will be time. Much obliged to you, sir, for your information."

The stranger bowed, and turned away into the reading-room, and they noticed as he went that his dress was clerical.

"Never mind the ice-cream," said Maurice. "I want to go to Ticknor's. Books before *bonbons*."

"Very well, books be it." And so the next hour slipped away in that fascinating old two-story shop on the corner of School Street, where so many hours have been killed and bright thoughts born. Wise had just laid down a book and Maurice taken out his watch, when from the inner *penetralia* came out the young clergyman, followed by one of the firm.

"Next month, then, Mr. Fields," they heard him say, and the handsome head of the publisher was nodded in assent. The stranger blushed slightly at sight of the two, and then, as they smiled and bowed, said—

"If you are still in the mood for St. Polycarp's, it is near the time." They left the shop together.

"By the way," said Wise, "how comes it that to-day is Ascension Day? Was last Sunday Easter?"

"Oh, no," said their new friend; "Easter was more than a month ago."

"How is that? I'm sure the hymn says—

'The rising Lord forsakes the tomb,
Up to His Father's court He flies.'"

"Whatever the hymn says, St. Luke, who ought to know, says, 'Being seen of them forty days, teaching the things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven.'"

"I say, Bryan, how that refutes Mack's argument, that the Resurrection must have been a myth, because the disciples would be sure to start for home the day after the Sabbath."

"Yes, and Frank Freeman's commentary thereon, that the Lord's appearances were produced by the odic forces of his body remaining in the tomb."

"But that is really so, is it? I never thought of the forty days before."

"Well, gentlemen, does it not prove something else beside the fact of the Resurrection? It seems to me that there was time for pretty definite instruction to the Apostles about the Church they were soon to found. You see, two great stumbling-blocks were now removed: the atoning death, the rising from the grave, were two central facts from which the Lord could teach his doctrines and form his institutions."

"Well; but why, then, have we no account of that period?"

"I think we have, only one must know what to look for. The Evangelists did not write gossip about their Master, only central and germinal truths. There is enough there, but unless you have the eye that sees and the ear that hears, there is nothing."

"Very true," said Maurice. "I remember a fellow who walked through the Vatican Gallery in a quarter of an hour, and then said, 'Hang this; let's go and have a cigar outside.' The Apollo and the Laocoon were thrown away on him, to be sure."

"Yes," said the other, "all the wonders of the earth are hidden to the eye of the Australian savage. Study, then, the history of the great forty days, my breth——" The young divine had got upon one of his sermons, but suddenly catching himself, stammered, blushed, and ended rather abruptly,—“That is, I—I fancy, gentlemen, that you'll find it pay; and as we're here at St. Polycarp's, you'll excuse me if I go to the vestry. Take any seat you like; the seats are all free.” So saying, he disappeared up an alley way running to the rear of the church.

This famous Boston church was not at that time an imposing edifice either without or within. The flat ceiling, the heavy lumbering galleries, were incongruously enough mated with the beautiful stone altar and broad gilt cross over it; its canopied font and its double range of stalls. Yet its very mixture of Anglicanism and New England suited Maurice, perhaps, better than the most elaborate of mediæval restorations, which he could hardly then appreciate. It seemed to him very nearly what he was hoping to accomplish. There was a large vase of natural flowers upon the altar, and the font was ruddy with scarlet blossoms, topped with a floral cross. The silver vessels were upon the altar and on the credence-table, the vases of the paten and flagon showing underneath the white cloth. The congregation was quite respectable in numbers. Maurice saw more than one familiar face among them of country divines, who had come up to the metropolis, and who, like himself, had “dropped in” for a bit of Oxford scarlet, which, to them, was quite as fascinating, and by no means so perilous to good standing, as the true purple of Rome. A procession of surpliced priests and of choristers swept in from the vestry and took their places in the stalls, among them their new acquaintance. But whose was that tall and stately form which appeared at the opposite end of the altar from the Rector? Surely that face was familiar to Maurice. And doubt changed to certainty when the clergyman took his place at the simple lectern, and in those impressive tones never to be forgotten when once heard announced his text, and began to speak of the great event of the day's commemoration. Maurice felt his cheek burn and his heart beat quicker as he recognized GARDINER. The subject of the sermon was the necessity of the Ascension to the per

fecting of the mediatorial scheme, the continual presence of the Intercessor at the right hand of the Father, His representation on earth through His Vicar, the Holy Ghost, and the means by which that real though spiritual presence was attainable in the Holy Communion. It did not seem like an argument so much as an exposition of well-known facts. Each graceful gesture, each thrilling tone, was full of that personal power which forces conviction. One seemed to be listening to familiar truths spoken with that intense conviction which leaves no room for doubt or denial. The wonderful clearness of the whole was like the bursting of pure white light into a dark chamber. Maurice saw the old gray-headed lawyer and judge who sate before him—one well known to the highest records of the judiciary of the Commonwealth—nod his head involuntarily from time to time with that air which only the Bench can show when in a hard-fought case the decisive point of evidence is forced from a reluctant witness, or brought into clear relief by the skilful statement of an accomplished counsel. To their surprise no pause followed the close of the morning service, but the Rector proceeded at once with the Communion Office. One or two near the door stole softly out, but the rest remained; and Maurice, for the second time in his life, found himself spectator of the Anglican, or rather American, order of celebrating the Sacrament. He did not, of course, go up to the altar, though one or two of the Unitarian ministers did. But he was deeply impressed by the service, especially at the Trisagion, when a boy's clear, birdlike voice took up the first part alone, and the silvery recitative was followed by a burst of choral harmony chanting the

“Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts!”

Scarcely less was he moved by the hearty gladsomeness of the concluding “*Gloria in Excelsis*.” He lingered outside the church in hopes to meet Gardiner, but the clergy passed out by another way, and he waited in vain.

“Well, Saltonstall, what do you think of it?” he said at last, as they were on their way back to the Revere, seeing that Wise was disinclined to speak.

“I don’t know, Maurice. I feel as if I had been in another country. I am afraid *we* can never make that

do. Our Cambridge impressiveness wouldn't somehow suit that, it is all so different, and then the people seem to know exactly where to come into their places. You never could get New-Englanders into such elaborate simplicity without showing awkwardness." Wise spoke from a favorite theory of his, that Episcopalians in Boston were a sort of colony from other regions—foreigners, English, or Middle States men. "You know," he went on, "we drilled for three weeks to get up our Christmas-eve service in the church at Cambridge, and yet it was a dismal failure."

"I suspect, old fellow, the secret is that they believe it all."

"Suppose they do, how is one to get the believing? I shall never try for that, unless—unless, as I sometimes begin to think, I get to do a bit of believing myself."

"I shall try," said Maurice. "I think it can be done. Our people have never had a fair chance."

"Well, I hope you may succeed; for my part"—and here Wise fell into a reverie, and would say no more, except once he abruptly broke out—"I don't come into town again *this* term. 'Stick as you be' is a good motto till a better turns up. Who was it who preached? *That* man is no fool, whatever the Episcopal clergy generally may be."

When the summer vacation came, Wise and Maurice went off on a long projected trip to the White Mountains, and getting lodgings at a farm-house under the shadow of Chocorua, spent their six weeks in foot-rambles, trouting, and sketching in that glorious region. Perhaps it may be thought that our seeker for the truth is falling away from the progress of his earlier days, already chronicled. But human life, except now and then, will not move dramatically, and progress is often in strange zigzags, and by fitful starts. Maurice was passing from the period of mere impressibleness to that of reflection. The past had buried its seeds in the earth, but they were not dead. His morbidness was disappearing; a healthier and purer tone was coming to his mind. Moreover, he was now learning something of New-England life, and getting to master that *pons asinorum* of the "Brahmin caste"—how to talk intelligently to the people. So when he returned to his last year of Cambridge life, it was with an invigorated frame and a soul freed from the shadows of his homeward voyage. This had never till then been

the case with him. His solitary hours were profoundly melancholy, or else feverishly busy, and in fact had been one long struggle to escape from his own thoughts. This has not before been mentioned, but it might be inferred from his restless seeking of religious variety, his temporary and desultory raids into various branches of study, which were all so many forms of exorcism against the spectres. He had never come into his life's work so healthily as after this summer ramble. Even the Doctor—for the Rev. Turinell Hooper was now D. D., from the recent Commencement of his Alma Mater—recognized the change, and said, "How well you look, my boy. I think, instead of Nahant, I must try the Mountains next year." So Bryan set himself down to severer study, mainly that of Hebrew and its cognates, and, by way of recreation, to read St. Augustine. Wise laughed, lounged, and by fits and starts studied with him, but they were now much apart from their fellow-students. With the three of their own class they had no sympathy, and the new men, mostly steady, plain, and plodding young men, did not come within what in Cambridge parlance they called their sphere. When the winter vacation commenced, Wise went off for Washington, leaving Maurice the sole tenant of the Divinity Hall, except only one Middler, who was eking out his scanty income by teaching the little girls of a naval officer whose family were resident in Cambridge.

It was a cold winter morning when Maurice returned to his comfortable study after a brisk walk to the post-office. He had obtained one letter only, which was from Wise:—

"WASHINGTON, D. C. *January 23, 18—.*

"MY DEAR ELECTOR OF SAXONY:—I must pitch right into my subject or I shall never have nerve enough for it. I have turned traitor to you; I am not coming back to the school. I did not tell you even last term how wretchedly I felt about it, because I did not know myself. I said to myself, it is only this miserable January thaw which always upsets me; but it was no such thing. The fact is, I cannot and will not enter the ministry all in a mist of doubt. I have talked with every minister I can find, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholic Priests, and they all have their sure grounds, as they think, to go on. I met our young friend, the dearly beloved brother of St. Polycarp's,

the other day, and had a long talk with him. He is not a strong-minded person, but he seemed to feel just as sure that something was given him in orders which made him fit to teach others, as I am sure that I am not fit. Now, what sort of grace would be given in the laying on of hands (which I don't know whether they do or not) of Dr. Hooper, who believes the miracles, and the Rev. Eleazar Skinner, who holds that our Lord was a myth representing the progress of free thought? So I have written to the Faculty to take my name off, and have accepted the post of private secretary to the Hon. D—— D——, who is going out minister to the court of ——-. I am going to try diplomacy till I can get clear beliefs about something. Now, my dear old fellow, forgive me; I am serving you shabbily, but I *dare* not go on any further. You'll be all right; I have seen you working clear, and when you get a church in Boston I will come and be a pillar unto you.

"I write this lightly; in fact I never did feel so light-hearted as I have since I resolved; but oh, you never can know what it has cost me. I have sent Dr. H. the wildest sort of an epistle which he will come and read to you. By the way, *if you go anywhere*, take him with you; it will be good for his ease of mind.

"Yours, in all true affection and in spite of all, through everything." S. W.

Maurice sat pondering over this, and especially over the last sentence, which he could not make out at all, when there was a knock at the door, and the object of his thoughts appeared. "Have you heard," he begun,—“yes I see you have. What is the matter? Is the boy crazy? I never did get such a letter in my life; read it,”—and he thrust a letter into Maurice's hand, which read as follows:—

“WASHINGTON, D. C., January 23, 18—.

“MY DEAR DOCTOR:—It is with inexpressible reluctance that I take up my pen to announce to you that the Church of the Future must first ‘catch its hare before it cooks it.’ The reason why is, I have found my chapter, ‘De Fide mea,’ to be like Bishop Pontoppida's on owls, namely, ‘There be no owls.’ I am going to live abroad for my country's good. I believe in the ‘Ashburton Treaty’ and

'The Memoirs of Machiavelli,' 'The Boston Daily Advertiser' and Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry,' and I am on the 'anxious seat' respecting the Monroe Doctrine. I have taken my name off the Divinity School book. I have come out a pure Hegelian,—'Nothing is, but everything is going to be.' By the way, there is a little song of Heine's, which, in my new *rôle* as diplomat, I translated last night, and now furnish you as my confession of faith. Don't set me down as wanting in all respect, but you see I am an emancipated theologian, and not yet a sententious secretary. Here is your Heine:—

" 'Rattle the drumsticks and never fear,
And kiss the merry *vivandière*.
That is philosophy clean and clear,—
That is the wisest books' affair,

" 'Drum the people out of their sleep,
Beat the *reveillé* with all your might.
Drumming and marching steadily keep,—
That is philosophy's topmost height.

" 'That is philosopher Hegel's prize,
The highest thought that the books attain.
I have embraced it because I am Wise,
(no pun intended, Doctor, see the original,)
And because I have "drumstick on the brain."'"

"There, Maurice," said the Doctor, as Bryan looked up amused, "was there ever such a fellow? It upsets my plans too. I was going to have you as my colleague next year, and the General Secretary had promised to send Wise to Connecticut where is a great opening among the Universalists, and now you must go."

"What! at once?"

"Oh no, when you are licensed from here. There are two places: one at Broadwater, in the centre of the State, and the other at Norowam, nearer New York. But, dear me, how ever shall we get off the rest of the lumber here? The best fellow of the last five years gone, for he has more leadership, more dash, in him than you,—I don't know though that your steadiness is not worth more. Well, you must turn to writing sermons. You'll want a dozen to start with, and when you've visited everybody, you can buckle down to serious work, two a week. If you have six weeks'

clear start, and write one a week in that time, that takes you nearly through ten weeks. Here I've marked down a lot of texts as I came out in the 'bus,—go at them in their order, and bring your sermons to me to look over."

And thus was Maurice commissioned for the ministry. The good Doctor bustled off and left Maurice in a deep study over his first homily.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAURICE succeeded better with his sermons than he expected, and yet not so well. He was a good writer, he had something of a religious experience to draw upon, and then he was working his way into something of the life of the New Testament period. Here he cut loose from his Unitarian bonds, for he found he must. Questions arose before him of no little interest and difficulty: the astounding apathy of the Hebrew mind toward our Lord's miracles,—at least as compared with our own impressions; the strange seething of the Hebrew social state, with its ineffectiveness of actual result; the true conception of the characters of Pilate, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and other subordinate actors in that stupendous drama, so different from the ordinary pictures of them; into all these he threw himself with great ardor. A little training from his friend, the Doctor, gave him the needful command of the phraseology of the pulpit. The professor of pulpit eloquence, a gentleman of fine and scholarly tastes and great geniality, was delighted. It was a renewal of the palmy days of the Unitarian fold, when her fiery young crusaders were annually astonishing the cultured elect of the metropolis. He sighed, too, as he thought how, once in the harness, all this vigor and originality might die away, under the weekly strokes of the parochial air-pump. However, he said nought in discouragement, and the young Senior dashed on in his triumphant course.

This year the Church's sacred seasons were not kept in prayer, but slyly "improved" in sermons. The narrow influences of sectarian training were beginning to be felt; he was obliged to take heed to what he was saying, even to imaginary congregations. He fell in with sundry pamphlets of controversy in which the Episcopalians were sharply at-

tacked; and, as of course the ideal Church of the future, with its broad altar and broad pulpit had no such spots on its (ideal) feasts of charity, he exulted much in the visionary comparison. He missed, also, Saltonstall Wise's genial, satirical vein. A dry remark of his friend had often brought him to his bearings, when in a flighty mood.

By this time, no doubt, the reader will have discovered that Bryan Maurice is somewhat romantic, and given to speculative tendencies. He needed the corrective of a practical life, and the outward contact of men and things; he had, moreover, begun his religious life wrongly; there was no external counterpart in it to the inward change of principle and purpose; and he had begun to follow his own will, instead of seeking guidance.

He received one or two letters from Wise, during his last term. Brief, pithy and droll, but with a minor key of deep sadness underneath, they were,—and withal, extremely puzzling. Just at the close of the term, a rumor reached the seniors of the Divinity School, that their late classmate, the Secretary of the Hon. the Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Monaco, had been received in the bosom of the "infallible church." It disturbed, during twenty-four hours, Bryan's work upon his graduating thesis. He felt that whatever Wise might do would be somehow so seriously in earnest, as to reopen many pages of his past life hitherto deemed closed. But he could not trace the rumor, and another letter came from Wise, saying nothing about it, but devoted to gay, operative criticism. So the matter was dismissed from his thought. Commencement came, and with it the Divinity School exercises; these attract no brilliant audience, but the select gathering of the few who are anxious to see the special performances of the young men who are soon to "wag their paws in their ain poops."

Maurice was complimented by a better audience than usual. Several of the "dons," who are ordinarily content with their place upon the platform on Commencement Day, and their share in the banquet and oratory of the Phi Beta dinner, strayed into the college chapel on the previous Monday. A few of those gifted ladies who watched over the unorthodoxy of the rising divines were there, and a stiller hush and earnest expectation awaited his opening

words. His thesis, or sermon, had one merit at least,—it was brief. It dashed into the midst of its subject with a few, sharp, confident sentences, and then proceeded to unfold the theory of a new Protestant ritualism adapted to the wants of the Unitarian body. He disclaimed utterly the idea that dilutions of the orthodox forms, emasculated creeds and liturgies, were to serve the turn of Unitarians. They were no Lazaruses, to be fed with crumbs from the rich men's tables. "Surely," he said, "the great Arian controversy had not been merely iconoclastic. The work of the scholars of the liberal school should be to revive the ancient forms under which the victims of state power had worshipped, ere the Athanasian tyranny had banished them from their rightful altars. He made brief work of the barrenness of Congregationalist no-forms, and proclaimed the work of the Church to be the elimination out of the Greek and Roman rituals of the earlier, the pure, and the primitive forms."

Dr. Hooper was delighted, and all but forgot himself into awakening the applause permissible to secular efforts; but one or two of the graver heads were shaken dubiously over their white neckcloths, and the venerable professor of exegesis dryly remarked to his colleague, "I don't know who is to do this. Brother G—— is too old, and brother Maurice is rather young; and between these the rest of us are too busy. Perhaps somebody in Providence or Salem might try his hand at it."

Maurice was duly licensed to preach, but not, of course, "ordained," not having any parish. Nevertheless, he was free to fulfil most ministerial offices, and he assumed, without hesitation, the style of "Rev.," and was duly italicized in the coming Triennial. He declined one or two offers of preaching as a candidate in various towns, and went for a quiet vacation to the seaside cottage of Dr. Hooper, preparatory to his departure to the unknown wilds of Connecticut.

The Doctor refused to let Maurice preach for him during this time, though in the habit of inviting the young licentiates very freely. "No, Maurice," he said, "I don't want you to do it. I count on you, and cannot let you make a single false step. If you preach before you have your own congregation before you, you will be in danger of acquiring mannerisms that you won't get over for years. When,

next year, you come up to Commencement, then I'll have you out, but not now."

So Maurice remained quiet in his summer resting-place, and, after his hard work, was really braced up by his six weeks' bathing and fishing and boating.

I am tempted to chronicle some of his talks there, and his letters from Wise; but at that rate, I shall never get him where I want him, and that is into one of the cars on a railroad going out of Providence. It was three o'clock of a sultry afternoon. There were few passengers, and after gazing a few moments at the picturesque appearance of the city, he found nothing more to occupy his attention. He bethought himself of a volume of Emerson in his travelling-bag. He soon wearied of its familiar pages. The calm, contemplative philosophy was as dry husks to a soul on fire for action, and longing for tangible fields of labor. He had no sympathy with its vague Pantheism. He tried day-dreaming,—fancies of the country town whither he was bound,—but he was too warm for reverie; the reminiscences of his travels, but there was the painful gulf of his homeward voyage between himself and his past. He looked about for congenial faces, that he might talk, but none appeared.

At last, however, at a junction, one of his own age and apparent station got in, glanced around, with a pleasant look, and, as Maurice made a motion of giving him room, dropped sociably into the seat beside him.

It was evident that both young men were of the Brahmin caste of New England life, and so, with a remark about the heat, the thread was caught.

"I have just come from the seaside," the stranger said, "and I feel this inland heat. I was officiating yesterday at Stonington, and was cool enough; I had to ask the sexton, when he came into the vestry, to go round and close the chancel window."

"You are an Episcopal clergyman, then?" said Maurice, catching at the terms used; "you are just the one I wanted to meet. I, too, am a minister, though a very untried one."

"Not a Church clergyman?"

"No—yes—of the Broad Church. I have sometimes fancied yours to be the Narrow Branch. I—I am a Unitarian. But we must not begin our acquaintance with dis-

cussion; I have met with more courtesy from your denomination than from the other orthodox sects. One thing I like *much*: you do not refuse us clerical fellowship on the ground of formulas you cannot explain and never use. If I understand rightly, you put us in the same boat with the strictest Calvinists, as being unordained. If you are right, of course you act properly, and we are wrong. I like, too, your service; you never are given to uncharitable prayers *at* people. In fact, I hope to use your liturgy,—in some parts at least, and that is what I want to talk about. You won't object, I dare say?"

"Oh, by no means; but, pardon me, how will you manage it; I, too, have something to learn from you? Our service is founded on the faith that Jesus Christ is the Son of God,—God the Son,—and the Trinity is the corner-stone of the Prayer-Book. Pull out that and you will have the house down."

"No," said Maurice; "I think not. You of course know more about your Book than I do; but I have studied it a good deal, and it seems to me that changing a few, a very few phrases, we can get along. We admit,—or at least I admit," he continued, as a remembrance of the Divinity School came over him—"that Jesus Christ was the Son of God; but I do not go with you beyond Scripture, and say also God the Son. If I understand the Arian fathers I am with them, and, indeed I think I shall use the creed of St. Arius. It is only to say '*of like substance*,' and I am where I hold the whole Primitive Church to have been. But I think your plea for Orders may be good, and if I could meet with a Bishop of my own views, I would go to him and receive them at his hands."

The young divine had looked rather bewildered as this declaration went on. He had begun to rub up his seminary weapons; but the foe had suddenly shifted ground,—not out of range, but at the very muzzles of his guns.

"My dear sir," he said, "you can't find such a Bishop, for the best of reasons. The Church departing from the faith loses the gift of Orders,—practically in history, I mean,—just as the Church abandoning the Succession will come to lose the faith. The Arian Bishops could not keep up the Succession."

"There always was something mysterious and unaccount-

able to me in the sub-Nicene period," said Maurice; "however, I can fall back upon my Congregational liberty of conscience and do without Orders, especially as I do hold that each Body has a right to frame its own belief," he added, a little inconsistently.

"What becomes then of this,—‘I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church’? Do you mean to keep that?"

"Well, I mean by that, I suppose, to express my belief in the Church that existed previous to the imposition of terms of restraint which forbid our unity with it."

"But does not that Church—I mean historically as a fact—exist still? You and I both insist that the Church of Rome is in this position,—the imposer of unlawful conditions; but we can't say there is no Church of Rome."

"Yes, but I hold that the Church, as a spiritual body, is in abeyance till the time when the faith is restored," said Maurice, who felt himself going to the wall.

"What you believe in is, then, a sepulchre, from which Christ has arisen. You must change your Article to this,—‘I believe there used to be a Catholic and Apostolic Church, but Christ failed of his promise to be with it alway.’ How with the next Article,—‘One baptism for the remission of sins?’ There being no Church, what is there to baptize into? And who is there to baptize you?"

"Really, I have never come so far as that," said Maurice; "but I thought of omitting that Article altogether, because of another reason. I—I—you must think me rather a strange being—never was baptized."

"And yet you propose to act as by a commission to baptize others,—that is, to confer the membership of a Church which does not exist, and of which, if it did, you are not a member."

"Why, it does seem so," said Maurice, choking down a little inward vexation. "But I never thought of baptism in that light."

"Pray in what light did you think of it?" It was not an easy question to answer.

"I suppose as a ceremony, or giving the name to a child; a religious rite, recognizing that all souls belong to God, our Father; not a necessary rite, but a desirable one. If we say ‘Our Father,’ He will hear us without the formula of the minister."

"Has He said so? Has He not said quite the contrary?"

Maurice quoted the stock text: "Neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, &c.; God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

"I suppose your spiritual and truthful intent to go to New York to-day would not take you there without the form of stepping into the cars."

Maurice was almost angry at this close following up; but natural frankness conquered.

"Well, you may be right, theoretically; but how can I, with my doubts and all that, submit to it; and if I could, who is to do it?"

"You cannot, and you ought not. If you believe with the Jew and the Heathen, the Church of Christ is no place for you."

Maurice flushed. "You think, then, that I am lost eternally, and of course this could not be, unless God from eternity meant I should be?"

"Who told you I thought any such thing? certainly nothing in my words told you so. I think you are not far from the kingdom. You seem to me to be honest and sincere, and in real earnest about these matters. I have talked with many a Unitarian before this, but never with one like you. Not that they are not honest and sincere and all that; I don't mean in that way, but in the turn of your thought. All that you need is to be logical. I think you want the truth, and the truth wants you," said the young priest, holding out his hand, which Maurice took.

"Look here, Mister," broke in a rough-looking man who had taken the seat before them, and had evidently been listening to their conversation,—*"look here, Mister. I waant to know if you hold that a man's agoin' to hell, because he don't swaller all you parsons preach? I don't believe there is any hell. It is all for frightenin' folks into your meetin'-houses where you can get money out of 'em. I'm a liberal man, I am, and don't hold to no 'mersion, sprinklin', nor nothin' of the sort. If a man does as he oughter, and votes the free-bill ticket, and don't drink no rum, he's about right for this world and the next too."*

"But suppose he does drink rum, and votes the wrong ticket, and is as bad a man as he can be," said Maurice.

who was heartily disgusted at the proposed new alliance, "what do you say then?"

"There wouldn't be no such fellows if you ministers did your duty," said the man.

"How shall we do it so as to help such things?" said Maurice.

"Preach against 'em. Don't preach brimstone."

"Yes, but how about the men who won't hear us—who never come into a church? Even the Saviour found plenty who would not listen to him. What is to be for them?"

"Look here, I don't believe in no hell, any way you can fix it; but when a man sells his children into slavery, there is something ought to be done about it—that's a fact."

"Well, my friend, if you think the Creator left out of His plans something essential, I am afraid we cannot mend the matter," said the clergyman; "but meanwhile, if you will do what you believe to be right, and do nothing you think to be wrong, perhaps you may get some light upon the subject."

Maurice rather liked this practical way of winding up a controversy which further came to an end by the stopping of the cars at a station, where the anti-brimstone man got out. Another clergyman got in, a stout, elderly man, with sharp, keen eyes, and a brisk but genial voice. He greeted his young brother warmly, and then said—"Come and sit by me. I want to talk to you about that new Canon. The Bishop thinks I'm wrong, and I think that he has a notion that we want to tie up the laity too closely."

"Excuse me a little while," said the young priest to Maurice. "The Doctor wants me, I see; but we'll meet again. Your ticket, I see, is for H——. Shall you go further? If you are bound for New York, I will introduce you to the Doctor, who will go most of the way."

"No, I am bound for Broadwater."

"All right. We change cars at H——, and I shall see you again. I go there too." He slipped his card into Maurice's hand, received one in exchange, and took a new seat.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was necessary to change cars before reaching Broadwater. Maurice did not meet his new acquaintance again till they got out, in the little barn-like terminus of the branch railway. Maurice sent on his luggage to the hotel, the Decatur House, and walked up with his companion. The twilight of a summer evening was just throwing its shades over the landscape, but leaving it light enough to see the pleasant little town. They passed by the side of a large brown-stone church, with Gothic windows and heavy buttresses, a tower capped with a temporary wooden roof, and a wheel-cross upon its western gable, which Maurice supposed to be the Episcopal Church; and then they found themselves in a broad, still street, lined with elms and bordered by shrubberies. A brief walk brought them into the centre of the town, in front of a large three-story-house of stately proportions, standing on a corner. A light balcony ran along its front. Just above this, in the second story, the central window was brightly lit up. As they crossed the street, a group of two or three young men, carrying oars and other boat gear, preceded them and entered a side door of the dwelling. Upon the panes of the lighted window Maurice caught a glimpse of something like the shadow of a cross. There came from the room a burst of chanting—the words of a Psalm—the same which Maurice had heard in St. Polycarp's. "The boys must be practicing to-night," said his companion; "it is long past chapel time."

"What is it?" asked Maurice, in wonder.

"Oh! it is our little chapel in the Cranmer School. If you have time, I'll take you there to-morrow. This, you know, is the Bishop's house. The Decatur Hotel is not far beyond."

Maurice had no further opportunity for conversation that

evening. He had to provide for his own creature comfort, and then to sally out in search of the gentleman upon whose invitation he had come to Broadwater. He inquired, while at tea, the direction by which to find the house of Mr. Conway, and then set out in the gloom of an almost ended twilight to seek it. His way led up the hill which rises behind the Main Street of Broadwater, and thence along a deeply shaded avenue, with its yellowing leaves already fallen here and there upon the walk. He soon reached the house described to him,—a large, gloomy stone house, which, in the starlight, appeared unusually forbidding. The feeling of uneasiness with which he recognized it was not lessened when he entered a vestibule scarcely less repellant; and, after sending up his name by the domestic, who opened the door, was shown into a chill and dimly lighted parlor.

He was kept waiting some minutes ere Mr. Conway entered. The tall, thin, elderly gentleman who at last appeared was in entire keeping with the house.

“Mr. Maurice?” he said, inquiringly: “I’m sorry to keep you waiting, sir,” he continued, upon Maurice’s affirmative bow; “but I’ve not very pleasant news to tell you. In fact, if I could have written in time, you might have been saved your journey. The society have decided to retain Benson another year. He has come out on the Fremont ticket without reserve; and, besides that, to tell you the truth frankly, there is something about the name ‘Unitarian’ which goes hardly here. I should be glad to see an out-and-out Parkerite here, but some of our richest pew-holders cling to the name of Universalist. Between you and me, Benson is a regular stick in the pulpit; but he’s a capital hand at electioneering, and will take as strong a stand as we could wish against the Episcopalians. And—and—frankly, I must say, Mr. Maurice, that—that—we’ve been written to, from Boston, that you are not quite ‘sound upon the goose’ in that particular: our people are very jealous of that. You might better be half a Catholic than having anything to do with those proud, exclusive folks. You’ve been at some expense; I suppose we ought to make that right,—say ten dollars: and, if you’ll stop over Sunday, and preach for us, we’ll be glad to hear you, and it won’t stand in your way in case Benson goes next year.” Mau-

rice was a good deal chilled and disheartened. He politely declined the offered bill, which was put back into the owner's pocket with the accompaniment of a very faint protest and an audible sigh of relief; and then, after also declining all propositions of hospitality, returned to the Hotel.

He found, that, by going on to New York, he could, from there, easily reach the other alternative point of his journey, the society of Universalists or Unitarians in the little town of Norowam. So, after a vain attempt to "take his ease in his inn," in the perusal of a three-days-old "New York Herald" in a badly lighted hall, he went to bed. The next morning he met, at the breakfast-table, his young clerical friend. As they rose from their meal, the latter said, "Come, go with me to chapel." Maurice was quite ready to go anywhere; so they started up the wide pleasant street, past old-fashioned houses set well back from the grass-grown sidewalk, or bowered in trees, until they reached the three-story mansion he had passed the night before. They entered at the side-door, and ascended a lofty and winding staircase. The whole had that indescribable air which is only found in houses belonging to that earlier period when there were in the land distinctions between gentle and simple. It is something quite other than that pretentiousness with which the successful vender of a quack balsam lavishes all the incongruities of architecture upon his fine new palace. We cannot describe it; but it is a certain sense of breadth and spaciousness and proportion which marks the style of an old family. They passed into a large vestibule. Two folding-doors stood open into a smaller room. At its eastern end, and against the window, the panes of which were "frosted" so as to exclude all view of the street, stood a small altar, covered by a crimson altar-cloth with a plain embroidered monogram in the centre. A screen, colored in ultramarine and topped with a cross, was behind it for a reredos. A simple bench ran along the wall on either side. Texts of Scripture were emblazoned on the walls. At the lower end was placed a lectern of carved wood, facing the east, upon which was laid a huge folio Bible. A young man stood there, finding the place of the daily lesson. Maurice had no time to examine more; for his friend, signing to him to follow, knelt down at one of the benches: and

Maurice did the same. When he rose, the little chapel had begun to fill. Fourteen or fifteen young men, mostly wearing simple black stuff gowns, like the undergraduates' gowns in an English University, were either kneeling at their places, or else had resumed their seats and were finding the manuscript music of the chants for the day. A surpliced clergyman entered from an inner room, in what seemed to Maurice rather a quick and business-like way; not irreverent, indeed, but the reverse of pompous. He knelt at the altar in private prayer; and then, as he rose, all rose with him. He broke the silence by neither sentence nor exhortation, but by the simple versicle, "O God! make speed to save us." All answered, "O Lord! make haste to help us;" and then, kneeling, every voice united in the Confession. The Absolution and Lord's Prayer followed. The former seemed to Maurice as if spoken directly to him. Hitherto he had been far away from the officiating priest, and, as it were, a spectator; now it was uttered above the head of him kneeling there, and he felt that it belonged to him also. He had never come quite so close to it, except by Frank's death-bed; and then he had felt himself to be outside of the whole service. There was no "Venite," but the Priest announced the Psalter for the day; and then all the voices upon his side joined with him in repeating the first verse of the Psalm, while the response was made in the same manner by those opposite. It took Maurice entirely by surprise, accustomed as he had been to hear only whispered or muttered responses in most of the Episcopal Churches he had visited in Boston. The sustained heartiness was singularly fresh and real to him. What he had fancied of ancient Hebrew worship seemed to be revived there. At the close of the Psalter came a rapid burst of choral harmony in the "Gloria Patri." He contrasted involuntarily, in his thought, the languidness and baldness of the chapel service at Cambridge. Then one of the young men stepped quietly to the lectern, and read a lesson from the Old Testament. It was not over well done, certainly with none of that studied effectiveness which he was wont to hear in the reading of Scripture, but simply with rather a school-boy manner; yet, in one or two places, Maurice was struck by a justness of emphasis which gave a new force to passages commonly slurred over. Scarcely had the reader said, "Here

endeth the lesson," when the students' voices joined once more in the "Magnificat." The music thrilled Maurice with a strange delight. It was not operatic, it was not the display of a hired quartette, nor did it have the drawling monotony of the Gregorians, which he had heard so often at St. Peter's, at Rome; but it carried him along upon its wings. The young man next whom he stood put into his hands a little printed leaf containing the words properly pointed for chanting; and Maurice found himself compelled to join in the tide of holy song, and to repeat "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The canticle came to a close with the inevitable "Gloria," which Maurice had half-way finished before he was aware of it; and then came the Creed. Maurice had begun to join in it, expecting the familiar Apostles' Creed, which Unitarians contrive to accept under their own limitations. It was, however, the Nicene Symbol. Yet he could not pause to weigh its expressions; there was no time for it; and so, being familiar with its phrases, since he had been studying them of late, he continued on. When every head was bowed at the name of the Adorable Son, his, too, was bent in instinctive yielding to the spirit of the place. The faith of the spot "constrained him."

Faith had begun to dawn: Hope was yet afar off; but in her coming was to come the greatest of these, as yet not seen save through a glass darkly. And now, with a gesture of benediction, the priest turned from facing the little altar toward the little congregation, saying, "The Lord be with you." Maurice could not but join in the response, "And with thy spirit;" for his attention was strongly caught by the aspect of the clergyman whom he saw. The face was that of a man in the earlier years of middle life—a square, slightly massive head, the expression deeply earnest, the stature of middle height; the whole man betraying in his restlessness, his careless *pose* and quick intuition, as well as by the tones of the rich and flexible voice, an unusual amount of energy and restrained power. All knelt, however, before Maurice could do more than take in at a single glance that which has been above described. The service continued in a series of brief petitions and responses, unfamiliar to Maurice, but evidently the daily usage of the others. He was sure, also, that the collects which followed were not in the

Prayer-book. Two especially struck his fancy. It was not a Litany day, but these two exquisite supplications, one for rulers and the other for unity, seemed to him in the very spirit of the Prayer-book. The latter, most of all, met his mood—"Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great danger the Church is in by our unhappy divisions; that, as there is one body and one spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all; so may we be joined together in one holy bond of peace and love." It seemed to him as if a tender mother had known his perplexities, and were praying for him. When he rose from his knees, the students were passing out. One or two staid to chat; the priest came out of an adjoining room unvested, and greeted Maurice's friend warmly. "So you've come back to see how we're getting on. I'm sorry to say the Bishop is not here. He is expected in the morning train. We're doing nicely this term, I think. By the by, have you seen ——'s book on the Romans? It is not a bad thing—wants scholarship, but it is a move out of the old rut. You keep up your German? How comes on Meyer?" Maurice thought him an Englishman; there was some very English in his hearty, emphatic manner and clear enunciation. His friend had made a movement as if to introduce Maurice to the Professor, when one of the students interrupted. "Professor, do we meet you at ten or eleven?" And Maurice, feeling a little in the way, stepped toward the door. Something was said in an undertone, and then his companion rejoined him. "Shall we walk this morning?" he said. "Excuse me for not presenting you to our Professor; but he will be engaged, I find, with his recitations; and you, I think, leave this afternoon. This way, if you will." So he led Maurice up the beautiful street which leads from the Divinity School to the hill-top. After a moment of silence, the clergyman asked, "How do you like our service?"—"Oh, I was very much taken with it," said Maurice; "but where do you get it? for instance, that canticle, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord'?"—"Oh, that is the 'Magnificat,' the song of the Blessed Virgin."—"Ah, yes, I see," said Maurice; "a Catholic hymn translated into English—by whom? Where can one find that?"—"A certain St. Luke, who was St. Paul's friend, and, some think, disciple, gave

it to the Catholic Church. St. Mary first uttered it. He recorded it, but who translated it I cannot tell you—one of the translators of the English Prayer-book and Bible. You will find it in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel." "What, a Gospel of the early times?" said Maurice; and then, catching the amused look on his companion's face, he said, "You don't mean that is in the Bible?"—"Look and see," said the other. Maurice colored up to the eyes, and then said, abruptly, "How can you so depart from your Prayer-book? I thought you were tied to that."—"You forget that Bishops have power to arrange services in their own schools as they like."—"Very well, I will be a Bishop, and have my own Cathedral to myself."—"Pardon me; but I fear you will have it *all* to yourself, if you try it upon our Connecticut Universalists. However, don't let me discourage you; it is all working for us. It will help to put *you* right, if it does nobody else; and I think I should call that a great gain."—"You don't object, then, to my using the Prayer-book?"—"Certainly not: use it all you can; only you will find, probably, some difficulties. *Making* a service is not done in a day; ours grew."

Maurice found himself with many new facts over which he could not help pondering. How was it that the Church seemed so confident of her pedigree, so fearless in her steps, and yet so meek and lowly in the outward display and temper? Another thing was impressed upon him very forcibly. Throughout this service was kept that proper gradation between priest and people, which marks a Church which *believes* in a duly commissioned ministry,—kept as fully as in a public congregation. When, in his divinity studies, it had come to the lot of the senior class to conduct their services, each member had in turn to stand the fire of hostile, sometimes of envenomed, criticism. He himself remembered prayers uttered in bitterness of spirit, conscious that he was next to be pulled to pieces. But here was kept the unchanged memory of the Church's high descent from Patriarchal and Levitic hierarchies, where none might usurp the priesthood. Though the family were one in blood, the first-born alone stood to minister.

They had reached the upper street of the town, and had walked on in silence a little while, when Maurice stopped suddenly, exclaiming, "How beautiful!" It was indeed

worthy of a pause. Through an opening in the foliage, there was given to view the wide landscape. Below them lay the town, embosomed in its leafage, while afar stretched the green hill-sides, dipping here and there into purple hollows of shadow. In the midst lay a fair reach of river, set like a sapphire in the steep surrounding shores. It was disclosed at that precise angle from which it appeared less like a river than like a tranquil lake. One white sail, swiftly skimming up from the unseen outlet of the gorge below, was in view. Then came another and another, like a flight of swans, graceful and gliding. The college-green was beside them: the buildings were of that heavy, four-storied factory pattern which it seems essential to bestow upon all American college edifices, but with such a lawn and such elms as Oxford might be proud of. "And this was your home," said Maurice: "I wish it had been mine." "Perhaps it may yet be,—who knows? you are young," said the other, "young enough to turn from the experiment, if it fail of renewing a Catholic Christianity under Arian auspices. But shall we return now? I must see the Bishop when he arrives. I would take you up to see him,—I have a fancy he would do you lots of good,—but the Trustees are to meet, I believe, and I shall not see more of him than I have absolute need to do. I will take you to our little library, and I dare say you can be comfortable there." Maurice found the change to the cool, still room, very pleasant, from the heated air without. In the alcoves, scenting slightly of dust, of Russia leather, and that indefinable bookish odor so dear to reading men, Maurice whiled away the morning. He got down a splendid vellum-bound copy of the first Prayer-book of King Edward VI., and was surprised to find therein much of the morning's chapel service. At first, his feeling was of exultation, as he said to himself, "These Churchmen, as they call themselves, cannot *make* any thing,—only inherit;" and then it occurred to him how infinitely more precious was the simplest jewel worn as a family heir-loom than the parvenu's bought diamond. "Nevertheless, we are the true heirs of all this," he thought; and then he found himself a little in doubt as to who "we" might be. So he went about, dipping into various other books,—a copy of the "Chapel Liturgy" of the Boston Society; and also an Irvingite

Manual, which bewildered him; and, finally, he settled down into a steady perusal of "Ward's Ideal of a Christian Church," which both fascinated and puzzled him. "What I want," said he, "is not the ideal, but the reality."

Just then the door opened, and two gentlemen entered. Neither of them saw Maurice as he sat sheltered in his alcove. "Ah! here is what we want," said one of them, "Wilberforce on the Incarnation." "Well, what do you say of him, sir?" "I own he has nearly persuaded me that the Church is not invisible. I am taught here as against the ultra-protestant; therefore, as it is visible, and is Christ's mystical body, why must it not have unity, and therefore one central head? How can separation from that head be other than fatal?"

"My dear sir," replied the other, "the *proton pseudos* of Wilberforce lies in this,—his idea of a body. The Church in itself is visible; but it concerns the sphere of invisible things. Its unity lies in a principle, not in a forced mechanical unity with the Papacy. When the Church was planted by the apostles, it contained germs of faith, worship, order and polity. These grew according to the life that was in them. Liturgies became a necessity, because of the sacraments. Polity was developed from the fact of a ministry. The principle of unity lay in the existence of an Apostolic Episcopacy. Each Bishop was an independent centre, but not an independent church. Where there was a Bishop, there was the, not a, Church,—*ubi Episcopus ibi Ecclesia*; its members many, its principle of unity single." "Where then, my dear sir, was its controlling headship? to whom was each Bishop responsible?" "To the Head of the Church Himself." "How was that responsibility enforced?" "By the whole Church acting in accordance with its sense of divine presence. The Papacy is a mechanical invention, which practically denies the divine institution of the Church, because of lack of faith in the apostolic promise, 'Lo! I am with you alway.' So long as the Church is one, schism is simply suicide, self-excommunication."

"But, Professor," said the other, "why is not that Congregationalism?" "Because Congregationalism holds not to the divine origin, but to the self-origination of the Church on the part of the laity." "Well, Presbyterianism, then." "No: that holds to the power of the ministerial body, not

to an organic Church. The one is the lay, the other the ecclesiastical, half-truth, of the real condition of the Church."

Maurice regarded the two speakers. One was a man of middle life, with curling hair, and his handsome head carried rather haughtily; his voice full and rich, with something in its swelling intonation of that utterance peculiar to Harvard. The other was younger, wore glasses, and had a slight stoop, but was not especially noticeable in other respects. He looked too old to be a student, yet he wore the black gown of the school. Maurice wondered who they were. The Professor continued: "Don't let Wilberforce's brilliant theorizing carry you away. The Church has need of central principles, not of centralizing institutions. Suppose you take this theory of the Archdeacon's, and try to meet it, as your next exercise with me." The student looked pleased, took the book, and presently withdrew, drawing his gown up over his rounded shoulders as he went.

The Professor caught sight of Maurice, looked at him for a moment, and then went up to him. "Excuse me, sir; but are not you Mr. Maurice of Harvard?" "I am, sir; and you?" "The Rev. Charles Wentworth, at your service, sir. I remember your face quite well. I met you at Dr. Hooper's in Boston. Hooper was a classmate of mine. Are you coming to our Divinity School?" "No, sir. My theological studies are over, at least as far as Divinity Schools are concerned. I am a graduate of the school at Cambridge, and came to Broadwater to preach for the Universalists here; but there is, it seems, no vacancy." "But you are no Universalist?" "No, I can hardly tell what I am. I am looking for a field to find room to plant some notions of my own; and I find here some things which, I must say, attract me very much." He held out "Ward's Ideal" as he spoke. The Professor glanced at it with a half-sigh. "That book has upset many a fine fellow," he said; "but, really, I don't see how to caution you against it. Your eclecticism must be your defence for the present. And yet you are seeking the ideal of a Christian Church." "Yes, sir; and your Church attracts me strangely, — attracts and repels me. I like its clear sense of its own position; but then its assumption to be the one right thing, and every-

body else wrong, I am not prepared to give in to. Why cannot men do as they please?" Maurice was singularly constituted in mind. He was for ever on the opposition benches. Among Unitarians he was always insisting upon the divine authority of the Church; while, with every Churchman he met, he was ready to stand up for the principle of the larger liberty of unqualified sectarianism.

The Professor answered not as he had expected. "Yes: we have indeed a narrow way of putting things,—a great littleness, so to speak, in magnificent trifles. But you will find the germinal ideas of the holy Catholic Church in us; and therefore, when we can throw off this load of rubbish, which the timidity and torpor of many of us have a holy horror of seeing touched, these will begin to grow. But still, as a Unitarian, I do not see what we can do for you. You say you are one?"

"Yes: that is, I hold that the Church has, in the Nicene Creed, imposed unscriptural terms. I said to my friend who brought me here, that I believed Christ to be the Son of God, not God the Son. Perhaps I was wrong in being so positive: I am willing to receive, but not to profess, the latter point. I think it is unlawfully required."

"My dear sir," said the Professor, his eye kindling and his noble head thrown back as he warmed to controversy,—"my dear sir, in the primitive Church the Creed was given as a germ, first in the profession of St. Peter, 'Thou art the Christ;' then, when it was necessary for the faith to be professed beyond the limits of Messianic teaching, and these words no longer conveyed distinct ideas, it was enlarged into the formula of baptism,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. You admit that the apostles were monotheists. They must have taught the Gentiles to believe in one God."

—"Of course."—"Yes, of course, monotheism was a necessity; it lay at the very door of a renunciation of the Pagan Creeds; yet the Apostles baptized in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Did they, then, teach three Gods?"

—"No, I suppose not."—"Very well, then. Here is a germ of a theological position. To the Gentiles they preached the invisible Father, revealed and manifested in the Son, and witnessed to by the Holy Ghost. Here are three personalities surely. Now, when controversy came,—and you must study the Gnostic heresies to understand the bearing

of this,—comes also St. John, in the last days of the Apostolic Church, and writes that the *Logos* (the Gnostic name, you know, for Jesus Christ) was with God in the beginning, and was God.

“Later on, Arius institutes new denials; and a new definition is required, of course extra-scriptural, since no apostle survived to write a new Scripture. The sense of certain terms had become ambiguous. The Church does not change her faith, because she makes these certain. She only renders explicit that which was implicit before.”

Maurice was silent. He knew not what to answer. “You will come back here,” said Wentworth, “some day, I am well assured; and, when you do, you must find me out. My parish is St. Andrew’s, in ——. I shall always be glad to see you.”

That same afternoon Maurice returned to Hartford; and then, after a day or two in that pleasant rural city with a college friend, he took the boat for New York.

CHAPTER XV.

MAURICE left Hartford, by the New-York boat, upon the Monday afternoon succeeding his fruitless visit to Broadwater. In spite of his reminiscences of European scenery, he was yet delighted with the little-prized but lovely passage of the Lower Connecticut. It brought to mind the Danube, and yet in all unlikeness; for nature never offers the wine of her beauty in twin goblets, but every chalice is wrought with its special device. The steamer—so different from the little toiling European river-craft—swept onward like a floating castle, contemptuous of tide or rapid, cleaving the fair wave and parting the green reflections of the hills, past quiet nooks and winding glens luxuriant with foliage; the light birchen leaves, the bright maple groves, the darker cedar thickets, and bristling oaks, with fair lawnlets of cushioned meadow, lying beneath. White and brown farmsteads, new and old, dotted the hill-sides here and there. Brisk and busy landings, often with huge skeletons of building ships beside them, occurred at every few miles; and all this landscape slumbered beneath the warm, hazy sunshine. By and by this began to change,—and into glorious crimson and gold, and rich apple-green, flamed and faded the West. The bell rang for supper, as the boat glided out between the low salt marshes of the river mouth; and, when the night wind began to grow chill, Maurice was ready to leave his mingled dream of memory and fancy, and go below to the substantial matter-of-fact of meal-time. At the long table he found his place between a thin, pale young gentleman in rusty black, and a heavy, robust man of middle life, who, he felt, might be a country schoolmaster, a lawyer of local fame and limited autocracy, or a prosperous shopkeeper of an inland town. After the business of refection had been silently and studiously (not

to say swiftly) transacted, a disposition for talk became manifest. That is, men turned from sausages, Indian-meal bread, and oysters, inquiring glances toward each other's faces. When the clerk, and the attendant gray-haired negro who occupied the important post of head-waiter, had, with a large roll of dollar bills stuck between their fore and middle fingers, circled the table to the low refrain of "Tickets, gentlemen; supper tickets, if you please," the desire to converse began to blossom out into meteorological and wayfaring remarks; but presently the elder neighbor of Maurice threw out a feeler: "Are either of you gentlemen going to attend the Bible Society meeting in the city?"—"No," said the young man, "I am going to see Professor —, of the General Theological School, about missionary work at the West."—"I am of opinion," interrupted a solemn-looking gentleman opposite, with a thin, smooth-shaven face, and very decided cheek-bones, "that there is but one thing which can save the West from Catholics and infidelity: it is the general distribution of the Bible. We do not want missionaries, we want colporteurs." (He pronounced the word "coalporters," but everybody appeared to understand him.) "Don't know about that," replied the first speaker: "I'm not a wonderful Bible man myself, but still I don't know that leaving them round in all sorts of places is the way to make people think more of them. What do you say?" he added, turning to Maurice and the other. "The Bible is the only source of our faith; and by faith ye are saved," said the theological student. "P'raps there's to be more saving than your Saybrook platform will hold," replied the other: "however, that's not the question."—"The American Bible Society have done a magnificent work," said their *vis-à-vis* before described. "They have placed a copy of the precious volume in every house, in all hotels and steamboats and railroad stations. Ah-h! it is a no-o-ble work, sir."—"It is that very thing which leads, I fear," said Bryan, "to the greater irreverence. When the Bible was daily read in the Churches, as at the Reformation, it was listened to and respected: how is it now?"

A listener, who sat silently by, tipped back his chair, made a long arm toward the other table, and picked up the Bible lying there; and, without a word, slipped it down into the midst of the group. They opened it: scurrilous, even

obscene scribbling covered the fly-leaves. They turned over the printed matter; marginal drawings; underscoring of all the words which the stricter usage of our days has banished from speech, and grossly infidel, not to say blasphemous, foot-notes, showed the value of the experiment of Bible distribution. "You see," said Maurice, quietly. Two red spots came out upon the knobs of the prominent cheek-bones opposite. The bystander who had taken the Bible from the other table drew a pack of cards from his pocket: "Any gentleman want to take a hand at Euchre?" said he; at which two of the company rose and hurried off as if the pack had been a lighted shell. Maurice laughed, but with a good-natured negative also rose. The elder man at his side gave a wistful glance at the cards, then a look at the face of the proposer of the game. Something seemed to appear therein which moved his bump of caution; for he said, "No, thank ye; I'll go on deck and have a cigar. Come up, sir," he said to Maurice; "perhaps you'll take one too, it's a fine night." As they emerged on the upper deck, the man turned to Maurice. "I've no scruples about card-playing, but I don't play with everybody I meet. I don't know what you think about the matter—I should judge you wasn't a professor?"—"No, sir," said Maurice, quite innocently; "I was offered a place in a Western College, but I didn't fancy it."—"No, no; I mean a professor of religion—a church member, you know."—"Oh," said Maurice, "if that is it, I suppose I am; that is, I am a minister, a Unitarian minister."—"Well, I thought there was something about you not just like one of them East-Windsor chaps. And where are you going in *this* part of the world, if I may ask? Settled anywhere?"—"Yes and no," said Maurice. "I am partly engaged to try a church in the town of Norowam. It has been a Universalist society, but has gotten over that notion. I believe I am to say nothing at all on that subject, but just to preach liberal Christianity." "Then I shall come and hear you, for I live in Norowam. I'm not a member, but I have been to your church and like it; and, from the way you put down them Bible fellows at tea-time, I think I should like you, too. There is one thing I'm going to tell you. I've tried various churches in Norowam, and the Episcopal among the rest. I stuck there longest of all—got a pew there yet—but I gave up because they

wanted me to have the children baptized. Old Dr. Donne—he's a good old man, he is, one of the best sort of men—was at me forever about it. I was at his church, one day, when a lot of children was brought to be christened—little, squalling things they were; and for every baby had to be a lot of godmothers and godfathers, as they called them, to make the promises. Now, that struck me as just so much humbug. What right had them folks to make promises to bind that baby? What right had they to say what the child should believe? And then for the doctor to make a prayer saying that these children were regenerated, just because he had sprinkled a little water over them—that was more than I *could* swallow! I don't mind hearing prayers read out of a book; for, between you and me, there's a good many ministers gets a going in the praying line, and don't know when nor where to stop. I haven't no objection to white gowns—as I told the Baptist minister, it is better than ragged elbows—and I like singing chants; but when I see children growing up half of them and choosing for themselves, right against their fathers' and mothers' ways, I know it is no use making church-members of them at six weeks old. There's them that experiences religion, and gets immersed; I've nothing to say about that. There's them that is sprinkled; and that's all very well if they know what they're a doing of; and we—well, we take it by profession. I never tried it, but my wife has, and I never had nothing to say; but this baby religion is only fit for babies.”—“I am not so sure of it,” replied Maurice. “We do many things for children which they cannot see the good of, which still are very good for them. If I adopt a child, I make a different lot in life for it than it would have had. If it is a beggar out of the streets or from a foundling hospital, it certainly gets a chance to become something which it would not have done. But the sponsors, as you say, do seem very like a form.”—“Worse than that; don't you see they make the child think it has promised? and so it grows up sort of bound to one Church, when, if it had been left free to itself, it might have tried a dozen.”—“But,” said Maurice, “If there was only one Church—and that is what baptism seems to mean—and if the promises are what the child ought to make, what harm is there?”—“Why, you see, suppose the child breaks the promise, somebody's got to answer for it. Catch me going

bail for a young one's good behaviour!"—"But," still objected Bryan, fighting for what he had never thought to defend, "but, supposing you did feel that you had gone bail, as you say, for a child, and should try to make it do right, as a very sacred duty; should take an interest in it, and set it a good example, and teach it good things, and be its grown-up friend and helper, praying for it and all that—why wouldn't it be good for the child?"—"Oh, but nobody ever does that! It's just hocus-pocus and formalism; and then," coming back to the old point, like one who felt instinctively where his strength lay, "the child mightn't choose your Church."—"Well, ought there to be Churches to choose from? I wish, for my part, that they were all one."—"No, that *won't* do, no how you *can* fix it. Men is of different sorts; some needs hell-fire to keep them straight, and some needs Methodist shoutings, and some needs a kind of cheerful religion. Let a man have what he likes, *I* say. You ain't a going to preach baptism up—are you?"

"Oh, no!" said Maurice: "I only wanted to hear what you had to say. I expect to preach liberal Christianity, and I confess I do not see much practical probability of a union of all churches in one.

"But tell me about Norowam. What sort of a society shall I find?" "Middlin' small, but good. There's a prospect that lots of city folks may come there summers. The Episcopalians have a big church, and the rich folks. The Baptists is split up. There's the old Congregationalists,—and they've split too; and one half has gone off to be Presbyterians,—got a real smart fellow too. They are mostly the new city folks,—the old ones stick to their church on the green; and then the Methodists are quite plenty. The Congregationalists have just quarrelled with their man: They've had—lem me see—five men in the last twelve years,—and every one gone off mad. We have only a little church, and our folks ain't rich. But what we want is a smart young man, like yourself, to go into society and pick up the young folks,—the girls especially,—and give pop'lar lectures, and write in the magazines, and so on. You'll do, I guess, first rate; and I shall tell our folks so. You know any body in New York?" "I preach for Dr. —, next Sunday, in his new church in — Avenue." "All right! maybe some of us'll be down to hear you. And now," said

he, tossing his cigar over the vessel's side, "I'll turn in. Good-night." Maurice went to his state-room, and read over, before he slept, the Baptismal Service for infants in his Prayer-book. It certainly was both plain and consistent, only utopian. If it were to stand, where, sure enough, *was* the child's liberty? And then he fell to musing upon that liberty,—whether, after all, any great good was to be gained by it. The one thing seemed to be, the loss of unity in the Church: there was the trouble. The baptismal office made no provision for that. So, undressing, he began to consider the vexed question of the unity of the Church, and—woke with the sun shining into his state-room window, and the cheery noises of the New York docks sounding in his ear.

It was rather a dull week for Bryan in New York. Dr. ——— for whom he was to preach, was at his country-seat; and New York, in September, is not an enlivening place of abode. There are picture shops, and book-stores, and the old Düsseldorf Gallery was still existent; this, for a man who had spent months in the glorious corridors of Dresden, and to whom every corner of the Borghese, Corsini, and Pamphili-Doria palaces was familiar, was certainly not an absorbing delight. The thought occurred to him to try and find the church where Ellen Winrow was baptized. He inquired at his hotel for churches where was a daily service. He was promptly told of Trinity and Trinity Chapel; but no one seemed to know of any others. "Opera opens next week, and you'll get capital music there, sir," said the "gentlemanly and obliging public functionary" who used to be called a clerk, and who presided over the hotel register. However, Maurice did ramble by the doors of a little church, the beauty of which attracted him, and the entrance of which he found open on a week-day. He entered, and found service going on. A school of parish children in dark hoods and neat calico dresses, cloth caps and gray tweed suits,—according to sex; and a score, perhaps, of other worshippers, all ladies except one meek country minister, who, now and then, responded in the wrong place. The clergyman officiating was old, white-haired, and with a sweet, benignant face, which reminded him very forcibly of Ellen's description. He waited almost impatiently for the close of the prayers, and then followed the clergy-

man into the vestry, to find him just putting off his surplice. He put the question somewhat incoherently and abruptly, but was answered with all gentleness. "Do you remember the year of the baptism you speak of?" Maurice did not,—could only, after some hesitation, guess. The Rector unlocked a press, took down the huge register, and began to read. Maurice was astonished at the number of baptisms recorded. Page after page was traversed by that patient finger, until, with a sigh, Maurice was about to own that the dates had been reached on either side of all possibility of the event, and to give up the search, when the rector suddenly paused, and looked up with this question: "Was not Mrs. Howard, the Rev. Mr. Howard's wife,—she was Letty ——, then,—one of the witnesses?" Maurice endeavored to recall Ellen's story: "Yes, I think so," he said. "Ah! I have it, then: here it is, left blank, you see, except the Christian name, Ellen, the age, and my signature. Mrs. Howard has the certificate: it was to be filled up here afterwards; but there were some family reasons for entering no name, I think. Howard was to let me know." "The reasons can exist no longer," said Maurice; "she rests with her family beneath the Atlantic. I came to see the font and the church where she was baptized." "You are a relative? No! I see, I see," said the good clergyman, a tenderness coming into his voice, and he pressed Maurice's hand: "come this way," and he led him back into the choir of the church. "Here is the font; she knelt just here," he said: "poor child, poor child! Stay here as long as you like; and, when you incline to come, follow that passage from the vestry, and it will lead you to my study, and I will let you out." He turned away, and left Maurice alone in the church.

There is something very impressive to a thoughtful mind in the silence of a church upon a week-day. Even the ugliest New England edifice, "meeting-house," from underpinning to weathercock, cannot wholly thrust from its doors the staidness of the Sunday atmosphere. Nor can even the smug and perking pretentiousness of the modern "auditorium," where people meet to hear sermons and Sunday operatics,—all sham and upholstery though it be,—altogether be made to seem like another place. But a true church is a holy spot; one where, but for the evil shame of

being caught, we could gladly linger and pray. This was a true church,—stone walls, wainscotted below with oak, pierced by narrow lancet windows filled with deep and rich-hued glass; carved oaken stalls; and, behind the altar, a stately and beautiful canopied reredos. Upon the holy table was set upright an open Bible. The font was of white marble with sculptured panels. The eyes of the young man filled with blinding tears as he looked upon it. He seemed to see kneeling there that sweet figure, so simple and childlike, with her earnest face, and the smooth brown hair folded above the fair forehead. Upon that spot he felt that he could not kneel. He went apart into one of the open seats, and bent his knee, and bowed his head, overweighted with the suppression of a long, long sorrow. Yet, in the tumult of his thoughts, he could not pray. He could only wipe away the tears, and keep down the strong laboring of his bosom. At length peace came to him; at least the resignation with which one can meet the inevitable. He rose and left the church. He found the old Rector in his library. With a very gentle smile he welcomed Maurice, and bade him to a seat. “Do you want to say anything to me?” he said, “you know it is my office to hear and to help all troubles; and every young man is my son, since I have none after the flesh.” Maurice, moved by a sudden impulse, told him his whole story. Tears were upon the good old man’s cheeks ere the recital was ended. “My son, you have indeed had your grief early; but whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. You have still one espousal to look forward to, if your faith to your lost love does not change: you can, at the same font, take the same vows.”—“Perhaps—perhaps I may,” and Maurice rose sadly; “but not now.”—“In His good time—in His good time, as the Lord will,” said the old man, holding out his hand. “Good by. God bless you, and bring you aright!”

It was a great change to the church of Dr. —, in which Maurice found himself on the Sunday morning next. There was a thin congregation, made up out of the slender remains of the two Unitarian Societies not out of town for the summer, and a few strangers from the hotels. There was an audible rustle, and looks of disappointment were exchanged from pew to pew, when the doctor appeared upon the pulpit-platform followed by a stranger who wore

the black gown of the preacher. One or two who sat near the door slipped quietly out. Everything about the edifice was oppressively new and citified,—the freshest of varnish and smartest of upholstery. Pulpit and pews alike seemed to say, "Look at us, we cost ever so much!" Nor did the service do much to restore the devotional feeling. After the brief introductory prayer, the doctor read a Psalm, or rather a composition of Psalms, for a chant. It was read in rather a studied manner, and at its close the doctor looked hard at the choir gallery opposite. There was no response from either organ or singers. It was evident that they were not inclined to be "at home" before the season began. So, opening the great Bible, he read part of a chapter, and then gave out a hymn, which was sung by the two or three voices who were acting as temporary choir. Then followed the long prayer, into which was infused a delicate dash of politics, not strong enough to offend, but gratifying to those, who, from frequent pilgrimages "over the ferry," had become unable to relish their worship without a mundane flavoring. Then two verses more of a hymn were sung, and the pulpit was clear to Maurice, who, from his elevation, could see the choir depart, and the organist, who had to stay for the concluding voluntary, settle himself in an easy chair, with a manifest novel in his hand. The doctor objected to Sunday papers because they would rustle scandalously, and, after a long fight, carried his point; but novels were permissible, provided the leaves were cut beforehand.

Maurice made, of course, the beginner's blunder of pitching his voice too high; and consequently delivered his sermon with great effort, and not much effect. Still, he had the satisfaction of seeing some people rouse up in their pews, and listen; and the doctor, a most amiable man, complemented him very highly upon his maiden effort. There was no other service in the church during the day; but it was a hot Sunday, and Maurice remained quietly in his hotel. If he had known, that, not many squares off, he might have heard his friend Gardiner preach, perhaps his history might have come to a speedier end than it now seems likely to do.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was noon when Maurice alighted at the little station of Norowam. He found himself in a pleasant village, with broad tree-shaded streets. In the centre, the old Puritan meeting-house stood, sentinel-like, on the green, confronting all comers with an interrogative look out of its many windows. To the right of it was the hotel to which he was driven,—whither the will of his hackman conducted him. He found, of course, no extraordinary luxury, but the promise of pleasant social entertainment in the presence of several agreeable-looking boarders. He went forth after dinner to find the house of his possible parishioner, to whom he had a letter. He was not over sanguine of success, but, to his surprise, was most cordially welcomed by the managing man of the little society,—he who, to use his own words, mainly runs the concern. It was his business partner whom Maurice had met on board the steamboat. He was told that everything had been arranged. “The fact is, we thought it best,” said the manager, “not to have you come preaching on trial. It sets folks up to think they can find fault. It is better just to have a few who dooz know su’tin’ about it to attend to it: they’re just as much pleased in the end. Some of us went to New York last Sunday—awful hot, warn’t it?—a purpose to hear you; and we’re only too glad to have you come. We have made an effort, and I think we can raise nine hundred or a thousand for you, which, as you’re a bachelor, will be better than we’ve ever done before. ‘Doctor,’ he said, ‘we couldn’t expect to get you under fifteen hundred;’ but says I to him, says I, ‘’Tain’t no kind o’ use talking that to our people. There is the pew-rents and the letting of the parsonage, that’s so much; and, when that’s done, every cent of it has got to come out of private pockets;’ and says I, ‘when Mr. Maurice has been

with us a year, he'll know how many of them there is as has got much in 'em.' But you mustn't be discouraged, in case you was thinking of getting married by and by. The town is full of summer visitors from the city, and you are just the one to draw. Only you mustn't leave us in the lurch, and go off to a city parish, as soon as the summer is over."

Maurice was too full of the novelty and pride of his position to do other than to assent cordially to this proposition. He was flattered at the estimate put upon him, and very glad to get to work; and he walked forth with his entertainer to see his future church. It was small, but centrally situated; in fact, it watched the meeting-house on the green with the air of a Skye terrier bristling up at a great indolent Newfoundlander. To this look, its high-pitched roof between two wooden turrets, which were like pocket-telescopes, contributed not a little. In its gable was a pointed window, with Tudor mouldings; and along the eaves ran wooden battlements. Its capacity for seating was about three hundred. Maurice surveyed it inside and out with the pleasure, and yet with the dignity, proper to one assuming his first charge. Then he went to tea at his new parishioner's house, where he was received with great deference; but evidently the young people were slightly oppressed by his presence. So, after tea, his host having to "go to the store," Maurice excused himself, and started for a walk around the village.

He followed up the course of the stream from which the village takes its name,—the Norowam. He crossed a small bridge, leaning over the railing, while he lingered, to enjoy the lovely little vista which opened up and down the stream,—tall trees bending over it, even to the edge of the green, turfy banks, and the shallow, rippling current showing beneath, here and there, the mossy stones. Then he passed on, and came round by a circuit to a grave-yard, in front of which were the unfinished walls of an edifice manifestly ecclesiastical. It was of rough native granite, with smooth brown-stone dressings in the door-ways and arches of the windows. Maurice wandered around it, till at one corner he found a stone with a floriated cross cut into it. Beneath this was the name in Gothic letters,—

St. Mark's.

The interior was strewn with fragments of stone; neither roof nor floor were yet begun.

The bells just then began to ring for evening service, for it was Wednesday night. Maurice gave a glance into the little neglected-looking grave-yard, with its rough and tumbling stone wall; marked the overgrown, untidy aspect it presented; and then the idea came to him, that now would be a capital opportunity to see his ministerial rivals, or some of them. So he followed the tolling bells back into the main street. He passed one fresh-looking edifice; but it was unlighted. When he reached the old Puritan meeting-house, though its bell went, its doors seemed closed. He asked a passer-by where the service was to be held. "Prayer-meetin' in the lecture-room, over to the new church." So Maurice, catching sight of a Gothic tower and spire through the trees, followed the toll of its bell. He found it standing rather apart, among pleasant villa residences, and in front of a triangular green, around which were set a few straggling elm-slips; and in the centre a bare spot marked the play-place of the village boys. The church was a large building, wooden, with plenty of battlements, pinnacles, and buttresses. Its proportions, however, were not unpleasing. Maurice looked in through the arched door-ways. He saw that the lamps were lighted upon a heavy desk and pulpit of dark wood. Each stood distinct, and between and behind them appeared the chancel and chancel-rail. He was struck with the length of the church, made more apparent by the few worshippers who were scattered here and there. "Well, this is coming to headquarters of the enemy," he said to himself, as he quietly slipped into a side pew. When the bell ceased tolling, the church was about a quarter filled. Some families appeared in full force, coming in in quite a compact body, and filling two or three pews contiguous, while in other places single church-goers sat alone. The clergyman entered by a narrow, arched door, on the side of which was a monumental tablet, the black lettering of which Maurice in vain attempted to read. There were two ministers; one of them a large, elderly man, with a full rotund face, and gray hair. It was a face with a grave, reverent expression, with lines

which might either harden to sternness or soften to sweetness. The other was evidently young, quite young. His hair, quite long and with something of a wave, was very fine and silken, and brushed back from his brow. It fell around the smooth oval of a face whose perfect features, in their almost womanish perfection, had a marked likeness to that beautiful ideal which the Italian painters have chosen for Saint John the Divine. The impression of the face was rather that of purity than of power. The service was read by the elderly clergyman, with that quiet, natural impressiveness which belongs to a class passing away,—the noble, hard-working, unpretending, but earnest and really most able men, who belonged to the Church's militant days, before ambitious youths were taught to intone badly, and to vindicate their apostolicity by murder of the Queen's English. There was no organ or chanting; but a metrical psalm was given out at the close of the evening prayer, and the tune set by one of the congregation. It was sung rather falteringly till the young clergyman rose from his knees, after his private devotions, and threw into it the support of a voice evidently of high culture and great natural sweetness. As the "Gloria" ceased, he came forward to the rail of the narrow chancel, and began his lecture. He announced no text, but went at once to the subject,—that of Confirmation. After running briefly over the warrant for the rite, its institution by the apostles in Samaria, and then making a few citations from the Fathers, he began to speak of what it was,—the ratifying and confirming of the Baptismal vows on the part of the candidate, and the ratifying and confirming to the candidate of the Divine pledges made in Holy Baptism. Maurice listened attentively. Here, amid the fluent and apparently commonplace remarks of the young clergyman, was struck out a thought which to him was full of importance. The mystery of infant baptism, the meaningless formalism, as it had seemed to him, of the sponsors, was all at once put in a new light. The promise by the infant was then real,—only in abeyance for a season. But, with this, the promise to the infant,—spiritual regeneration, was not *that* also confirmed? He followed the simple words, so lacking in argumentative arrangement, so full of broad and positive assertion, half rebelling against them. He saw, or thought he saw, points missed, and loop-

holes left for question; but, in spite of this, the sincere, eager earnestness, and the clear, assured sense, on the part of the speaker, of his position, was telling upon him. Scornfully he tried to throw it off: but the while there was wrought out, clearer and clearer, the conviction that the young Minister was speaking with something back of him; that he had a firm, definite theory of the relation of the baptized child: and with this the thought came, that this theory was *not* unreasonable. Holding the Prayer-book in his hand, and reading passages of the service, and then turning to the Catechism and Collects for corroborating testimony, the preacher showed that he was teaching the familiar doctrine of his Church. Then, with a fire which Maurice had hardly suspected in him, he closed with a direct appeal to those present to come forward at the Bishop's approaching visitation.

Maurice rose from his place, after the benediction, and went up to read the memorial tablet. It told him, that the Rev. Adoniram Griffith, D. D., had been for fifty years the Rector of the parish, of which he was the founder. Maurice turned to go, as the sexton was putting out the lights. Two or three ladies were conversing in low tones in the porch. The younger clergyman of St. Jude's—for that was the church's name—came hastily down the aisle and greeted them. One of them turned to reply as Maurice passed; and, in the vestibule lamplight, Maurice found himself face to face with Maud de Forrest. An exclamation of surprise broke from his lips, and, at the same moment, a smile and blush of recognition came over her face. That face was more beautiful than when he had first seen it. She held out her hand in greeting. "How did you come here?" she said. "Why, this is to be my home; I am now a minister." She glanced at his straight-cut coat—which Maurice had ordered of a church tailor of undoubted orthodoxy—and his white neck-cloth, and said, "What! of the Church? Why were you not in the chancel to-night?"—"No, not this Church; I did not mean that; but a minister in this town—Norowam. I am preaching at the Universalist Church; but you see I can come here with pleasure, and," slightly bowing to the young clergyman, Maurice added, "with profit."—"Mr. Maurice," said Maud, "let me introduce to you my cousin, the Rev. Alfred Winthrop. We met Mr.

Maurice, Alfred, in Rome—uncle and I.” They walked down the street together, Miss de Forrest chatting with more animation than formerly, asking and answering questions of their common travels, while Winthrop walked silently on the other side. Two other ladies of the party were just before, but Winthrop made no effort to join them. Maurice half suspected that he was considered *de trop* by one of the party. The fact was, that Winthrop was only too tired, after preaching, to care to use his voice in the night air. They reached one of the villa-like dwellings of the town, where the ladies went in. “I shall be happy to have you call,” said Miss de Forrest, as she held out her hand at parting. The two young men turned to go. “Where are you stopping?” said Winthrop.—“I am at the hotel.”—“So am I; this, then, is our way.” They walked on together. “We shall see more of each other, I suspect,” said Maurice; “let me tell you who I am.” But his confidence did not waken any very eager response. The other listened courteously to his story, but, when it was finished, simply replied, “I am not here permanently; only assisting the Rev. Cyril Donne, the Rector of St. Jude’s, while the regular assistant is abroad. I shall be happy to see you at my rooms, which are, like yours, in the hotel, when you are disposed to call. But I am quite busy just now, and have little leisure for visiting till after the Bishop has been here. I would ask you in to-night, but am very tired, and must beg you to excuse me.”

Maurice bade him good-night, and sat awhile on the veranda, thinking over the day. “Winthrop! Winthrop! a Boston name, and he has the Beacon-street air; but he is too young to be a Harvard man before my time, or I should have seen him.” The fact was, Winthrop was of Trinity. And so ended Bryan’s entry into Norowam. At first, Maurice, though they met at meal-times, saw very little of his new acquaintance. He was speedily made aware, by his manager, that he must get acquainted with his flock; and was taken about indefatigably, to be introduced to the Darlings, the Swifts, the Selwoods, the Munceys, Widow White, and the maiden sisters Wray, and all the good people of his flock, mostly the trades-people or old residents of the place. All urged upon him the importance of standing well with a certain family that were living that summer in the old Ponacus manor-house on Ponacus Point. This family—the

Grahams—were city people, who might stay up for the winter, and whose advent had evidently caused no little sensation in the little society. If the Sunday were pleasant, he would see them. They were very rich, and quite disposed to patronize the body in which they worshipped.

What with furnishing his room, unpacking his books,—which arrived Saturday,—he found no leisure to call on Miss de Forrest, or to look in upon Winthrop. The weather was exhaustingly warm, and the hotel hot, noisy and uncomfortable.

Sunday came, and with it the necessity of his first service. He found the little edifice well filled; and no small stir and rustle took place, as, with as slow and dignified a step as his nerves would permit, he walked up the aisle, and took his place in the pulpit. He knelt for a moment in private prayer, somewhat to the astonishment of a portion of the people; but his thoughts were so little composed, that he had recourse to a brief form he had found in one of his Episcopalian books of devotion. As he rose, the choir, led by a melodeon, opened with a very showy anthem. That gave him time to regain his self-possession a little; so that, with a tolerably steady voice, he was able to offer the short introductory prayer. He then read (ambitiously, of course, but not without effectiveness) the hymn, and, while the choir were singing it, found the chapter from which his text was taken. The reading of its grand and simple words helped him wonderfully in overcoming the awkward sensation of being looked at; so that, when he once more said "Let us pray," he was enabled to abstract himself from his novel attitude. He had in his first petition used nearly word for word the familiar language of his college-chapel days; but now he was thrown upon his own resources. But for his Prayer-book studies he would have broken down. As it was, he found great relief in sliding into well-remembered phrases, and was heartily glad to find himself at the final "Amen." While the second hymn was being sung, he made a mental vow to introduce a liturgy at the first opportunity.

When he opened his sermon, and announced his text, he felt comparatively at ease. There was enough of magnetism in the sympathy of his audience; and he felt, that, by culture and experience, he was fully up to their average

level. So he gave himself up to the work of delivery. It was a creditable effort. Of course, it was above the heads of the congregation; but that did no harm. The clear, chaste style, which his Cambridge training had given him, could not fail to tell. Above all, it was a new speaker, a new face, and new thoughts: at least, a new dress for old ones. He had incorporated into it a little of his Broad-Church theories, about taking from every quarter whatever was good and beautiful. Faces lighted up as they listened to his earnest, if impracticable, visions.

It is wonderful how eagerly the Unitarian mind feeds on this fancy. Like the Tartar khan, whose heralds proclaim, when he has finished his repast of mare's milk and dates, that the rest of the world may go to dinner; so the almost microscopic company of "Liberal Christians" delight to permit, patronizingly, the holy Catholic Church throughout the world to banquet on their leavings. All sects and all ages are their property. Happy little summer flies! *Dum vivimus, vivamus!* Let them enjoy in their brief season; and when we lay to rest, in the pleasant shades of Mount Auburn, the last of the race, let us say over him, "He was a 'Liberal Christian,' and nothing ecclesiastical was alien to him."

Maurice was not long in learning of the effect of his first sermon. It was intimated to him in the grave glances of his leading men, and the more timid, but enthusiastic, looks of half a score of young ladies. A handsome private carriage was at the door, with a coachman in plain livery on the box. Two ladies were already seated, and an elderly gentleman stood at the step. He advanced to meet Maurice, and held out his hand. "My name is Graham," he said: "my friend Dr. —, of New York, for whom you preached last Sunday, spoke to me of you. We are delighted to have you here; and you have interested us all exceedingly to-day. We shall be happy to see you at Ponacus. My wife and daughter, Mr. Maurice." The ladies bowed; but the horses were fretting impatiently, and permitted no longer conversation. The carriage whirled away; but a hand was laid on Maurice's shoulder, and his manager stood before him, his face shining with heat and satisfaction.

"You've done it for them folks," he said: "Graham

says to me, as he came out, 'We're much obliged to you, Mr. Swift, for giving us such a treat;' and I heard Miss Graham say to him, 'You'll have to build him a new church here, if we come up to stay the year round.' Come home and dine with us. We're plain folks, Mr. Maurice; but we can give you as good a dinner as Graham could."

The good dinner and the smaller congregation combined against Maurice's second effort: but the greater freedom he felt perhaps corrected that; and, as he walked home from the afternoon church, many eyes looked admiringly after him.

He was quite tired, but it was mental and nervous fatigue more than physical; and so, after tea, hearing St. Jude's bell ring, he went off to soothe it there.

This time the old Rector preached, Winthrop reading the prayers. Maurice at first criticised coldly. But, by and by, the warm earnestness of the gray-haired man won upon him, and the homely arguments were not powerless. It was not in the way of any direct proof, but the evident conviction of the speaker in the Lord's divinity, which impressed and provoked him. From that as a centre seemed to radiate all his thought. Maurice had always assumed the prime mistake of all Unitarian teaching, that the divinity of Christ was a deduction from the supposed necessity of an atonement, and a theological system built thereon. Here was the reverse. Christ, God, required the atonement; not the atonement that Jesus should be God. Upon this was built the whole fabric of a visible Church. The position annoyed him by its reasonableness. His first feeling was one of spleen, as if the enemy had forsaken the ground on which he ought to have been allowed to attack, and had retreated to an intrenched camp. What right had this man to forsake all that he had been sedulously learning to overthrow in his Divinity-school studies?

He dropped into Winthrop's room after the service. The young clergyman received him less formally than before, and was disposed to talk. They found that they had many acquaintances in common; and Alfred Winthrop was one of those capital fellows who cannot help thawing out to any true and gentlemanly advances. Maurice was too full of his theological troubles to keep away from them. He took advantage of the first pause to dash into the subject. "I

heard you preach the other night," he said; "and I own I was quite convinced of what you said, granting your point of view. But how do you know what children to baptize?" Winthrop started. "I mean, how do you recognize the elect?"—"We don't; we baptize all who are properly presented for baptism. *All* children are elect; that is, I mean, Christ died for all mankind."—"But do you mean that all are saved? Why, then, are you so hard on the Universalists?"—"No, of course not: those who accept him as a Saviour are saved, those who reject him are lost."—"But the children cannot accept him?"—"Yes, they do: that is my very point in Confirmation."—"But suppose they die before that?"—"If they die as irresponsible infants, they are received into Christ's kingdom, of course." "But if they are not baptized?"—"That not being their fault, they, perhaps, are not to be held guilty; but, since all men can come to holy baptism if they will, the adults, at least, must take the consequences of refusal. Meanwhile, we have to do all we can to see that the children do not suffer from our neglect. I was last week in every house in Connemara,—that is, you know, the Irish quarter of Norowam over here,—looking up Protestant children. We baptized twelve, the doctor and I, this afternoon."—"But how do you get sponsors?"—"Well, that is hard, but their Sunday-school teachers almost always, and any who will take an interest in them. We are improving in this. I hope to get the sponsors to come up with them to Confirmation some day, and so fulfil their obligation of *taking care* that the children be brought to the Bishop."—"But how do you get the children to come to Sunday-school? They tell me that my Sunday-school is very small, and that I had better not trouble myself about it. There are jealousies about classing poor children with rich ones, I fancy?"—"We have no such trouble, or rather, we cut all that very short; and, as for getting children to come, the trouble is to keep them from coming against their parents' wishes. Christmas and Easter are such grand times for children."—"Oh!" said Maurice, with a half sigh, "your Church system,—it is certainly one of the prettiest of theories, so long as one can believe it: I wish I could."—"My dear fellow, it is *real*. What you want is to stop thinking about Christmas and Easter as pleasant English customs, and get to the reason

why the Englishman loves them,—because they are concerning the Birth and Resurrection of our Lord. You must make that real first.”—“There is the puzzle to me, how one’s abstract theology can make any difference with the practical every-day work of the Church?”—“It is not abstract. You must find Christ real, incarnate, in His Church. The Church is Christ’s body, you know.”—“No; I don’t know any such thing. Who says so?”—“St. Paul said something very like it in one, if not in more, of his Epistles.”

“Come now, are you serious?” said Maurice; but, seeing Winthrop was looking rather shocked, turned the conversation, and took his leave soon after. Winthrop was inclined to be very distant after this, for a season. Being a young man, just at the age to which the priesthood was permissible by the canons of his Church, he could not see much else in Maurice but sinful and shocking heresy, which was to be combated in a downright manner. However, they were at the same table, and were drawn by the same general sympathies, and could not help meeting and talking, and so, by slow, cross-grained ways, getting to know each other better.

We have said, or intimated, that the Congregationalists of Norowam had just got a new man. The history of that society was one and the same with the other two hundred and fifty of Connecticut. It had once been the dominant one of the place. It was the sick lion of the fable now. A large and wealthy section had become Presbyterian, not because it doubted the validity of Independent Orders, but because it had quarrelled with the leading men of the “First Church,” and preferred to separate. The Baptists had nibbled at their edges, the Methodists had plundered them at the close of a grand revival, and, worst of all, there was a steady drift of the young people into St. Jude’s. So the society, feeling a little pinched, and seeing some vacant pews, had fallen back upon their biennial resource, which was to quarrel with their pastor, and get a new one. This, after three months of trying, they had just succeeded in. The Rev. Augustine Ralston had preached as a candidate, one Sunday, and taken them all by storm. He was not, however, the great Augustine Ralston, D.D., but the nephew of that distinguished luminary of New Englandism. He

received a very hearty call, and accepted it with due cavalier nonchalance, which showed what card he intended to play.

With the Puritan ministry of New England, there is just one single alternative. Either they must rule the congregation, or let the congregation rule them. It is a despotism which sometimes stands on its head, and sometimes on its heels, but ever a despotism. The recalcitrant deacons, the dissentient church-members, must be crushed, or the minister must be under the thumb of every old Manse Headrigg in the parish; and his wife will not dare to say her soul, much less her bonnet, is her own. Therefore Augustine did nicely in taking the initiative. The first attack is half the battle. Moreover, he felt the more confident, since, in the event of coming defeat, there was open to him those safe fortresses of "agencies," secretaryships, and the like, which run in the families of leading sectarian divines, one knows not precisely how, but after the manner of that nepotism which is supposed to flourish beneath the shadow of the Vatican. He was a keen, wary, yet genial man, very fond of art, with that uncultivated, indiscriminate fondness for it which repression is apt to produce, like the Quaker girls longing after bright hues, and the Quaker youth's fervor for theatricals. He was a great, though slightly indiscriminate, amateur in music; had notions about architecture; and was well, but diffusely read. He was extraordinarily independent in his views,—indeed, his ideas were subversive of all the old Puritan platforms, and he loved to air them in controversy. He was not a little in the mood of the Irishman who was "blue-moulded for want of a bating," when he came to Norowam. He was not quarrelsome,—far from it. Gentlemanly, kindly, and thoroughly even-tempered, but having grown up in a school which regards all opinions rather as the foils with which you show your skill in fence than as the sword with which one fights for life and death, he was always on the *qui vive* for battle.

However, he came to the same hotel with Maurice and Winthrop, and was naturally set down at the table in their neighborhood. Winthrop was not inclined for long chats, being busy as a bee; but Ralston, who was ready to attack the episcopacy of the one and the heresy of the other, and

contrived, in a dexterous way, to assume to himself a sort of arbitration—became a conversational solvent in drawing Maurice and Winthrop into better acquaintance.

One of these talks had so far a bearing on the story that it needs to be given. Ralston's first attempt was upon Winthrop. Indeed, he rather ignored Maurice at first, till the latter set him right upon a point of history, which Ralston, to do him all justice, received with entire good nature. Provoking as he could be, when you came to know him, it was impossible to quarrel with him. He *was* provoking, however. He took advantage of a silence at the dinner-table to address Winthrop so pointedly as to draw the attention of all upon him. "Brother Winthrop, when shall we have the pleasure of an exchange?"—"Thank you, Mr. Ralston, I shall be engaged till after Christmas, and then I shall probably leave." Ralston bit his lip, but resumed, "I take it, this is an admission that you would exchange with me if you were at liberty?"—"I can't say that it is," was the reply. "I don't know you well enough to ask you into my pulpit."—"Oh, I can give you first-rate credentials."—"One will do; when you will bring me the Bishop's testimonial, that will be all I shall ask."—"That is easily enough done; there is Bishop Ralston, my father, and the Bishop of Hartford, and the Bishop of Maromus, and the Bishop of Norfield, twenty Bishops."—"H'm," said Winthrop, with a slight twinkle in his eye, "'I want better assurance than Bardolph's; I like not the security.' Besides, there is another reason I ought to have given. I have no pulpit to invite you into at present; I am only Dr. Donne's assistant." "Come, now, that is mere fencing with the question. Would you exchange with me if you had the power?" "No, I would not," said Winthrop, tired of this badgering, "or with any other who tried to tease me into it." "Oh! that is not the reason. I am not pressing you to do the thing, only to say why you are unwilling. Now, be frank; say it is because you do not hold my orders to be valid." "Very well, Mr. Ralston, you knew that perfectly well; you knew, before you asked me, that no Episcopal clergyman in this Diocese would exchange with you, or consider you to be a lawful minister; and you ought to know, too, that, because it might be disagreeable to you, any of us would shrink from stating unnecessarily what we all believe.

If you wish me to say it, however, I have not the smallest hesitation. I do not consider you, in any sense, a validly ordained minister, and, unless you are in a different position from most Congregationalists, you are a teacher of heresy." "Well!" broke in another of the boarders, "that *is* polite; I must say that is Christian talk for a gospel minister."—"Yes," said Maurice, who had been quietly listening, "it *is* polite. Mr. Ralston has been for ten minutes trying to make Mr. Winthrop say this. It is evident that his feelings would have been hurt if he had not succeeded in making Mr. Winthrop say it. As to it being Christian, if Mr. Winthrop believes it, it is perfectly Christian for him to say so. You, sir," turning to the interposing party, a manifest layman, "were very indignant last Monday, because that Spiritualist woman called herself a minister of the Gospel. Was it unchristian in you to say she was not?" "Oh, that was different; the Bible says women should not speak in the churches." "The Bible may have something to say on Mr. Winthrop's side also."

Ralston nodded good-humoredly across the table. He was too quick not to see when he was fairly met, and too candid not to enjoy it.

"But why," said Maurice, turning to him, "don't you ask me? I am a Congregationalist, like yourself." "Not in fellowship with the Windfield Con-sociation." "Is that necessary? You exchange with Dr. Knox, the Methodist; and you have asked Mr. Winthrop, who, I am sure, is not in fellowship with the Windfield Con-sociation." "Oh, we extend the courtesy of our pulpits to the Orthodox denominations, to any Evangelical Christians." "Well?" said Maurice. "But you are a Unitarian." "I don't admit that. I stand upon the declaration of faith of my congregation. I have it here," said Maurice, pulling out a little square pamphlet. "You admit the right of each body of Christians to frame its own professions?" "Yes—that is, with some limitations." "And you cannot refuse us the privilege of stating the doctrine of the Trinity in our own terms. If you do, Mr. Winthrop may have a word to say about varying from the Nicene Creed." I make a distinction," said Ralston, rousing a little; "that cannot be called a statement of doctrine which in terms denies it." "Does our confession of faith? Do you know it?" "Ah!—well,

I conclude, of course, it does, or you are not holding to it." "Wait and see!" Maurice read the introductory part of his Church's Creed. It had been drawn up to keep in a portion of the Universalists who were Orthodox—that is, held the Trinity, but not eternity of retribution. It carefully neither affirmed nor denied, but could fairly be taken either way. It was, in fact, a guarded statement cleverly put together out of Scripture texts. "Well—ah!—yes, I am glad you are so orthodox; but, you see, there is more to come; universal salvation does, in fact, destroy all the other statements." Maurice tossed his little pamphlet across the table to him. That remarkable document had also been carefully devised so as to meet the views of some old-fashioned Unitarians, who liked to have a fair outlook toward the penalty side of the universe. Ralston turned and twisted; but the words were all Scripture—nothing, in fact, but a mosaic of texts. "Very well put, indeed, Mr. Maurice, yours; but, I think, under the known impression which the word 'Universalist' carries with it, a certain rule of interpretation must modify these words." "Pardon me," said Maurice, "I deny that. You refuse me a right of general comity. It is for you to show affirmatively that you are justified, not for me to prove my good standing. Besides, Universalist may mean nothing more than a synonyme for Catholic. Brother Winthrop has a prayer in his liturgy about the 'Holy Church Universal.' And, again, Universalist is the name *you* gave *us*, not *we* to ourselves. 'The First Christian Society in Norowam' is, as you may see, our proper name." Winthrop laughed outright. Ralston looked annoyed. He was better used to playing at that game than of suffering by it, and he could read upon one or two faces that he was getting the worst of it in their opinion. "If yours is a Congregational platform, as you contend," he said, finally—"and, by reason of its ambiguities, I cannot well deny it without further study—then you are guilty of schism in establishing it in a town where there is already a Congregational Church." ("Schism from *what?*" said Winthrop, softly to himself.) "And more than that, I must say that it is both disingenuous and discourteous in your people—not in you, Mr. Maurice, this was before you came, when *we* were the First Church of Christ in Norowam—to take a name so near our own." With this

parting shot, he jumped up from the table and disappeared.

“Winthrop,” said Maurice, with profound gravity, “after this you will excuse me from asking you to exchange. I cannot concede to you valid orders, as I have none myself; nor a sound faith, since you use the Apostles’ Creed, which is susceptible both of a Unitarian and Universalist application.” “Some day,” said Winthrop, looking steadily at him, “I am sure I shall ask you, and break no canon by doing it either, or I am much mistaken:” and he held out his hand, adding, with a warm pressure, “It will be a happy day for me; for I like you, Maurice.”

CHAPTER XVII.

MAURICE went into his work with plenty of enthusiasm. He could not or would not see that his people were not going along with him. In truth, they yielded at first with a sort of puzzled and amused good-nature which he mistook for entire acquiescence. He had no great experience of the class to which his congregation mainly belonged, and did not even suspect the resolute, hard and unchanging Connecticut character which lay beneath their apparent ductility. One of his plans was to revive the Sunday School. This, though he did not know it, had been a sore bone of contention and had caused the downfall of one of his predecessors. When Maurice spoke of his intention at the house of his manager, one of the young ladies exchanged significant glances with her mother, and her father said after a moment's pause—"Well, I don't know. Mr. Spaulding, he didn't make much out of it. Our folks doesn't care so much about Sunday Schools as some does." Maurice was utterly unaware of the depth of meaning which lay beneath this simple and guarded sentence. He did not suspect it was meant for a warning, and went on with his plans and his eagerness. After he had gone the good wife said—"Now father why didn't you tell Mr. Maurice what trouble Mr. Spaulding had?" "He'll find out soon enough—and p'raps, as he's a different sort of a man from what Spauldin' was, he may make out better. Anyhow, I like a man to try what he wants to try, and then if it don't succeed, he knows where his weak pints is. Mr. Maurice has got to make some blunders, and he might just as well make them now while he is popular. Any rate he shan't have to say we headed him off, and Sary Ann and 'Mandy Jane—or one on 'em will have to take a class for him—'twon't last long, girls." So Maurice set to

work—enlisted the prettiest and cleverest girls he could find for teachers, and then proceeded to gather the children. The congregation did not furnish him many. He found that most of his flock were single young men in stores, mechanics who did not come to church much—several old maids and a residuum of families which had as it were collected from the leakages of other societies. In fact he had, though he did not know it, the crooked sticks of the village wood-pile—or, to use another metaphor, the monuments of all the past old feuds. There was Rhoda Andrews who had once been a burning light of the Baptists, but had left them in the days of the great slander case which divided Bethesda Church and set up Siloam tabernacle by the pond. There were the Styles family who deserted St. Jude's because of the cap-pattern quarrel with old Mrs. Rounseville. They called it Dr. Donne's Puseyism, but everybody knew what *that* meant. Then Weston Hicks had "quit the Congregationalists at the time Parson Brooks was treated so shameful." Pratt also the jeweller had been disciplined by the Methodists in a matter involving the fineness and purity of the gold he dealt in. And then, oddest of all, side by side in their respective pews sate Sam Saunders who retired from the Presbyterians, because the Parson would preach about slavery, and Justin C. Sorr, who left St. Jude's because the Rector declined to make that his sole topic. Nevertheless in all these families the children were not disturbed in their old associations, but kept on where they were wont to go—or else had been permitted to select for themselves. Not more than a dozen could be fairly counted on in the congregation.

Then Maurice undertook a regular visiting tour among the poorer families of the town in hopes of stragglers. He spoke of this innocently enough to Winthrop one day at dinner. Winthrop gave one sharp side glance at him and said nothing, but finished his meal rather abruptly. Half an hour afterward two of the prettiest and brightest girls in Norowam were watching the young Unitarian as he walked down Carleton street, and ten minutes after he passed were upon his track. Each house that he entered was noted, and not a child was lost to St. Jude's Sunday School. Maurice however did add some ten to his list, waifs from the rest of the village societies, and was encouraged to

hope for several more of the regular Bohemians of Sunday Schools, children who are the despair of superintendents and the plague of parsons, always ready to enlist where the libraries are new, festivals, pic-nics or clothing supplies in prospect, and quite as sure to desert as soon as the inducement is obtained. They are the "bounty-jumpers" of the Sunday School army. Maurice found that these last questioned him rather keenly about the new books, and if there would be a Christmas-tree, and volunteered a deal of information about the usages of other Sunday Schools which, had he been one whit more experienced, would have put him on his guard. He picked up one precious bit of information however which *did* initiate him somewhat. One day, or rather one evening he was walking away from the Post Office toward the Railway Station, when he met a couple of little girls somewhere between the ages of eight and twelve. He heard one of them say as he passed, "That's the new minister up to the Universalists." A few steps further on he put his hand into his overcoat pocket and found a letter he had forgotten to post. He returned on his steps and came up with the two damsels just in the shadiest part of Carleton Street. They were talking very earnestly and quite loudly, as the wont of such is, and he "could not choose but hear." "Then says I to her, Ann Maria, I'm not going to your Sunday-School any more, and Susy Blake and Lou Porter and they all said they wasn't going, and then she said she was going to have a prize if she brought more scholars than any other girl in her class. And then we said—'What was it,' and she said it was a Bible, only she wished it was a fan, and she meant to change it at the store for a fan and half a dollar, and then we said we'd all go if she'd spend the half-dollar for candy and give it to us, and she said she would, and then we all went the very next Sunday, and then only think when she got the prize she wouldn't change it—she said her mother had took and locked it up and would only let her have it Sundays to take to meeting, and just as soon as they have their pic-nic I'm going to leave and go to some other school. It was real mean of her, and just as soon as I get hold of that Bible I'll ——" Here the sound of Maurice's footsteps startled the speaker into silence.

However, the next Sunday there was a pretty good show of scholars, and Maurice was busy taking the names and then distributing into classes among his young ladies—which, though he was not aware of it, he managed so as to give plenty of jealous heart-burning to the young maidens who were all unused to submit to clerical authority. Then he tried to have a general lesson, which did not turn out very brilliantly, as he was all unused to that most difficult of works—talking to children, and had really nothing in particular to say. So, to cover his retreat, he gave out a hymn which being familiar to these little ones in other schools they joined in with plenty of noise if not of time and tune; but wound up with a doxology which was heartily sung just at the close of the school when the congregation were beginning to enter the building. This was both to the astonishment and horror of one or two who then and there secretly registered a vow against the Sunday School. Then the pretty new books in red and blue covers were given out, Maurice having to act as librarian himself, in his haste and nervousness giving out many more than he put down—the young man whom he had selected for that duty having taken the day, which was fine, for a drive to the next town. The congregation were also kept waiting, and Maurice went into his pulpit in a much less assured manner than usual. Moreover the rustling of leaves put him out several times during his sermon.

The next day however came the worst consequence. He was sitting in his room which he had fitted up very comfortably as a parlor and study, and Winthrop had just come in to call upon him, rather formally it must be confessed—when there was a knock at the door. Two ladies entered, the very rustle of whose garments betokened suppressed indignation. The elder of the two, who wore a manifest “front,” introduced herself, saying, “I am Mrs. Abbott and this is Mrs. Tyler, our pastor’s wife.” Maurice tried to do the honors by presenting Winthrop, when there came a sudden outburst of the bottled wrath. “Oh I’m glad to have Mr. Winthrop here—the new ’piscopal minister, I s’pose. I’ve known Dr. Donne these twenty years, and *he* never countenanced no such doings. *He* never allowed no such meanness as his teachers to go round gettin’ away other people’s Sunday scholars.” Maurice colored up a

little, but Winthrop met the attack. "If you mean to allude to Susan Prince—she was in the Sunday School of St. Jude's when I first came here. Her mother took her away—because she said she would not have her child in the same class with the poor children, and Susan was so distressed at it that now the Jones family have left Norowam, Mrs. Prince herself came to me and begged that Susan might come back. She is the only scholar in St. Jude's whom I know of, that has been in any other school since I had charge of it. Is yours the Methodist or Baptist, Mrs. Abbott?" The good lady answered very curtly with an indignant sniff—"You've taken the child away from where she was gettin' religion, to where there ain't no vital piety, only forms, forms, forms, and you'll have to answer for her soul some day." "But that has nothing to do with the meanness, as you call it. If there has been any 'getting away,' it was on the part of those who went to Mrs. Prince and told her that the Jones children were not fit company for her child." "Our pastor's wife" here suddenly let down her veil. "I will not say," said Winthrop, "that untrue stories were told, nor (with a slight rhetorical confusion for which we must pardon him) who told them, but there has been no interference, at the same time I know that the same jacket and trowsers have been offered to five different mothers in my congregation if their boys would leave St. Jude's and come to your Sunday School." Maurice thought the enemy repulsed and ventured into the fight. "What have *I* done?" he asked. "What no gentleman and no Christian—though I don't call Universalists Christians—would do; going round and coaxing Sunday-schoolers away, and then giving them Unitarian books to read, and to take them home to their families." "But I assure you," said Bryan, "I have done nothing of the sort. I never asked any children to come who said they went anywhere else—on the contrary, I forbade two to come." "Didn't I see myself, them two Collinses coming out of your meeting-house this very last Sabbath morning?—I'd like to know if the man means to face me out of my eyesight." Winthrop laughed aloud. "Come, come, Mrs. Abbott, you mustn't make any account of Sam and Sally Collins; you know they have gone uninvited to every Sunday School in Norowam. Mr. Maurice is rather new

here—but *you* know how they can lie. I don't think we shall any of us complain if he can do them some good." "He won't do them good by teaching them to deny their Saviour and giving them Unitarian books round."

After much trouble the matter was sifted from all irrelevant issues, and the real grievance came to light. It was that the aforesaid Sally Collins, 'a born limb' as the matron called her, had induced the youngest Abbott to the new Sunday School, instead of going where she belonged, and that Maurice had in utter unconsciousness given to her, the daughter of an ex-Methodist minister, a book on the title-page of which was the imprint: "Published by the American Unitarian Association." This book woefully soiled and torn was slapped indignantly down on Maurice's table. "Well, madam," said he, very blandly but not without inward heat, "what must I do to atone for my involuntary trespass?" "I know what you'd better do—and that is, give up trying for a Sabbath School, for according to what my Ruth Jane says, you don't make much out of it. She never see such order, Miss Tyler, in all her born days she says; but I s'pose you'll hardly do that. But if you'll write a note to Brother Tyler and say that you are very sorry and that it sha'n't happen again, why, he's a Christian spirited man, and he'll forgive you." Maurice was gifted with a coolness which in moments of intense provocation stood his friend. He was determined to match her impudence, and with a most winning civility of manner he replied: "I think, that would hardly atone for all my faults—but this I trust will do. If you and your husband will take a pew in my church, I will try to get a class for you to teach, and nobody, not even Mr. Winthrop here, shall get your scholars away."

She stood as if stupefied a moment and then turned and walked straight out of the door, never looking to the right or left. The pastor's wife followed her, turning however as she made her exit with a meek, "Good morning, gentlemen." Winthrop threw himself upon Maurice's sofa in a fit of laughter. When he could command his voice he said: "Mr. Maurice, I happen to know that you have behaved very fairly and honorably in this matter, and one thing I came in for this morning was to thank you for it. As for that old tabby, don't worry yourself. I wish she

had asked *me* to apologize. But you and I, whatever we may differ upon, will I'm sure always be gentlemen to one another." Maurice smoothed the ruffled plumes of his temper and soon they were chatting very pleasantly, concerning common friends in Boston and Europe where Winthrop had spent some years as a boy. It was the beginning of a warm friendship between the two.

"It never rains but it pours:" a proverb meteorologically false, but morally justified. Winthrop had hardly gone when Ralston appeared. Maurice was in a belligerent mood, and braced himself for a renewal of the fight on more equal terms. He was not surprised at his visitor's beginning with desultory conversation, for he knew that peculiarly feline way in which Puritanism trains its clergy, of making a sudden spring upon their victims. However he was none the less taken by surprise, when Ralston said as if the thought had just come into his head: "Ah! by the way, Mr. Maurice, you expressed yourself quite strongly—not, eh—stronger than I liked—upon the subject of Christian unity. I thought that perhaps you would not object to a practical test. I, eh, came to propose to you that you should join some of us in a plan for a Young Men's Christian Association. The management will, I believe that is customary, be confined to members of the first church in Norowam and such evangelical bodies as are in fellowship with us: but all other sects are invited to join, and will be entitled to all its benefits including the Reading Room. If you and the young men of your society who bear a good moral character would like to join in it, we shall be delighted to have you."

"Let me see," said Maurice, "we are to have no part in the management. Could we introduce into the Reading Room Universalist or Unitarian newspapers or magazines?" "Well, eh, no—that is, the committee on that subject must approve—but—I'll tell you what will be better than to bring in a bone of controversy—you might bring in any secular papers you liked. There is some talk of having a good scientific journal or farmer's paper—your society might donate that. There is for instance the New England Naturalist—it is a trifle, a very trifle more costly than some other secular papers—but very valuable. It is edited by a friend of mine, and I *know* it to be a good thing.

We *would* put it on the list of the Society's own subscriptions, but it was thought best to confine that to religious papers approved by the management." "Ah"—said Maurice—"I suppose the non-voting members subscribe our proportion to the funds of the Society." "Oh yes—a mere trifle—you have the use of all the things which they are used for—Reading Room, fire, lights, etc.; and by the way—we have thought it a good plan in order to encourage membership, to make this regulation, That after twenty members of any denomination have subscribed, all the rest from that church come in free—that admits the poor you know—who might feel a delicacy——Well, what do you think of it? I should be delighted to show you that we are liberal, and that there are places where all professing Christians can meet and join in a common enterprise."

It did Maurice's self-possession great credit that he never changed countenance for a second—but replied with perfect blandness—"I think your plan admirable, and I shall be delighted to take part in it." The other had evidently expected quite another reception of his proposal—for he looked particularly blank for a moment—then gave a sharp side glance to see if Maurice was in earnest or in irony. The countenance of the Unitarian remained undecipherable. "When is your next meeting?" he continued. "Oh, yes—yes—I forgot that. Thursday night—half-past seven. Good-day"—and the Congregationalist bustled off—partly pleased and partly puzzled. "I think he must be coming over," he said—"really I don't see why he shouldn't, he is quite as orthodox as half of our men—only I am afraid he will shift into Episcopacy. I must keep him out of the hands of Winthrop and Dr. Donne—he had better stay where he is than go to them."

Meanwhile the subject of these plans was standing looking at the closed door as if following in visionary sight the departing guest whose steps died away in the corridor. Then he sat down and said to himself—having the bad habit of thinking aloud—"Let me see. *We* are to hold no offices and cast no votes. *We* are not to have our own newspapers or magazines. *We* are to pay for an expensive and I dare say stupid paper, because Ralston wants to get it taken. *We* are to bear in addition our full proportion

of the burden of the expense. *We* cannot get more than twenty names at the most, while the thirty or forty Congregationalists will come in at half-price. It is a *very* admirable scheme—for somebody. I will help it all I can."

He took up the printed copy of the Constitution which Ralston had left. It was a diplomatically worded document, which had come into being through much tribulation. The managers had wished to put in something against Bishops, but the Methodist Minister unexpectedly, but firmly stood out, so they were reluctantly compelled to omit everything which could make the Episcopalians ineligible—for office and voting. They consoled themselves with thinking that they would always be in a small minority, since neither Dr. Donne nor Winthrop approved,—but that was not half so nice as to keep them out entirely by a dexterous use of words, and then to throw the onus of refusing Christian fellowship upon "High Church Bigotry." They had to strike out the word "baptized," because the Baptist minister signified his intention of challenging every one not immersed by a duly immersed Baptist. So the Second Article read as follows—"Every professing Christian, a believer in the Holy Trinity, who is in good standing with his own religious body, may become a member upon signing the Constitution and paying two dollars annual subscription—and all such members shall vote and be eligible to office. Any others of good moral character upon the same terms may become members, except as regards voting and holding office."

Maurice read this through attentively, then read it aloud, checking off each clause as he did so upon his fingers. Then a queer, quizzical smile broke out over his face, and he got up and went out, and in another minute was knocking at the door of another room in the hotel. A young man of his own age admitted him. He was clothed in rusty black with a very long skirted coat and very narrow strip of white linen closely clasping his throat. His blue eye and rather irregularly shaped head, which the close cropped hair fully displayed, betokened that Celtic origin which a slight accent fully confirmed. He looked both astonished and pleased at Maurice's call. When the object of it was proposed to him he looked perplexed, but finally seemed to comprehend, and at last with all the glee of a school-boy

slapped his hand on the table, exclaiming, "I'm with ye!—I'm with ye! I'll just speak to the Father; that's my superior ye know, and we'll have as many of the boys as ye want. Two hundred ye say will do ye. I could get ye four—but two will do. Could they make their marks do ye think in signing the Constitution? No, I'm afraid that wouldn't go—but a hundred can sign. And now can I offer ye anything—it's early in the day—but if ye'd like it's only ringing the bell—if ye'd like to smoke or a drop of something in the punch-line."—"No, thank you," said Maurice, "there is a clause in *our* Constitution about the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco that we must not forget." "Oh, murder! and is it the drink and the pipe that ye object to? We'll, well—it doesn't signify; it's only putting the boys under a vow for a day—and then we'll have the Constitution put to rights ye know."

Maurice was punctual at the meeting on Thursday night. There were some four or five of his own society there. Winthrop declined to join, but laughed when he heard Maurice's plans. The other ministers of the place, except Dr. Donne, were there. The young Irishman sat quietly by Maurice's side. Wondering looks were cast at both, and whispered questions and surmises passed to and fro, amid the little group of managers around the president's table. The subject of most of these comments sat still, merely measuring the room with his eye, as if inwardly picking out places for the introduction of a few highly colored prints of a devotional cast in which the room was rather lacking. Presently the President stepped into his place and rapped for order. About fifteen members present beside the non-voters took their places. "Brother Kendrick," said he, "will you—it is your turn, I believe—lead in prayer?" "No, it is Brother Tyler's turn," was the answer. "I have a bad cold," said Brother Tyler, who was affronted at not having been asked at the first meeting. "Perhaps Brother Ralston had better." After a little amicable wrangle over the matter, the President nothing loth, yielded to some one's suggestion that he should open the meeting, and being a Methodist class-leader, was ready to stir up the gift that was in him. Some stood, some knelt. The Irishman turned his back, crossed himself, and pulled out his little Book of Hours. Maurice remained sitting

with his head upon his hands. He was edified by hearing his own conversion prayed for in everything but by name, and Winthrop who was not there by his name in terms so coarsely offensive that the only Episcopalian in the room got up in the middle of it and walked deliberately out.

When the prayer was over the secretary was called upon to read the minutes. Then the President called for the names of new members. Ralston looked anxiously at his watch. Maurice rose and announced his own name and those of the five others whom he had brought, who desired to be admitted as non-voting members. These were voted in with a quite audible expression of satisfaction. Then the young Irishman arose. "I would like to ask a question. Do ye receive as members all who sign the Constitution and pay the fees?" "Certainly, if they are within its provisions—believers in the Trinity, and in good standing with their own denomination." "They must be of an Evangelical denomination," said Ralston. "No," said Brother Tyler who always opposed Ralston on principle, "no, that word was stricken out at the first meeting," and the objector put his finger on the printed page. There was a rustling of leaves, but the fact was apparent. There had been a hope of getting Winthrop to join with the Episcopalians, and Ralston himself having been defeated in his attempt to introduce the anti-prelatical clause had suddenly changed front and insisted upon the most comprehensive terms. So the word had been stricken out. One or two began to feel what was impending. "I wish then," said the Celt, "to announce as members of this society, voting members, meself, the Rev. John Moriaty, deacon of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and the following others, Patrick McGuinness, Bernard Sweeny, Patrick Blake, Murphy O'Brien," and so he went on reading out in a stentorian voice the terrible roll which seemed interminable, of more than an hundred names. As he concluded he laid the list upon the secretary's table, saying, "An' every one of them I can answer for that he's in good standing in his own churruch—indade unless it is little O'Reilly, that was suspended for ating meat the last Friday that ever was." There was a dead silence which was broken by the timid voice of a member, one of those unlucky men who are always suggesting with the best intent the very thing which ought to be kept in

the shade. "I believe, Mr. President, that we have a clause in the by-laws which allows absent members to vote by proxy when unavoidably absent. I hope Brother Moriatty will not insist upon this privilege which would give him a majority of the votes." Maurice had not seen the by-laws. He bit his lip to keep from laughing. Some of the others turned white with vexation and dismay. Ralston reddened up to his forehead; for he had engineered that very clause for the sake of keeping the control in his own society. He sprang to his feet to object. "Not, Mr. President, till they have paid their subscription—not till they have all paid." "Is that it," said Moriatty, pulling out a huge roll of bills, "then I have it here, two hundred and twenty." Maurice had not told him of the arrangement by which the additional members over twenty were to come in free. "It is not already paid," said Ralston, "it is the payment, not the production of the money, that makes the essence of membership. These bills may not be good, or never reach us, for all that we know." There was an ominous light came for a moment in the Irishman's eye, but presently the same mischievous twinkle returned. "And whom would I pay it to? Didn't I hear Mr. Secretary read that ye couldn't agree at the last meeting upon any one for treasurer? Now maybe as I'll be chosen meself to that responsible office the night, why would I be after taking the money out of my pocket with the one hand and putting it back with the t'other? Maybe, as the honorable and riverent member insinuates, I'd not be finding *all* the same good bills again." This last was said with an impudent wink at Ralston. "But I won't press the point; there's a heap of the boys at the street corner, and I'll just step out and bring them up to do their own voting, and then my modesty needn't suffer from voting my own name an hundred and ten times. I conclude no one will be so ungentlemanly as to propose to vote for treasurer while I'm out. I'll not be many minutes." And he went out of the door. For the moment the Society sat stupefied. If he returned it would be to vote the whole thing into a Sodality of St. Francis Xavier. Ralston's ready wit rose to the emergency. "I move you, Mr. President, the expulsion of the following members," said he, "for notorious evil life and conversation, the Rev. John Moriatty, &c., &c., the names

contained in the list on my table." The motion was hurriedly seconded, when the same timid marplot spoke once more. "I believe, I think, yes I'm sure that by our by-laws each member's case must be acted on separately and after a week's notice in writing, with opportunity to appear and answer charges." And then awful silence fell upon them, and looks were cast at the unlucky speaker as if they would have gladly offered him up as "a burnt sacrifice to Christian unity." "I move to suspend the by-laws." "Second the motion," cried Ralston and another. The objector tried to speak, having found that no motion to suspend was in order unless unanimous, and though he most earnestly wished for the success of Ralston's plan and had begun to enter into it, he thought some member *might* like to oppose, and in his conscientiousness felt it was right to give the chance. His voice was drowned in a yell of "question! question!" And the chairman declaring it the unanimous wish of the society proceeded in hottest haste to put the next motion. Steps were heard upon the stairs without—heavy steps, which might be Hibernian and possibly bacchanalian. There was no time to spare, a shout of "aye" recorded the expulsion of the one hundred, and then Ralston, wholly himself, and not at all dismayed at the prospect of a row even, moved an adjournment. "Without prayer?" asked the "infant terrible" of the evening, "and the singing of a hymn?" "Yes—yes—you—you"—Ralston did not say what, but choked down a tolerably strong and uncomplimentary title. "Come over to my lecture-room for an informal meeting, and sing as many hymns as you please." And so amid pulling on of great coats and turning out of gas the adjournment was put and carried, just as the steps were heard at the door. Three men entered, quiet, honest, sober farmers of the Congregational Society, voters whom Ralston had enjoined to be sure and be on hand to carry the election of treasurer. "What you ain't a going *yet*—be ye?" said the foremost, "what's the matter—town ain't afire is it—nor nothin'?" "Were there many of them?—many Irishmen?—when are they coming up?" cried several breathless and agitated voices. "Irishmen! no, nor Dutchmen, nor anybody else—what ye're talkin' about?" Everybody was in too much of a hurry to listen, and the meeting poured into the outer air, surprised enough

to find the streets silent and deserted. The terrible Irishmen might be in a lurking-place round about, however, and the impetus did not stop till Ralston had them safely housed in his own lecture-room, save one or two, who, because of old feuds, would not, and others who fled till they reached their own doors.

Maurice did not follow, nor was he ever afterwards asked to attend or to pay his subscription. The subsequent proceedings of the Young Men's Christian Union were not again disturbed by the Rev. John Moriaty; and the amended constitution contained by unanimous consent this special clause, "not being Roman Catholics," added to the conditions of membership. When Ralston next met Maurice in private, he had the good sense to laugh over the whole matter. "That was your doing, I suspect," he said. "You beat me fairly—but say nothing about it, and I will not; and if you like, I will have matters so arranged as to give you full membership." "No, I thank you," said Maurice; "but I will not speak of the matter again, and Moriaty is going back to New York next week. How does the Christian Union get on?" "Oh, pretty well—but the Baptists have left and set up the Young Men's Christian League, and there are but three Presbyterians who never attend, so that the Methodists and we of the First Church have it all our own way. There may be some collision; you know they are fond of setting up their distinctive usages, and really I wish you would get Winthrop and a few good fellows and come in. I'd like to have a little chanting practiced. I don't mean, you know, those stupid old Cathedral humbugs, but some of a new arrangement I want to see introduced into public worship. The fact is, I never intended this for just a perpetual Methodist prayer-meeting. Come now, and we'll vote those fellows into their places and keep them there, and then divide the offices."

"*Et dona ferentes*," said Maurice, meaningly. "I think on the whole I have conscientious scruples about joining with a semi-prelatical body like the Methodists." Ralston took it good-humoredly, and when the Union died out, as it did in six months, could not help telling the story himself.

He was an honest and Christian man in his way, but he had been educated into a morality in religious politics not unworthy of Liguori. It is the result of that utter absorp-

tion of religion into a pure technicality and formalism, which is the proper sequence of an attempt at a bodiless spirituality. This is the cardinal mischief of New-England puritanism.

After this adventure, however, Ralston took to Maurice exceedingly, and was often in his room. Perhaps it is anticipating matters a little to give one conversation, but it had some bearing on Maurice's future.

"Where are you going?" he said to Maurice, rather abruptly, one hot afternoon as he was lying on Bryan's sofa. "Going? nowhere at present—when do you mean?" "When you leave the Universalists—you are going somewhere. In the first place you are not satisfied, any one can see that, and then you ought not to be."

"Never mind about the being dissatisfied," said Maurice, without looking up, for he had an uneasy feeling to the same effect—"tell me where I ought to go." "Anywhere would be a change for the better." "That does not answer my question; when I start, I propose to go to the very best of all; if one must journey, it is wisest to have it pay." "Oh, the very best of all is the Independent Congregational system of New-England, if that is all you want, of course." "Well, Ralston, you of course can tell me what that is, and you said the other day that you did not know where there was one of your brethren who agreed with you. Now we can't be both pastors of the First Church in Norowam, and if I were to be your colleague, the salary would hardly keep us both, I think." "Come, now," said Ralston, "haven't you been thinking of St. Jude's, or something like it, eh?" "Suppose I have, what would you say?" "I don't know, if you have been bitten by the Puseyites (and they are worse than the mosquitoes on Norowam marshes) it is of no use to say anything, and I have seen a faint hankering after our Mediæval friend Winthrop, so I am fencing to find out. I don't like to waste powder." "Consider me unbitten, and out with it." "Very well, then, I will, and risk it," and Ralston rose up a little, and, leaning upon his elbow, began with his eyes intently fixed upon the face of the other—"I will tell you, you are ambitious. You have ability and you know it. 'Great let me call him for he conquered me,'" he added, with a laugh. "Now there is no chance for you in the Episcopal Church—no such chance as you want.

They used to say of the old Democratic party in Massachusetts, that they kept it conveniently small so as to divide the federal offices. The men who rule the Episcopal Church are very much of the same way of thinking. If it gets too large and too active, they will go to the wall, and they know it. They are the men who *rule* that Church, not the Bishops, but the men who make Bishops; they are not all the clergy by any means, but you see they manage matters by dint of keeping well together and snubbing all attempts to be independent. The few who are most able and successful laugh at them; the great hard-working body of their clergy are too busy to note them, and the drones and the inefficient toady to them. We who are on the outside see that. I tell you I haven't been into the Bible Society and such places for nothing." "But isn't it an ecclesiastical vice? isn't it so in all religious bodies?" "Of course it is, but it doesn't work smoothly elsewhere as in the Episcopal Church. You see the leaders have the whip-hand. There are some of them who know how to get a young man out of a parish, and how to keep him out of another, and never does he know why." "But I thought the Bishops were to correct just that." "Pooh, pooh, I don't believe as yet in the Apostolic succession, and that there is inherent wisdom in the hollow of a mitre. The Bishops have too much to do, to see what is going on under their noses. I'll tell you frankly, but you mustn't repeat it, for I would not say it to Winthrop for a good deal, that thing, and perhaps some other reasons, have just kept me out of the Episcopal Church. Even their best men chafe at the tyranny of these dead and fossilized conservatives who always are remembering the good old times of some departed Bishop, and who, I dare say, when Seabury first came over, sighed for the conservative times when men had to go to London to get their orders."

Maurice in his turn, rose up upon his elbow and looked from the other couch full in the face of Ralston. "Never mind me, only I say to you 'wait.' This very thing keeps a good many of our men out. You don't suppose that we, that is the majority of us, *believe* in the old fiction of Independency? no more do we in the Tractarianism about Apostolic Succession; but we are waiting to see which system is going to work the best. Twenty years hence.

there will be a rush of our men to the old Mother Church." "But why?" said Maurice. "Well," said Ralston, blushing a little, "you'll find out soon enough—it is, I don't mind telling you, the laity. We cannot control them. The Churchmen can—" "Is not that because of this past influence? They are behind the times." "So I say out of doors, but to tell you the truth, they are not. They are in advance of our laity. And if it were not for our Churches they would be far more under their pastor's control. We die hard," continued he with a touch of the old spirit of his ancestry rising up in him, "and every inch of ground they get here, they must fight for."

"You are a queer mixture," said Maurice, wonderingly. "Well, I am that," replied the other complacently, "but it is a proof of my excellent disposition that I am giving you such sound advice. I can't say to you 'come to us' and I *won't* say go to them, and to tell the truth I hardly know what to say. You were not born either Presbyterian or Dutchman, and those highly respectable sects are not open to you."

"What do you think of my Broad Church Unitarian views? isn't that to be the thing after all?" Ralston burst into a hearty laugh. "Excuse me, Maurice, but that is *too* rich. I don't think the Great Eastern will carry the Atlantic Cable, but I should hardly propose as a substitute a Brooklyn ferry-boat. *Your* 'Broad Church' would be swamped in an instant, whenever it attempted a real piece of work. It is good to take passengers from the puritan city of Beecher to the Episcopal Metropolis where Trinity predominates over Wall street, perhaps to bring them back again; but excuse me from an Atlantic voyage in it. No, wait and see what will turn up, and meanwhile, as the gong has begun to sound, let us get on our coats and go to tea."

There had been more or less of epidemic disease hanging about Norowam. A drought in summer had been followed by warm, sultry days and then by a sudden chill with sea fogs and the raw easterly airs. Maurice noticed that Winthrop's handsome face looked very grave as he came to his meals, that he ate them hurriedly and was soon off.

Maurice hesitated to ask the cause, but another of the hotel boarders called out across the table at dinner, "Many

sick in the parish, Mr. Winthrop?" "Several very sick," was the answer. "Keeps you pretty busy, eh?" The young clergyman only nodded assent. "What is the matter?" asked Maurice in a lower tone. "Oh this horrible dysentery. It is the most treacherous thing we have, worse than typhoid, I think—except scarlet fever among the children, there is nothing I dread so much." "Well, but do you have to go where it is?" said Maurice. The other looked at him with open eyes. "Go! why to be sure. I was not speaking of myself when I said I dreaded it, in fact I haven't thought of that—it is in the parish that I dread it." "Why," said the other who had put the first question, "won't dysentery kill you parsons as quick as it will the rest of us?"

The young man smiled slightly and then said, "The killing is not in the account. We have something else to think of. I have not found ever in my short experience that men live longest who are most afraid of dying. When I first began to go about among the sick, one of the Doctors told me not to suppose that anything could kill me—and then half the danger was over. So I have just acted on that principle ever since—that is not to worry about myself at all, which comes to the same end."

Maurice looked at him with admiration—there was a young man, his junior in years, certainly in attainments, for Winthrop had not concealed the respect he felt for Bryan's culture, and probably by no means his equal in ability, going about his work in a cheery, whole-hearted way which he felt was far beyond his own mark. He was destined to see something more of that before the day ended.

In the hall of the hotel a woman met them, apparently in great agitation. She had been waiting there quietly enough—but when she saw them, she threw herself, as women can, especially among the poor, into an immediate excitement. "Oh Mr. Winthrop—Mr. Winthrop—Jake is took very sick indeed and we don't expect him to live the night out—you never see anybody so strangely handled." "What is the matter, dysentery?" "No, the Doctors don't know what to make of it. Can't you come right away?" "Where do you live?"

"Oh the old place where you baptized the baby, the

fourth house, just this side of the big elm on the Ponacus point road." "I can't come just yet. I must see Mrs. Peters and a sick child at the Merills, but I'll be down about five, perhaps."

"Can't ye come no earlier? Well you'll give me half a dollar to buy some medicine, won't ye?" "I will leave an order at the druggist's—Thompson's to let you have what you need, upon any other doctor's prescription. You know I can't give you money, Mrs. Blake."

He passed out, followed by the woman who gave a wishful look toward the bar-room, and then relapsed into stolid quiet. Winthrop crossed over with Maurice to the Post Office. "Did you hear me settle that Mrs. Blake?" he said, "I will just tell you—not to let her get any money out of you. I know her like a book—her scamp of a son has eaten too many clams and got the colic, I suppose, however I must go though I hate taking the long tramp for nothing."

Just then they met Mr. Graham who entered the office and hurried up to the clerk's window. "Nothing in my box? is the afternoon mail from the city in?" "Yes, sir." "And nothing in it for me?" "Nothing for you, sir." "Then I must stop up to-night, and wait till the eleven down to-morrow morning—confound it. Ah—Mr. Maurice is that you? How are you, sir—how are you getting on?" Maurice caught Mr. Graham's breath as he spoke: it was fearfully bad. His eyes were bloodshot and his face and manner feverish. He paused for no answer—but went on talking, "I've got to stop up to-night at the House on the point, there was a letter to meet me here, and I came up this morning to look after the place—expecting to go down this afternoon—and plague take it—I must wait for it. I feel sick, too." "How did you leave Mrs. and Miss Graham?" "Oh they are all right, thank you—haven't returned yet from Philadelphia. Well—well—I must make the best of it. Here Joseph, you'll have to take me back again—and see here, stop at Snowfield's and get something, a chop or a steak, for supper and breakfast to-morrow. That's the young Episcopal curate who came in with you—is it eh? The fellow they are building the chapel up in the fields for!" he added looking after Winthrop who went swinging up the street in a sort of abstracted way he had.

“Well he don’t look like one to put your nose out of joint—rather a Miss-Nancy I guess. I won’t ask you to come and stop with me, to-night, I’m likely to be poor company. Good-day—good-day.”

Maurice could not help noticing the change in Graham’s manner. Usually very quiet and polished, he was now boisterous and abrupt, and his usual reticent dignity all gone.

However, he thought no more of it, but went out to call upon one of the young ladies of his flock. She was not at home, and so feeling the chilliness of the afternoon, Maurice returned to his room, had a fire kindled in his air-tight, and with a volume of Carlyle—the Past and Present, he sate down to pass the evening in comfort. A partly finished sermon lay upon the table. He thought about nine he should feel in the mood for writing—perhaps might finish it by midnight. He could not tell—he was not driven—he felt a little weariness of his work—a little distaste of the oft recurring task. He was in doubt what to say. He had made a most satisfactory opening, but an unlucky sentence had crowded him to the border of positive teaching. He was so far of a truthful temper of thought, that he could not turn aside from a perceived conclusion and take refuge in platitudes. He lacked as yet that fatal facility of the pulpit. So he waited for inspiration and meanwhile found it pleasanter to dream over the heroism of the mediæval monk, than to plunge into unknown and perhaps dangerous ways. So he lounged back in his most comfortable chair after tea with his feet half in, half out of slippers, reading in a lazy content as he listened to the rush of the wind by the house, and the occasional dash of rain upon his carefully curtained window. There came a knock at his door. “Come in!” he called without rising, supposing it to be the waiter with letters from the Post or firewood for the stove. The door opened and Mr. Graham’s man, in a rough great-coat on which the water glistened, stood there. “Mr. Maurice, Mr. Graham is very sick indeed—I’ve just sent the Doctor, and then he told me to call for you. I’ve got the buggy at the door—wants you to come right away.” Maurice sprang up in a tremor of excitement and alarm. To do him justice he did not think of contagion, his was the moral fear of a new situation,

and the excitement of being summoned to visit the most important parishioner he had upon such an errand. Of course he had no "*Clergyman's Companion*," no Rector's *Vade Mecum* or *Visitatio Infirmorum*, to take with him. He must carry in his own head and heart whatever was needed. However he constrained himself to appear calm, put on his warmest wraps and storm protections, and followed the impatient Joseph down stairs. A man with a lantern was standing at the head of Mr. Graham's little black mare. She was fretting restlessly, and could hardly be kept still long enough for them to get in. They had no time to draw the Buffalo robe about them, for as soon as she felt the reins draw she was off with a dash into the darkness.

It was a wild night enough. Most of the shops were already closed, and the lights in the dwellings were obscured by curtains or shutters. The moon was behind the thick clouds, so that the Norowam Gas Company had withholden their light from the street-lamps. The spirited little animal plunged through the mud of the black road. A lightning flash, as they passed St. Jude's, showed the tall spire and tower standing white and ghostlike against the black night, and also showed them the way which branched to the right toward the railroad crossing. Just before they reached it, Joseph pulled up with a suddenness which nearly threw the mare upon her haunches. There was an angry glare of light ahead, and with a rush and roar the Express train swept by them within a few feet of the horse's head. "Lucky I remembered the train when I did," said the man, "we were square into it—but the wind blew so I never heard it come. There ought to be a gate here, that's a fact." Maurice felt a great shuddering thankfulness take hold upon him. Happily the mare was headed for home, for after this last she would not be controlled, but broke into a run. If she had not known the way well, they would have come to speedy grief. Presently, however, they rose upon a little ascent, and the moon at the same time broke through the driving clouds. They were in front of a square house of dark stone, relieved only by a light verandah painted white. Behind a light or two showed the village. Then came the darkness again, as they turned into the cross-road which led across the salt marshes to Ponacus

Point. There was a strange gleam along the fields, which the moon showed them far and wide covered with water. It was the flood-tide of the September equinox. In the lulls of the storm they heard at intervals the distant hollow roar of the surf. Nothing now broke the full force of the dashing sheets of rain which almost blinded them, and presently they heard the splash of the water under them, and the mare's pace perforce slackened to a walk. Whether they were on or off the road they could not tell. "If this is the full sweep of the tide, we're in for it, though I've lived on the point seven years come next May, and never saw the like of this." It was up to the hub of the forewheels, but fortunately for them, the stone walls broke its force, and the tide had room to spread over the broad levels. The gallant little Morgan horse pulled through to the rising ground beyond the town, and then shaking herself set off upon a gentle trot. Joseph crossed himself. "That is a narrow escape we have had, sir; if we had gone off the road we should have lost the buggy, and maybe drowned the horse. She is too good a little thing to die in a ditch. It's a good rubbing down, and a good feed, and a dry bed she'll have to-night, if I sit up till morning for it. You won't be going back to-night, any way."

It seemed a long tedious ride to Maurice, yet was not really very far. Presently the darkness ahead grew denser, and he became aware that he had reached the trees of the Graham wood, heavy pines and horse-chestnuts and some noble elms in the avenue. The light of their lantern gleamed upon the posts of the gateway, rough columns, built of small stones set in cement, and terminating a high plastered stone wall. A light shone from the house as they turned into the grounds, and followed the sweep of the carriage-drive. There was a high flight of steps, and then Maurice found himself in a square hall with a heavy balustraded staircase upon the landing-place of which stood a heavy clock in a case of ebony with a full moon shining upon the upper part of its dial-plate. He was shown into a side room, the dining-parlor, where was a blazing fire. He was only too glad to compose himself, and to feel the genial warmth. He found his outer wrappings quite wet. There was a distant sound of groaning which he heard now and then. He could not tell whether it came from the trees

outside, or from the room overhead, but he dreaded it might be the latter. Like most young men unused to it, he shrank from the sight of sickness and pain. He tried to think of what he had to do, what he had come there for, but could not clear his thoughts from the confusing monotony of the ticking clock upon the stairs and the beating gusts at the windows. At length there appeared one of the women-servants to say, "Mr. Graham will see you now, sir." At the head of the stairs, outside the sick-room, he met the Doctor. "Be careful about exciting him," said the latter. "There is great cerebral inflammation already; we have been trying opiates, without effect thus far, and unless we can produce rest, it will go hard with him." The face of the physician was a shrewd but kindly one; weather-beaten as one that had faced the storms of a thirty-years' practice, and his keen eye never looked so steadily, and his gray hair cover so resolute a brain as in the crisis of a difficult case. His was the coolness of long and not unsuccessful coping with emergencies. He saw that Maurice was both flurried and reluctant, but, himself a churchman, he was unwilling to turn away from a patient the spiritual aid which was asked, even though he might doubt its efficacy. He laid his hand on Maurice's shoulder: "Keep cool," he said, "and if he gets over-excited, you will excuse me if I interfere." Kindly meant as it was, it overthrew the little self-possession left to the young minister. He entered the sick-room, and luckily did the best thing he could have done, which was to advance to the sick man's side and take his hot hand. The old man, for Mr. Graham was that, a tall, strong-framed and handsome one withal in spite of his years, clung to him with a feverish grasp.

"Oh you've come; can you do me any good—can you do me any good? The Doctor tells me to be quiet, but I can't be quiet. I am afraid to die. The devil is waiting for my soul outside—there, can't you hear him laugh?" he said, as a wild shuddering sough of wind in the pine-tree tops mingled with the rattling of the casement and the hollow eddying in the wide chimneys. "Oh, I've been an awful sinner. Where's Gertrude? don't let Gertrude in; she mustn't hear. Oh, can't you do anything for me?" Maurice stood perfectly powerless. "You must try to be still," he said at length. "If the medicine will only operate you will not

die, and you prevent it from operating." A faint shadow passed over the Physician's face as he stood by the bed-side where he could see but not be seen by the patient. "This is more your case than mine," he said, in a low tone, to Maurice, "you must relieve his mind." "Oh, tell me something to help me. I can't die—I don't know anything about death. You have been preaching to us—Dr. ——— there in town has been telling us, that what a man does in his life-time will go on with him. I never did anything in my life except to look out for myself and my family. I wasn't brought up to this thing, but to the old Assembly's catechism and all that. I took to Unitarianism because it was easy going. It may be nice for you ministers to trust to, but when a man like me has nothing of his own, what is to help him? Don't try to tell me there is no hell, I know better than that; there is, and it is just for such men as me, who have had their easy time in this life." "But you cannot have been such a great sinner," said poor Maurice, at his wit's end. "Much you know about it. Where have I made my money? There's a man on the Guinea coast can tell you. No questions asked, twenty per cent. paid down. I tell you that just because I only had to draw my check on the bank for that money and shut my eyes, and let other men manage the business, buy the ship and fit her out and get that devil incarnate Hank Bailey for master, that don't clear me. My money helped do it, there's where it is. Oh me! oh me!" and he rolled about in a fresh access of pain. "And where did I spend it? It is safely invested way down below Lispenard Street, and you can see and smell that money. It smells worse than when it was rotting under the slaver's hatches in the calm off Antigua. That money is buried under the floor of a tenement block, where they have any floor, and it pays twenty per cent. of scarlet-fever and typhus, and the earnings of that too came to me. Do you want to know how I've been spending them? Well, you won't know because I may get well after all, and then it were best not told—you won't know unless you can help me."

And then, with the strange self-command of sickness which comes between its paroxysms, he said quietly and coldly, "I am talking too much, Doctor, I'm afraid—that opium you have given me, must have got into my brain, I

think. Mr. Maurice, if you like to offer a prayer for me—do so.” Then a fierce spasm of pain seized him once more; in the midst of it he seemed to gather strength, and looked up almost angrily at Maurice. “*Don’t* pray for me,” he said, “unless you can pray to some purpose. What can you promise me?” and then he fell to moaning and asking for some one to help him. The Doctor slipped out of the room. Presently he returned; he beckoned to Maurice. “Unless that opium takes effect in half an hour,” he whispered, “he won’t live the night out. You may think I am taking a great liberty, but I have sent for Mr. Winthrop whom I left just now at the farm-house across the way. I know him in a sick-room, and I think he can give Mr. Graham some comfort; if that can be done he can rest, and we shall probably pull him through, and save body and soul both.” Maurice was too much relieved to feel offended, and heard with joy the opening of the heavy hall-door and the voice of Winthrop in the passage-way. The young clergyman presently came in, and went straight to the bed-side. Graham measured him from head to foot with a single glance, his eye flashing with the wild-fire of fever. “What can I do for you, sir?” said Winthrop, as he stood before him, but the question was not asked in hesitation, but in the assured tone of one ready and willing. “I shall soon see. I have been a great sinner and I want help.” “First confess your sins and then repent: ‘The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.’” “Do you only say that, or do you mean it?” cried the old man. “I mean it from the bottom of my heart.” “Must I confess everything? I am weak and my thoughts wander.” “No—answer me my questions—you can specify if you need.” And then, sitting on the bed-side, he began with the Commandments, not in form but in substance, giving to each also the spiritual expansion which the New Testament teaching of the Lord has added to the letter. After each he paused, and then asked: “Are you consciously guilty in respect of this or of any part of it?” The sick man could only feebly move his head—exhaustion was fast coming upon him. If the sign was affirmative, the further question was then put: “Do you repent, and do you desire and purpose, God helping you, amendment?”

Once or twice Winthrop looked anxiously at the Doctor,

but Graham sighed to him to go on, and when it was all through he said faintly but eagerly, "Now pray—pray." "In a moment," replied Winthrop, and then he asked furthermore in the form of questions, the articles of the Creed. Graham assented eagerly. When all was done, he said, raising himself a little in bed, "God alone can forgive sins. Did Jesus Christ, when on earth, forgive sins?" "Most assuredly He did," answered Winthrop. "Then I believe Him to be God—I will try to believe Him to be my Saviour." Tears were falling freely from Winthrop's eyes. Saying, "Let us pray," he knelt, and holding the sick man by the hand, he uttered those most appropriate and comforting collects which the Visitation Office provides, together with the one for Trinity Sunday and that of the week. Quiet came over the features of the patient. "Now Doctor," he said, "I can sleep—good night to you both." The young men left the room.

A servant met them below in the hall, saying, "Gentlemen you must not think of leaving to-night, indeed you could not get through; there is a tremendous tide upon the causeway, and your rooms are ready. Presently the Doctor came down with a cheery look upon his face. He gave Winthrop a hearty shake of the hand. "We'll pull him through yet—at all events your coming has done him so much good, that the chances are fair for him now. He is very weak though." "Call me, Doctor," said Winthrop, "if you think he is sinking in the night; and now I'll go to bed—I'm terribly tired." So off he started. "Tired!" said the Doctor looking after him, "I should think so. He walked down to the Point here just as the storm was coming up, and he has been visiting the sick every hour since he got out of bed this morning. Here—Jane—Margaret, what's your name? Can't you take him up a glass of wine and a biscuit? Stop, I'll have him down, he must have something, and I want something too." So Maurice, who was utterly upset by the excitement and sense of failure, and the near presence of death in the house, could hardly believe his eyes when he saw these two, just now so full of anxiety and active care in the sick room, sitting down to chat cosily over their bit of supper, which Winthrop owned he needed very much. Maurice could not help intimating a little of his wonder. The young priest colored a little.

as if feeling himself censured by one with whom he desired to stand well. The thought crossed his mind that perhaps he had brought scandal upon the Church, though nothing could be more temperate than both his eating and drinking, as nothing could be fitter for the delicate and slenderly-framed young man. But the old physician laid his hand upon Maurice's shoulder. "My young friend," he said, "when you see as much of sick rooms as I have, you'll find that the best way to do one's duty effectually in them, is to carry as little out of them as you can. Sympathize as much as you like on the spot, provided it doesn't hinder your work, but when you *are* through, if you want to keep well yourself and ready for the next emergency, do just what my friend Winthrop here is doing. Let the whole matter alone—don't keep worrying over it. It is all a matter of training and right Christian feeling. Winthrop for aught I know may be going this next morning to marry Mr. Jones's daughter, or to baptize the Slocum baby. Jones and Slocum have just as much right to his joyful sympathy as poor Graham up stairs to his sorrowful sympathy; 'suum cuique—suum cuique' as we used to say in college," and he held up his glass of port to the light and then took a comfortable sip. "That's true, Doctor," said Winthrop, "and, Maurice, I used to feel as you do at first, but I *had* to get over it, and I don't find I do my work the worse, and so according to my theory I am going to bed and to sleep, for it is most midnight."

Maurice, however, lay long awake, listening to the roar of the wind and the heavy beating of the surf upon the rocky point. Twice he fell into a doze and woke as the massy house shook, dreaming that the Mystic was again sinking under him. The third time he went off into a profounder slumber.

His thoughts had not shaped themselves into definite form—he was busy speculating over the things which Graham had let fall in his pain. Meanwhile the Doctor sat in the sick-room sometimes dozing, sometimes waking and looking toward the sleeper. He too had heard the half-uttered confessions, if confessions they were, and though little prone to give much weight to the things which sick men say, he could not help musing upon the words spoken that night.

It was about four in the morning when Graham roused up suddenly. The storm had died away, a fitful gust swept now and then around the house, but the wild dashes of rain had ceased, and through the half-closed shutter a gleam of moonlight shone into the room. The sick man was sitting up in bed. "Doctor," he said, "come here." The Doctor was at his side in a moment. "I said some queer things last night, very queer no doubt, but all true—but I want to tell you about them—you are an old man like myself and these young ministers are just boys. One can't help me because he don't know how to, and the other I don't like to tell such things to. But I'll tell you. I wasn't in the slaving business myself, but this was it. My neighbor Winston, on the street—Ward, Winston and Sikes, two doors West of me you know—came to me a year or two ago to get me to join in a private investment. He wanted me to put in fifteen thousand, and no questions asked. He was ready to let me have collateral to the amount of thirty as security, and promised me cent. per cent. return. I knew better when I did it, for that was no business way for a man who could get what money he liked at the easiest rates, but I let him have it. After he had got the money I went into our office one day and found that he had been getting insurance on a ship, bound to the coast of Africa. I knew then that it was no palm oil or ivory voyage, because he had offered a good deal better than the regular rates. Six months after he came to me with his check for thirty thousand. The Mercantile Mutual had to pay policy on the ship Seabird, run ashore on the east end of Cuba. I suppose I might have objected, but there I was with that money in my pocket, just bribed to keep still under the fraud. I don't see either, Doctor, how I could have made a fuss, because I had no proof. Only my sitting easy at the board of directors was just what Winston wanted, and had paid me to do. Somehow I couldn't put that money into an honest business, especially when I came to hear as I did about the Seabird's voyage. So I lent it to old Atkins, the veriest old miserly landlord in the city, and he bought with it Typhus Row, where the people died like rotten sheep this summer, and I've been making my seven per cent. out of their sin and misery ever since. It is no use saying that I didn't do it, and didn't know of it. Atkins

came to me to ask me to use my influence with the Board of Health to keep things quiet, and then he offered me half per cent. on his rents, and he is getting fifty for every dollar he has ever paid there, if I would only give a dinner at Delmonico's to the city reporters of one or two of the papers, and at the same time let them understand that they had better make their articles about the markets, and at any rate say nothing of Typhus Row. Then he said, 'Wouldn't I just give them one or two invitations to my wife's large parties, and let them have a limited credit with a Broadway tailor.' I saw he was awfully frightened, but two things I didn't see, and these were why he should pay me so liberally, for pulling his chestnuts out of the fire, and why he would not do the work himself. However I told him I would take a look at the property, and give him an answer the next day. I took a walk up — street—gar-r! I can smell the smell of it now. I just made an errand up one stair-case to look into one of the rooms, and that was enough. I turned sick and faint, and had to get a glass of brandy at the first oyster shop I came to. I didn't drink much of that either, Doctor, for it was the regular-rifle stuff, kill at ten paces, you know, and what little I did take, made my head spin like a top, and I understood how the men and women who drink such stuff commit the murders and crimes they do. Well I got away, and when I saw Atkins, he had a piece of my mind sure—and what do you think he said? Unless I kept the newspapers off he'd sell the property, and I might foreclose for what I could get. He said the property in his hands was worth something, but in any one else's wouldn't be worth two cents, for it was just slated over with mortgages, and he had given me a third instead of a first, and then after the money was loaned had given the wink to the other mortgagees, and they had put theirs on record, and I must keep the property up or lose the whole. Then I cooled down—no, Doctor, I'm not talking too long, it will ease me more than your medicines can—and then I offered him if he'd just pay up and let me wash my hands of the concern, he might have the six months interest due that day, and bribe the reporters with it himself. He demurred, for he was afraid he'd have them black mailing him all the time, and so he wanted me for catspaw. But this cash down was too

much for a man like him, so he gave in and said he'd get a friend to fix the matter, and so he did with a vengeance. For this friend went, and represented that I was the real owner, and did not want my name known, and that they must let up until I could effect a sale. There's another nice business. One of them, the ——'s reporter, came to me a week ago, and said that he was a poor fellow, and thought that it was only a matter of business: when gentlemen didn't want to be interfered with till they could sell their property, and were ready to do the handsome thing, it was understood that any little compliments of the kind were fair on both sides. 'But,' said he, 'Mr. Graham I've had to go up into your block there after the murder at 131, and I saw what it was, and I can't keep still any longer. I've pawned pretty much everything I have, and I've lived on a few crackers a day for a week past to rake and scrape the price of that dinner, and here's the money; it is just the price of blood, and I can't touch it. I'll be a free man once more.' The tears came into his eyes as he put down the money, and then he drew himself up, half expecting me to pitch into him, I suppose. When I said nothing, he seemed to get courage, and on he went. 'Mr. Graham you're a rich man, and I dare say haven't an idea what such dens are like, but you wouldn't sleep to-night a sound sleep if you were to look into Typhus Row, and I just beg you to heed for once what a poor devil of a newspaper man says, and take a part of the rent you get to make that place a little more decent for human beings to live in. I'm no fool. I don't ask you to make a model lodging-house or a Fifth Avenue Palace, only make those rooms so that a fellow like me can go into them, and not turn sick and faint at the sight and smell. If I can't stand it after being week in and week out at the Criminal Courts, then you may know it *is* bad.' I said to him, 'Keep your money: it was stolen from me to pay for your dinner, and I give it to you to show up that thing as it ought to be shown up. I don't own one brick or rafter there and never did. I lent some money on it on bond and mortgage, and never saw the property till a month ago. He's used my name for his own little business. I sha'n't tell you his name, for you would be giving him that money back, and I mean, who have the best right to say so, for you to keep it.' 'I'd give

the fifty, and starve another week, and pawn all the rest of my traps to have you own it; for then you would do something about the place. Now it will be no good, I fear, saying anything.' Then I told him how I was trapped, only I told no names, and he held out his hand to me, saying he hoped I would excuse what he had said, and then he added frankly enough, 'Mr. Graham, if you rich men would but look after the investing of your money as sharp as you do after the making, things would be better all round. We are pretty hard boys, we men of the press, but we see things very much as they are, and we don't love wickedness the better for seeing it.' That cut deep. Here was this one sum, which I didn't need, had been doing the devil's work straight through helping to bring a cargo of slaves to Cuba, to cheat an honorable Insurance Company, to keep up a tenement-house iniquity, and to bribe a poor fellow to forget his duty, and to poison that well which ought to be keeping us all right and pure. I did not know that it was doing all this mischief. But I might have known if I had taken pains. I will say that I didn't suspect the slaving business till after it was begun, but still I might have known that a private loan on such terms meant mischief."

"But Mr. Graham allow me to ask you one thing—why should Winston apply to you, when he could have used his own funds?" "Oh, I can't tell—he was ashamed of the business, wanted to have another man—very likely my name was so used that in case of a break up, I should have had to bear the brunt. They say the managers of those infernal affairs who have only their necks to risk, take good care to have responsible paying men to buy them out, and to hush up matters. Very likely I risked an hundred thousand. Now just one word more, Doctor, and I have done. I fear that money will just go under the devil's belly, as it came over his back. I came up here to Norowam to see after a certain anonymous letter sent me, and intimating that my son had been bringing sin and shame and misery into a poor man's household, and that I must provide for that. If it be so, that money will go as it came, and may be I'll go too." "I suspect," said the Doctor, "I can tell you something about that letter. We country physicians know a good deal about many matters. You

may rest easy so far as your boy is concerned—he has been foolish, but he's not answerable for anything but foolishness." "Thank Heaven—thank Heaven for that. Doctor, you've done me more good by that word than all the medicine. Now just hear me make one promise, and vow I'll put that money into the Savings Bank, and when I can find the man, I don't care what his denomination, who isn't afraid to preach to us rich men our duty, I'll build him a church with it; that I vow, and you are witness." The shrewd old physician gave a quiet smile; he had heard such resolves before now, but he was too good a Doctor to show his thoughts. We shall see bye and bye if anything comes of it.

Fair and clear rose the morn after the wild storm of the night. The Doctor reported Mr. Graham as sleeping soundly and likely to recover. Winthrop went over to the farm-house to see after his other patient. It was arranged that the two were to be sent to the village after breakfast, which one of the servants said would be ready in an half-hour. So Maurice gave one glance toward the beautiful village reposing in its valley, and then turned down the long avenue which led to the shore. It was strewn with leaves, and here and there a huge bough had been snapped off. Lombardy poplars stood stiff and tall like giant brooms, the white and ghostly branches of the buttonwoods towered above them, while beneath were gnarled apple trees with slanting trunks and deep cavernous eyes in them which decay had wrought. From the west **came flying** the large, black and solemnly flapping crows, now by ones and twos, and then in whole flocks. Over the blue waves were flashing to and fro the wheeling flights of the sea-gulls. The air was fresh and elastic as after a storm, and quite a little swell was rolling in upon the rocky end of the point. Far across the Sound was swiftly gliding one of the mighty steamers of that inland sea, delayed by the storm. If Maurice only had known who looked out from its deck toward the grassy point! Out of the deep "fiords" opposite, which form such capital harbors of refuge in a storm, were stretching slowly out under shortened sail coasting craft, which had anchored there from last night's gale. The blending smoke and steam like a mourning badge of black and white was streaming from above the busy

mills of "the Bay," as a neighboring inlet was called. It was a bright and joyful scene, one thoroughly fitted to refresh the mind after the feverish atmosphere of a sick-room. Yet in spite of all its freshness Maurice was thoroughly depressed. His thoughts constantly reverted to his own failure. It was not in mortification but in a deeper sense than anything personal could give. The more he thought upon it, the more he felt satisfied that he could not have done differently. He was willing to learn if there was aught to be learnt, but it did not seem so here. Yet it was clear that Winthrop, much his inferior in many things, was nevertheless possessed of a power and spirit, which gave him assured position and influence. He felt that he could not have said the things Winthrop had said; that he did not wish to say them. But what had he better to put in their place? To call them Orthodox stuff, cant and the like was very easy, but his own words had been utterly powerless, while in spite of prejudice against them, Winthrop's simple sayings went straight to the mark. And then out of the clear bright morning there grew as it were, he could not tell how, this question. Was it not after all a broader field upon which the true controversy was ranged? Was not the failure of the one and the success of the other a test? Was it not something beside an accidental combination of circumstances—was it not because one was building on the sand, and the other upon the rock? Maurice started at the thought. "It is just a notion born of my miserable vanity," he said to himself. "I am unfit for the ministry, and must seek something else." But still the broader question would rise up; Was it not his ministry itself which had been weighed and found wanting? Was it all a matter of personal gifts?

Very well, suppose it was; *what* were those gifts? He turned over in his memory as he walked up the rough, worn lane toward the great house amid its sheltering pines, the whole of the last night's scenes. Winthrop was a little abrupt in manner, while foreign travel had given to Maurice great courtesy and an almost feminine gentleness. Was it the power of sympathy? Maurice was feeling a real and personal interest, while Winthrop was called to a mere stranger. Here nevertheless was the clue, as he could not but feel. It was the difference of personal relation.

Two or three days after Winthrop was again sent for to the house on the point. He had a long interview with Mr. Graham, and came away looking very serious. The old gentleman had made a full statement to him of all the foregoing matters. The young priest had met it in a simple, quiet way. His first question was, "Have you ever been baptized?" The answer was, as he suspected, "No." "Very well, then your first step is there. Do you believe in the Saviour?" "I believe in you—I believe your Church to be right, because it knows how to deal with a sick and sinful man. Your Church teaches the Trinity, does it?" "Yes, most certainly." "And you believe the Bible teaches that?" "I do; I know it." "Well I am too old to go into that controversy; but if believing Christ to be God made you come and give comfort to my sick bed, as you did, then it must be true. If it is true, then of course it is right to do as you say. If Christ came to me, and said it was so, I should of course believe it, though I did not understand how it could be, because I believe in Him. Now when I see you showing Him, by acting just as I should say he would send you to act, I think you must know what is right. I sent for Mr. Maurice yesterday. He would not say he did not believe as you do. He told me liberal Christianity would suffer a great loss if I left the Unitarians. I don't care for that. It does nothing for me. Finally he told me I must follow my own convictions. I could see it cut him dreadfully, though he was too much of a gentleman to act badly about it. I wish you could get him." "But, my dear Sir, now you must think of your own case. I wish earnestly to baptize you, but I cannot do it merely because you trust in me." "I don't trust in you; I trust in the spirit that sent you. I see that you are young. I dare say you are like other young ministers, but this I do see, that you are in earnest, and mean what you say. If there is on earth a Church which Jesus Christ founded, I am sure you belong to that Church, and I want to belong to it, and I am ready to believe what it tells me to believe, and to do what it requires." Winthrop talked long with him, but it always came round to that. At last he said, "Next week the Doctor says you will be able to get out again. If you are in the same mind then, and will come to the Church on Wednesday morning, I will receive you." The old man

pressed his hand hard, wiped a tear or two from his eyes, and bade him good-by.

Winthrop hesitated long whether to tell Maurice, but at last one night as they sat together, he spoke. "To-morrow I am going to baptize Mr. Graham. I hope you won't think I have been unfair to you." "No," said Maurice, "I did think so, but I see his mind is made up—it has been more weakened by his illness than I thought. Still if he goes, I am afraid my work here is broken up." He rose and paced the room in agitation. "My salary won't be paid, that I don't care for. I have enough to live on, but there are other things. I shall fight it out fairly, only I can't put heart into it while I feel so uncertain myself. I can preach, but I cannot say anything to people. I cannot get hold of them as you do. The fact is—I—I wish I could feel, as you seem to do, that I was really a minister. I went to Ralston the other day, and he gave me a long dissertation upon the right of the people to make me a minister, but when I pressed him upon this point why they could not unmake me, he did not or would not meet it. Told me it would be time enough to think of it when they did. I asked 'Could I become a Congregationalist if I would accept his confession of faith?' He told me that just then he thought I should not find an opening among them; they had more licentiates than paying parishes among them, but, if I thought of trying it, he would give me letters to the New Haven professors. 'But,' added he, 'if I were you, Maurice, I would go into the Episcopal Schism.' Winthrop, I won't do that, at least not now. I will stand out to the last—you have beaten me here, I give you fair warning that I shall beat you when I can." He left Winthrop's room abruptly.

The next morning, however, he was at St. Jude's as the bell was ringing. Mr. Graham's carriage stood at the door. He entered the church in time to see the old gentleman move slowly up the aisle, supported by his daughter. Maurice walked firmly, almost defiantly up one of the side aisles, and took one of the square wall pews, which filled the corner near the chancel—the old family pew in fact of the family who owned the estate on the point, and once great patrons of St. Jude's. The daughter, Miss Graham, sat unmovingly through the service. Maurice watched her

intently. She was a fashionably-dressed girl, a showy brunette. He had had several talks with her, and she had been rather interested in his ritual plans, and had joined heartily in his improved liturgy. But in the morning prayer of the church she would take no part. Maurice, too, refused to give way to the impulse that he naturally felt, and for the first time for many months neither knelt nor united in the Confession or the Lord's Prayer. He turned restlessly over the leaves of the prayer-book till he came to the Baptism of Adults. Gray-haired Dr. Donne paused after the second lesson, and then stepped out of the desk to the front. Winthrop called for the candidate. Mr. Graham came forward alone. Miss Graham let fall her veil suddenly. To Maurice's great surprise Dr. Donne took his place by the side of the candidate as witness, and tenderly found the places for him in the book which Graham held with an unsteady hand. The congregation rose at the first words of the exhortation, which Winthrop read with a voice of deep emotion. The congregation were greatly touched. Tears were running down the Doctor's cheeks. One old as himself was taking the vows he had offered to so many during the long and blameless years of his ministry. It was with an almost inaudible voice that the candidate made the promises, but very fervently. Then, when he knelt and his white hair touched the marble of the font scarcely whiter, and his hand clasped Winthrop's, while the two surpliced priests stood beside him, the one so youthful with so deep and spiritual an awe upon his beautiful face, the other so noble and so loving, and when the clear water fell upon the aged bowed head, Maurice felt his breath come thick and fast. Was he, could he remain an outcast from a church like this? Was he to continue unsigned with the sign of the cross, no member of the congregation of Christ's flock?

The service was ended, and the few worshippers, some twenty or thirty, were dispersing, as Maurice left the porch of St. Jude's. He joined one of them, a young lady he had met at one of the little musical parties which Norowam is given to. She greeted him with a look of surprise. "You here?" she said: "I did not expect to meet *you*," and then hesitated, recollecting that the Grahams had been members of his society. "Yes," said he, "I came to take

farewell of a friend." "Not farewell, I hope," she replied gently. "Yes," said he, with a tinge of bitterness, "if my old parishioner has been received into the congregation of Christ's flock, he has left me outside. I am to him as a heathen-man and a publican." "It is your own choice if you stay so—do you not believe in baptism?" "I do not know what I believe in, certainly not much in myself." "No, Mr. Maurice," said one behind them, and Maud De-Forrest came to their side—"No, Mr. Maurice, you do not believe in yourself, and I am thankful for it. You have been doing so too long; that has been your trouble. You are struggling now with the old feeling of personal pride and independence; you are unwilling to submit yourself." "Why should I submit to Alf. Winthrop, who is younger and certainly no wiser than I am; or to Dr. Donne, who is an old proser and a bigoted conservative, who has not an idea outside his prayer-book?" Maurice knew that he was bitterly, grossly unjust, and a pang of conscience smote him, but he fancied the young ladies were triumphing over him, and he was determined to shock them. In truth he was very sore. He felt it had been pre-eminently his own failure.

Miss Hale *was* shocked, and drew herself up coldly. But Maud read him better, and after a moment's silence, turned the conversation. "I expect my uncle soon; he wants to see you very much; he was so much pleased with you abroad," she said with great tact, "and I can never forget how kind you were to Frank." Maud was dressed in slight mourning. Maurice had never noticed that before. He fancied that it was a recent change. She was a little paler than when they first met. "I am going to spend the winter here with Miss Hale. I shall be always happy to see you," she continued. "What! a heretic like me?" was his reply, for his bitter mood was not appeased. "Yes, with all your heresies, which are not so deep as you fancy." "I am not so sure of that," he said, and then being at his hotel-door, he bade the ladies an abrupt good morning, and went to his room in a very dissatisfied mood. For a time he did turn toward heresy. He took to studying Parker, and the advanced neologists, and would not enter the doors of St. Jude's. He became morose and selfish. He could not satisfy himself with his new allies; their arguments appeared

to him both strained and unfair, but he clung to them desperately and bitterly. Maud he saw now and then, but there was a shadow between them not lessened by the sharp and unkind satire covert in his words. He began to weary of his parochial work—his preaching and all. What was the use—why should he not go back to Europe? The fruits of a creedless faith were beginning to grow.

The Christmas-tide recalled him. In the clear, cold, healthy weather he got time for reflection. He had just received and read that remarkable book of F. W. Newman's, "The Soul," and it revealed to him, as a precipice, the edge over which he was falling. He went to Winthrop, and frankly owned that he had been greatly and unfairly estranged from him, and by way of a peace-offering was present at the Christmas eve service of St. Jude's, and would have gone the next morning had not the Feast of the Nativity that year fallen on Sunday. Also he heard with great equanimity that Mr. Graham had taken a pew in the church of St. Cyril's, New York, and that Gertrude Graham was to be confirmed with her father. Not so his own people. They were bitterly disappointed, and he had to run the gauntlet of various hard speeches. He was told, almost in so many words, that the defection of Mr. Graham was owing to his neglect to call on him in his sickness; he heard that he had been sent for, and refused to go to the Point, and that Mr. Winthrop had heard of it, and walked down in the storm through three feet of water. In vain did Winthrop deny the story. It was generally believed, and by none more than those who complained most loudly of his favoritism in visiting the Grahams. There was a neighboring Universalist minister very anxious to get to Norowam, who spent much of his week-day leisure in visiting and in cringing to Maurice's congregation.

It was not possible, in a small place like Norowam, to overlook the social attractiveness of a young man like Bryan Maurice. Not long after his coming, there was gathered a party of girls in the music-parlor of one of the handsomest houses of the place. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. They had just come in from the church—for old St. Jude's kept the litany days. One or two of the girls had taken off their bonnets and thrown them upon the piano, and had clustered together upon the sofa, with arms twined

about each other's waists. It would be a pleasant task to sketch them all, for they had faces of marked character and individuality. They belonged to that class of girls that are found now and then in small towns, and perhaps in small sets in cities—those who have grown up in comparative unconsciousness of the charms of male society. Girls who ride, or row, or skate, or study German, or sketch—not as accomplishments which shall render them attractive to men, but as pursuits into which they go with their whole heart—are not usually wanting in wit or agreeableness, unless it be that superficial polish of manner which may varnish the most repulsive feminine natures. “Girls, I’m going to have a party next week, and I’m going to have somebody that can do something besides dance. I never saw such a place for gentlemen. There goes Mr. Maurice—I will make Henry call and invite him.” This came from the fair-haired blonde, Ernestine, the most impulsive of all. “But, Erne, dear,” said Adah, “it won’t do—he’s a Universalist minister.”—“I don’t care for that; if he was the Catholic priest, I don’t see why he shouldn’t come to a party. You needn’t go to his church, and I am not afraid to tell him so. But just see here, girls. I want to know what you think about this thing. Here are we girls expected to be very good, and not know when a young man is dissipated, though you can almost feel it in your bones when one like Ned Beverly comes near you. We must meet them in society, and think nothing about it; but when a young man who is as pure and good as can be comes to town, and is really entertaining and cultivated, we mustn’t have anything to say to him. I suppose it is all right, but I don’t see that a wicked Episcopalian is so much better than a good Universalist.” “You had better,” said Hortense, “ask Mr. Winthrop about that.” Some of the girls laughed slyly. Ernestine went eagerly on, as was her wont, “I’m sure he goes with him all the time—besides, Gerty Graham says he is the most agreeable young man she has met these two years. Besides, he comes to morning prayers very often indeed.”—“Only twice, Erne, since he came.”—“Well, twice in two months is a good deal for him.”

So the end was, that Ernestine, with her wilfulness and impetuosity did have Maurice invited to her party. His going gave great scandal to a part of his flock. Ernestine

Ayling moved in a circle quite apart from the village people, and though ready enough to meet on frank terms all, whatever their rank, in her own church—indeed, she would go down into the cellar of a poor sick Irishwoman, and tend her crying babies by the hour—she chose to keep aloof from the rest, and she showed it very clearly.

Into the elegant drawing-rooms of her father's house, the good people of the first Universalist Society never set foot. The elder people were rather proud of the social success of their minister. The younger ones, who, at first, were delighted to find that he did not take them to task for attending village "hops," and "sociables," and negro-minstrel concerts and semi-theatrical shows, began to feel that he belonged to them, and had no business where they could not go. They wanted to keep him to themselves, while they were afraid of him withal. He was of a social culture far beyond them. He evidently did not sympathize with their romping flirtations. When he tried to talk of religious matters, he was out of their depths. There was no objective life of a visible church upon which he could meet them. Winthrop for all his young people had plenty of topics—their Sunday-school classes, their district visitings, greens at Christmas, lilies at Easter, the proper ways of joining in the service, the plain Bible teachings in which, at his weekly class, he interested them without bewildering them. Winthrop could meet each and all without reserve or embarrassment or weariness, though by birth and temperament aristocratic to a degree.

Maurice found that, while his young people received him with apparent cordiality at their homes, they were awed and mystified at his approaches. He had nothing positive to lead them to. On general topics he could not meet them. Their simple enthusiasm over Tupper and Mrs. Southworth's novels, and the thin fictions of the "Ledger" and "Weekly" and Ladies' Magazines, he dashed with unconscious epigrammatic sharpness of ridicule. He had laughed heartily and publicly over certain sentimental verses in the poet's corner of the village newspaper in the presence of the unlucky authoress,—of course, in all innocence,—and mortally offended her. He underrated their culture, superficial as it was, and was annoyed and repelled by their ignorance of the matters which his exclusive but elevated

Harvard training deemed the essentials of all education. Still his manners were so good, his politeness so genuine, that they resented, all the more for their awe of him, his capture, as they regarded it, by those proud and exclusive city people.

Maurice went to the party at the Aylings' and enjoyed himself exceedingly. He met Maud De Forrest, who declined dancing in his favor, and sat with him half the evening by the window which opened into the beautiful conservatory, and through whose glass walls they caught glimpses of the moonlight sleeping on the fair lawn, and throwing deep shadows among the belts of shrubbery. They talked of Europe, of course; and as the conversation strayed into other channels, Maud gave him rapt attention which both flattered and yet puzzled him. It was not girlish fascination, however. He could not help noting that, while she watched him most closely, it was not with sympathizing eagerness. He came to suspect—and it startled his *amour propre*—that she was drawing him out. Yet it did not seem to be in order that she might reply. When he let fall a paradox, it met no answering dissent. She seemed to note it a moment, and then to let it pass by, occasionally asking a question or making a comment which simply tested his sincerity. Now and then she could not conceal that she knew more of him than he had supposed. She allowed, nay, encouraged him to talk of his plans in his ministry,—indeed, seemed to take greater interest in that than in aught else concerning him. The thought crossed his mind at last that she was seeking the Unitarian fold. He made ready at once to use the chance, and waxed eloquent upon his hopes and visions of an improved liberal Christianity. She met it most unexpectedly. “Are you so happy, Mr. Maurice, so contented in your *new* faith, that you would wish me or any other to partake it? Are you so certain yourself, that you feel you could give me, for the one hope of my life, any thing clearer and better?”

She looked him fixedly in the face, and waited for his reply. None came. He could not say yes. He did not like to say no. Her eyes fell, and the color rose to her cheeks. She drew a quick breath, and then a smile played around her beautiful mouth,—the unfathomable smile of a young girl's happy thought. Then she said simply, without

a shade of coquetry, "You must not think you have tired me. I like to talk to you very much, but we must not monopolize each other. Let me introduce you to that lady on the sofa opposite. She is a dear friend of mine who is soon going abroad, and would like to hear about what she is to see." So Maurice was taken across the room, and presently found himself giving, as he was ready enough to do, descriptions of Oxford and the English cathedrals to an untiring listener. "Oh, Mr. Maurice, how you must have wished," she said, after a brilliant sketch of Canterbury, "how you must have wished it was your church! I don't see how you could have come back a Unitarian."

"Perhaps I did not," he said. "What do you fancy a Unitarian to be?" "Oh! but I can see that you did not love these things because they were true, but because they were beautiful. You smiled just now at my delight over St. Jude's. Of course, I know that it is not to be compared at all with those glorious churches, but it is the same home. I should not be a stranger there, because *this* can speak to my heart." "But the English service is not the same,—it is quite different, especially in the cathedrals." "Oh! but it is the same. This house, you know, is not like a nobleman's castle, but still it is a house in which one lives. The lesser differences go for nothing. It is not like the tent of a menagerie, where one could never be at home."

The young girl blushed and looked frightened, as if she had been unintentionally rude. Maurice caught the drift of her thought. "You mean that we Unitarians are somewhat of wild beasts, and not at home in drawing-rooms. Well, I get your point. I'm not sure but that you are right. I certainly felt so the first time I went to a Roman Catholic church abroad." "Oh! pray forgive me if I have said anything rude,—indeed, I did not mean that at all. I only wanted to explain why I shall feel when I go to an English cathedral as if I belonged to it and it to me." "I think I understand you," he said, gravely, "and I am not in the least offended. You know I am trying to make my own tent a little more habitable; perhaps it may bring me in time to the Orthodox house. At present, you see, I like it, because I can pitch it where I will, and that is a great compensation for having to live in it with the big bears and the noisy monkeys:—" which saucy speech the young lady

could not resist repeating again ; and it was carried, in due time, to the ears of some of the first Unitarian families in his congregation, in that distorted shape such sayings always are ; and it was told that Mr. Maurice had said at the Aylings' party that his people were bears and monkeys, and that his church was no better than a circus tent.

Some of the young gentlemen of the company made a little too free with the champagne at supper, and the legend was forthwith added that Mr. Maurice, who certainly was in the supper-room with all the other guests, and joined Winthrop and Ralston in a single glass of their host's Old Madeira, was one of the party who laughed and talked so noisily in going home. He had gone quietly home long before ; but the Methodist minister of Norowam, who was a fierce teetotaller, made much of the story in his Sunday night's discourse the next week. He was afraid to allude to Ralston, who could give as good as he got, and liked Winthrop ; so he singled out poor Maurice, as an Universalist who was outside the pale of evangelical brotherhood.

He made a striking and brilliant use of the parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man, whose name, he informed his hearers, was Dives (pronounced as a monosyllable), and dwelt upon the denial of one drop of water to cool the tongue, "which was all burned up by the fever of drinkin' and drunkenness."

Maurice laughed when he heard of it ; but the scandal stuck as scandals do. It did not affect his own people much, but it checked his rising popularity with the young people of that floating class who go to all places of worship in indiscriminate religious dissipation, and who had liked the enthusiasm and elegance of his preaching.

For Maurice preached well, and there was a freshness about his other services while they were fresh to him, which was quite unlike the droning ways of the regular hacks of extempore worship,—so called. The trouble was, they would not stay fresh to himself, because he lacked the true basis of worship,—a fixed faith.

Had he no faith ? He sometimes asked himself that question, bitterly enough. He had ; but it was in advance of his practice. He was ever trying to realize something from which he found himself held back. Every Sunday

night left him feverish and dissatisfied. He tried to inculcate a high, unselfish morality, but that ever haunted him with the idea that it was not enough. It had no answer to the obstinate question "why?" Besides, there was a hard practical soil of common-place Universalism in his little flock, upon which he could make no impression. They were not worse than their accepted standards of duty; but nothing would lift them above these.

Toward spring his congregation began to wane. They wanted coarser and stronger aliment. "Why don't he pitch into the doctrine of the Trinity, or go it strong against hell-fire?" they said; "we've had enough of the beauty of holiness." Having nothing better to do, they revived the old stories about Ayling's party; and finally one bold male-content, who had been long in favor of the Universalist brother who ministered up at Batestown, ventured to tell Maurice that he had better resign. Maurice was stung by it. In vain his managing man laughed at it, and promised to stick by Maurice to the last, and that when the city folks came up in the summer, the Church of St. Arius, as Maurice affected to call it, would be full to overflowing. He brooded over it continually. So one fair evening, as he was walking up the main street, he saw in the distance Mrs. Mehitable West, the most dreaded of all his female enemies, and the sharpest-tongued gossip, approaching him. Like a wise man, he turned and fled, or rather walked swiftly away, and, ere he bethought of himself, he had come to the wall of the little burial-ground by which were rising the almost completed walls of the chapel of St. Mark's. He paused by the old stone wall, and looked over into the weedy and neglected resting-place of the dead of the Episcopal Church. He saw a female figure in the act of laying something upon one of the graves. A second look showed him Maud De Forrest. A strong impulse sent him to her side. She looked up from her work, which was the adjustment of a wreath of *immortelles* upon a tombstone, and greeted him quietly. "'Memento mori' I see is your motto, to-night," said he; "I should think, Miss De Forrest, that it is rather a serious task for one so young." "Mr. Maurice, that is not a fitting speech for you, since we both have reason to remember the early dead in the Lord. I am thinking of the lonely cemetery at Rome, and you

surely have not forgotten the Atlantic waves." The words thrilled Maurice with a sudden shame. "I shall never forget the one nor the other," said he, hurriedly. "Then why forget the faith that made those deaths so happy? Mr. Maurice, I must speak to you. God has put this chance into my hands. We both have buried our hearts. I can speak to you as a sister would, without maidenly shame for speaking earnestly. Frank was to me all that Ellen was to you." (Maurice had told her the story of his homeward voyage.) "Parental opposition, founded on a foolish political quarrel, separated us. It is right you should know that, though it half kills me to recall it. I shall always remain his widow in spirit. Now you can understand why I may interest myself in you. You are his legacy to me,—and your welfare is very precious for his sake." Tears came into her sweet eyes as she spoke. She went on: "You are in the wrong place. I went to hear you preach last Sunday night. I do not think it right for me to do so ordinarily, though you have often asked me. I could not enter a place of worship which, in its whole service, denies all I hold dear. Let me say out my say if you please," she said, as he was about to speak. "I did go to hear you,—not from curiosity,—but because I wanted to know where you really stood. Had I believed that you were a Unitarian preacher for life, I would never have listened to you. Something my cousin Winthrop told me made me doubt. I am now certain that you will not be one. Every line of your sermon was a record of the battle in your own mind. You were trying not to convince your flock, but yourself. It satisfied them,—thank God, it did not satisfy you! I saw it in your face when you ended."

Maurice had yielded to the desire for a polemical discourse on the part of his people, and it was even as she had said. He had fought the Unitarian battle, and, in his strong conscientiousness, had lost it. And this young girl had read him truly. They were standing where they could look through the empty arches of the windows of the chapel, into which the rising moon, near the full, was shining. "Something tells me, Mr. Maurice," she continued, "that you will yet kneel at the altar which shall be consecrated there." The same thought went through his mind just ere she spoke.

"Tell me," he said, entreatingly, "by what art you are so reading my very soul."—"By no art—I cannot help seeing it."—"Yes," he said sadly, after a pause, "you are right. I am in doubt, and that sermon made me resolve, never to preach another, almost. I see that this system of ours does not help me to do the things I am set to do. I cannot visit the sick, or save men from evil ways, or comfort those in trouble, or even teach the little ones, because of perpetual doubt. I see your cousin Winthrop, who is no better man than I—I mean in mind—in his simple way, doing all these things, and I do see that there is a power behind him by which he does them." "He believes in his office," she said, "and you do not. He has a faith to preach, and you only a system of nicely balanced denials." "But why have I no faith? I know I have not—but why? I have the Bible as well as he."

"Because you lack the keystone of your arch. Before a line of the Gospels was written, the foremost Apostle confessed his Lord, saying, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' Surely more was wrapped up in that saying, which flesh and blood had not revealed unto him, but the Father in heaven—a saying for which his Lord pronounced him 'blessed'—than that Jesus of Nazareth was a teacher, or even *the* teacher of righteousness. But you long ago gave your heart to the Master; give Him your faith now:—believe that He did not leave his Church comfortless, without certain knowledge of Him." "Where is his Church?" asked Maurice. "The Church of the Apostles—the Church which holds to apostolic faith and practice. Not the future ideal Church which men are always going to rear; but the one once built—the Church that is weak, imperfect, sinful, because of men and for men; but divine because given by God. The Church that is not cumbered with expedients of much serving; but sitting at the Lord's feet and learning of him. But I must return home. Will you kindly see me to my own door, for it is late for me?"

Maurice could only bow, and they left the spot. Maud was silent, and he felt he could not speak. She, though he knew it not, was inwardly praying—he was repeating to himself her words over and over again. As they reached the house, in the pleasant bowery street, a tall gentleman met them at the gate. "Oh! uncle, have you come? I am

so glad!" exclaimed she. "Uncle, this is Mr. Maurice, and you are in the right time." And Maurice met the proffered hand of Gardiner with a clasp in the energy of which was the first joy of a returning hope.

"Come in, come in," said Gardiner. "I cannot," said Maurice; "I must go to my room to-night. I half expect a friend from the city, and must not be out." Maud's countenance fell. "I am sorry for it, for it is no one I care much to see, and I shall have to be at home all the evening." Maurice had plead the excuse in a sudden attack of shyness. A talk with Gardiner was what he had been longing for, yet he dreaded it. "Cannot I see you to-morrow?" he said. "No, I go to the city in the morning. I only stopped over to see my niece and Winthrop. I am sorry, too, for I hoped for a chat with you, and was quite rejoiced when I saw you coming down the street."

Maurice stood irresolute. "I can spare you, uncle," said Maud. There was a meaning tone in her voice which the quick ear of Gardiner caught. "Come," said he, "I won't lose the chance; your friend can't be up till half past nine?" "No," said Maurice. "Very well, then, I'll come up to your room, and sit till then."

Maurice did not decline, and Gardiner went with him to his room. When they were comfortably established there, Gardiner began: "Well, my young friend, you are just where I expected to find you." "What, in Norowam?" said Maurice, astonished. "No, of course not; I mean in the Unitarian ministry. Have you found your ideal of a church?" "No, sir, I have not." "Are you contented?" "No, sir, the furthest from it." "The first thing you have to do is to get out of it at once; you have determined the thing you were in doubt upon when we met in Rome—whether to be a Christian; I take that for granted by finding you in the ministry." "Then, sir," said Maurice, jumping at the supposed admission, "you grant me to be a Christian minister?" "Oh, no! it shows a Christian purpose in you, that is all; but the intent cannot make the accomplishment. You might determine to be a lawyer; but, if you studied the jurisprudence of China, that would hardly fit you for the American bar. If you purposed to be a physician, but persisted in taking up only quack science, you would not be one. There is but one Christian ministry—that established

by Christ and his apostles. There can be but one." "But how am I to find that? many claim to be." "Go back to first principles." "But none are agreed upon those." "Pardon me, all are agreed; it is upon secondary results that men begin to quarrel." Maurice looked, as he felt, bewildered. "It is a simple question of history." "But historians differ." "No, there is but one history, the New Testament; you receive that as authority?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, then, that is settled. Now take the Book of the Acts; does that speak of a church to be, or of one that is? Clearly of one in being. 'The Lord added daily to the Church.' Then what are we to look for in that book; rules for making a church, accounts of the formation of a church, or allusion to one already formed? Which was first, the Church or the book?" "The Church, I suppose," said Maurice, after a pause. "So far, so good. Now, if those recognitions correspond to certain established facts, purporting to relate back to that period, tally with them, do they not prove the origin of the facts, and that they were pre-existent to the record?" "They do." Furthermore, if you find these same facts continued in the Epistles, written still later on, do they not confirm the others?" "Yes, sir." "For instance, when St. Paul writes from Ephesus to Corinth concerning the right way to observe the Lord's supper, can you not see, that there was a Church there already practicing that rite, something for his letter to be addressed to, and for it to be about?" "I see that," said Maurice; "I wonder I never saw it before." "Easily enough, because your Bible was put into your hand as a talisman, an oracle, not as a revealed history. Now turn to that history. You find officers mentioned by titles—apostles, presbyters, and deacons; you find a laity also; you find the mention of baptism as the sacrament of initiation; you find a formula of faith alluded to." "Stop, there comes in a doubt. If there be such an one, why not give in full?" "For the reason I just gave you; it was already in practice, and for another reason to come presently.

"Belief is required, is it not?" "Yes, sir." "Belief in what? Not in Christian principles," said Gardiner, seeing Maurice hesitate. "Those are results, not starting points. The starting point is belief in a person. Very well, then, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, must you not know

something about Him? Put yourself into the position of a Greek Gentile, and imagine me Apollos of Alexandria telling you to believe on Him, would not your first question be as to what you ought to believe?" "Yes, of course." "Should I not have to tell you what He was?" "You would send me to the Bible." "But I have no Bible. There is no Greek New Testament yet written, and you could not understand my Hebrew Scriptures, even in the version of the Septuagint. I must tell you facts, and those facts I must put in a shape for you to remember easily, and dwell on daily. They must be also essential facts; and do not essential facts imply others? Do they not—and what I meant to say is just this—do they not imply the further statements which shall limit them against further contradictions?"

"I do not quite see that." "Let me put it for you a little more explicitly. I tell you that Jesus Christ was crucified, dead, and buried. Some false teacher—let us say my former disciple, Apollinarius we will call him—some false teacher *tells* you that Christ did not really die; only a phantom suffered on the cross. Remember you are a Greek; and this whole debate touches upon the one vital point which can interest you—the resurrection of the body. Does not this require me, as an authoritative teacher, to show you that He was man as well as God—born of the Virgin Mary, as well as conceived of the Holy Ghost?"

"I see," said Maurice. "Then you must grant a creed to be the only way to show that you did believe. You are not, as now-a-days, supposed to believe, because you read a Bible. You find it a very vital question, outside or inside the Church, is what it turns upon."

"Well, I see a creed is necessary; I am not disposed to fight that: but the extra-scriptural language of the Nicene Creed is another matter; there is my true difficulty. I have been an Arian, I think." "The Council of Nice did not change: it only affirmed the faith of the Church. Extra-scriptural denials required extra-scriptural terms to re-affirm the unchanged faith." "Can you prove that?" "Certainly. Read the history of that Council, and you will see." "But there was no affirmation by the Lord's own lips of His Divinity."

"Pardon me! there was. There was assumption by Him

of the prerogatives of Divinity. Forgiveness of sins by His own personal authority, for one. He was understood by the Jews to claim that position. 'Thou, being a man, makest thyself God,' was their accusation." "Why did He not explicitly claim that, then?" "For the best of reasons. If they could not see the proof that was in His works, to which He constantly referred them, His bare assertion would have carried no weight. I have always regarded the indirectness of the Lord's reply a most convincing proof. He was leading them, if they could, to work out the conclusion themselves. He always taught the public in that manner; sowing the seeds of truth, as it were, out of sight that they might grow. The Divinity of the Lord is taught explicitly by St. John, who expressly affirmed it. We know that, because it is in answer to denials. The Word, the Logos, which we know from the controversies of the time means only Christ, is declared by him to be God. Then what was the first denial? Not of the Lord's Divinity, but of His Humanity. Now that shows most plainly that the Church did not hold that He was neither God nor man." "Well, I waive the creeds." "But will you not receive them? Will you not concede that the Church held them both, apostolic faith and apostolic order? Could it hold anything else?" "No, sir." "Then when there is now in being a Church which claims original descent, and shows for her claim the Holy Scriptures, a present ministry, and the unchanged faith, has it no claim upon you?" "Yes, sir; but what becomes then of one's liberty of conscience, of free opinion?" "Have you liberty to hold a falsehood?" "No, sir, not in conscience," said Maurice, after a thoughtful pause. "Does it not, then, mean free opinion to choose the right?" "But suppose I do not choose?" "Then you take the consequence, which puts you where you are."

"But you say," said Bryan, trying to work away from the position, "you say apostolic Order: that always seemed to me an unfounded assumption on the part of your Church." "Why unfounded? What is the meaning of the word 'Apostle?' I need not tell *you* to define that." "One sent, of course," said Maurice. "Now turn to the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. What are they called there? 'Angels,' that is, messengers—the same idea only modified,

more personal to the office. You have the two sides of the thought—the one sent, the one who bears the message, who may be removed one step from the original commission.”

“But I never,” said Bryan, “understood the Angels of the Churches to mean men; I thought it was a figurative personifying of the Church.” Gardiner smiled. “Well done, New England! I hope you are willing to accept the new exegesis, since, in some parts of the Church Catholic, the title has been preserved to this day, or was till lately. Now take the movement of the idea: first, the founders of Christianity were to be witnesses of the kingdom, then preachers of the kingdom, then administrators of the kingdom. The next step is to call the same officer the representative head of the Church, the overseer—*Episcopos*—marking the change of the Church from a missionary to a permanent estate. It would be a parallel case, if we called our first bishops in this country, who were consecrated abroad, Apostles, as sent from the Mother Church; our missionary bishops, Angels; and when they became diocesan or see bishops, *Episcopals*—Bishops.”

“Yes,” said Maurice; “but I have always thought that the apostles were distinct in office as well as in name.” “Only in this, they were witnesses, a power which was personal and could not descend. And they were founders, a prerogative which could not be repeated. So the first kings of a dynasty are founders, but that does not prevent their successors from being kings. Royalty descends: primal position does not, of course. But look at another point. Who were the pseudo-apostles—false, sham apostles? Just mark the significance of that fact. They belong to a little later period of the Church. Do you suppose that they were men who personated the original twelve? That would be a trick unmasked at once. It was only to confront them with a witness who had known the real parties, to demand a miracle, and they would be exposed. Do you think St. Paul would have hesitated at that? Does he anywhere write ‘Certain have come to you, pretending to be Peter or James or John; but James is dead, and Peter is in the East, and John is with me here in Ephesus, and will shortly come to you?’ No: what these false apostles claimed was the office, not the personality, of the twelve. Now, nothing could be more improbable than the one deception should be

ever attempted; nothing more likely than that the other would be. The See-Episcopate not yet being established and defined, and the original apostolate increased by the ministry to the Gentiles, there is just one time when this pseudo-apostolate is possible, between the dawning and the daylight of the Church. Now the point I make is just here: these men would not have attempted a pretence, by its very nature, baseless. Hence it follows, that there could be true apostles not of the original twelve, or, like St. Paul, specially commissioned. We do not counterfeit bank-notes for countries having no paper-currency: the forgery proves a true original. For instance, if it were in doubt whether there were original Gospels in existence at a particular date the existence of apocryphal Gospels goes far to prove the fact."

Maurice saw the point, but fought hard. He was not now a seeker open to all phases of truth, but standing on his own ground of prejudice. "It seems to me," he said, "more natural that these separate church communities should have organized themselves. What possible sympathy could there be between scholastic Athens and commercial Corinth, Asian Ephesus and the stern imperialism of Rome? I rather judge that the different church systems which are organic and representative sprang up about the same time, originating from different sources, and called into being by diverse social necessities. These were afterwards hardened into one concrete form by the usurpations of the hierarchy, which then developed into the patriarchate and the papacy."

There came an amused look over Gardiner's face as he listened, and at the end he broke out into a laugh. "Excuse me, but I cannot help enjoying your idea. I suppose the church at Ephesus must then have been episcopal, at Corinth congregational (there were certainly proceedings somewhat savoring of Independency until the hierarchy, in the person of Bishop Paul of Tarsus, put a heavy hand on them.) We should look for Quakers at Philadelphia, if anywhere; and as for Athens, why not let us say, liberal Christians, who did not believe the resurrection of the dead? But, seriously, I am glad to see that you have thought upon the matter from that point of view. There is a profound truth in what you have said just now. It is just what

would have resulted had Christianity in the mere form of doctrine taken root in these different centres, viz., an independent growth of conflicting systems; but, mark my words, if it had taken root. That was just as impossible as to make corn grow on an iceberg from seeds let fall by passing birds. However, let me examine your position in full." And Gardiner drew himself up with the look of one who feels that the day is his own, seeing that the enemy has left a fatal gap in his centre. "In the first place, your theory of differences needs modification. There were to all these places unity of law and community of language. That you admit. Then there was the great solvent of the Hebrew element in all these. The basis of almost every Gentile church was its Hebrew converts. Your thought is of the west, western. You fancy a number of men educated upon the Christian basis forming their mere ecclesiastical clubs as it were according to their own notions. But the church came to all these communities ready-formed. There was nothing to go upon on the part of the converts, but what they received. They could originate nothing, possessing nothing beforehand. Can you not see how utterly impossible it would be for any Christian truth to come to them except through institutions? Now just take St. Paul arriving at Corinth. He embodies the church in himself. He has the ordaining power; he possesses the doctrine. He has the right to baptize and administer the sacraments. *Ubi apostolos ibi ecclesia*. What does he begin to preach? An awakening sermon, calling on the Gentiles to repent of their sins? What sins? Shall he talk to the Spartan of the wickedness of theft, or to the Corinthian of the wrong of worshipping idols, of sacrificing to Venus? He is met by a morality alien in all things to his own. The devout Corinthian religiously practices the very things most hateful to Christianity. Where shall he find the one vulnerable opening? The resurrection of the body. There is the one point, the tangible promise, all can appreciate and feel. The Greek loved his body, and cherished it. He desired immortality, and dreaded the gloomy Hades of shadows. The miracle attested the teacher. The promise so sealed was all-powerful. Then came the inquiry how to obtain it. 'How shall I,' asked the hearer, 'gain this new life?' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus,' is the answer. 'Who is He?' asks

the disciple. He is told—there you have the Creed—‘Believe, and be baptized.’ ‘I am ready for baptism.’ ‘Repent, and forsake your old life.’ He is ready enough for that also. The old Creed is outworn; the gods are dead; the old faith is a jargon of philosophies, or a tissue of legends. He is baptized. Into what? Into a living society, into an order, into a community. Look at the dissensions of the Corinthian church, and you will see what they presuppose. ‘Were ye baptized into the name of Paul?’ No, into the Christian Church, into allegiance to a person, into a kingdom. Then men put on institutions which developed, of course, as numbers were added—that, of course—but developed according to apostolic authority. ‘The rest will I set in *order* when I come.’ Here is a very living episcopate. And, if you think this power personal to St. Paul, read his epistles to Timothy and Titus, and see how the same rule was transmitted to them. Christianity could come only in a tangible form—that of an institution. Take the next point. Could that institution have varied with the different localities? Certainly not, in any essential, radical points. There must have been everywhere the great leading features, since there were affiliated societies. Men going from one to the other, contributions passing to and fro, everywhere the same central facts, the sacraments, the Creed, the ministry, all instituted by Christ himself. When out of the mutual antagonism of Jew and Gentile there is trouble, the first General Council is called—to arrange a concordat between different evangelical sects? No, to make a law for the whole Church. Again, do you not see another necessity? There was but one safeguard against transgression of Christian morality and discipline—excommunication. That is powerless, upon your supposition. What would it amount to, if there existed no body to be expelled from, or if a dozen other bodies stood ready to take up the new member as a persecuted man? There was no general Christian sentiment as now; leaving the community and making ecclesiastical censure not without effect even among non-believers. One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, was the watchword of a church, which must be at unity in order even to live, much more to grow.”

“Why, the great battle of St. Paul’s life was to merge in one the Gentile and Jewish elements. Now, I want you to

do this, to show me when and where, and by whom, this usurpation of episcopal authority of which you spoke came in. I give you a dilemma you may take at your leisure. Either the churches were all from the first episcopal, or since, as we know, and nobody ever did or could deny it, were all such at the beginning of the third century. All other systems had proved such manifest failures as to be abandoned by the universal consent of Christendom."

Gardiner paused, and looked Maurice full in the face. The young man found himself in the grasp of a logic too strong for him. "But," he said at last, "does not this send me to that very Romanism from which you kept me? Why cannot the Catholic retort all you have said upon you?" "Because *I can* do what I have challenged you to do—put my finger upon every one of his corruptions. I show where, when and how the Western Church ceased to be Catholic, and became papal. Is it transubstantiation, celibacy of the clergy, worship of relics and images, appeals to Rome, Virgin-worship? Anything we protest against, we do so, knowing when it was not the faith of the Church, knowing, in most cases, when it crept in." "But how about your apostolic succession? what proof have we that it still exists, when there are a thousand probabilities that it has been broken?"

"My young friend, have you ever examined that valuable problem which so bewilders the unenlightened intellect—the one which arguing from the fact that every one must have two parents, and each of these two parents, conclusively shows that each man has infinite millions of ancestors? What is the answer? Why, that the lines cross. Instead of there being one broadening track of succession, there are multitudinous ones. You can't miss your road back, because all lead to it. Yours is the Presbyterian theory, which admits breaks, and to which these would be fatal. There may be constant failures of offspring in families, but races and nations continue. The principle of Episcopal Consecration is its own safeguard. Each bishop receives the succession through several others. That is one object of the Episcopate. Suppose, for instance, I have been validly consecrated a bishop, and ordain twenty or an hundred Presbyters and deacons. Some of these may be improperly ordained, and one such gets to be a

bishop. Can he vitiate the succession? No: his brother bishops possess and transmit the power. The worst he can do will be to vitiate the orders he himself confers on the lower clergy, who die out, and leave the succession pure. We have also, as you will see when you are ordained a priest, the added guaranty of presbyterial laying-on of hands. The fact is, the apostolic succession in our Church has been but twice imperilled; and those times we know about, they having been thoroughly ventilated by controversy. One was the consecration of Archbishop Parker, after the death of Queen Mary; and the other, that of the American bishops. In each case, we have the fullest admission of our bitterest opponents, that the succession, though brought to a single link, was not broken. Now, take this illustration. You stand at the mouth of the Mississippi; you see the broad river emptying into the Gulf. You take up a drop from it. It is said to you, 'How impossible to prove that this single drop can have had communication with the source! There are two thousand miles from the source of the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains: you cannot see whence it comes.' You simply answer, 'It is here.' Its presence is the best of proofs. If there was a break anywhere, it could not have got to us. Remember it is not apostolic virtues, but the apostolic office, that we claim. Good bishops or bad bishops make no difference. Lord Macaulay, whom you have been reading, has misled you by confusing the point. Now, if we should say, 'There are spots along the river where it could have been cut off,' all you have to do is to go to them, and see why its flow was not interrupted, how the mountain chain was cloven for its passage. So it is with the succession. The Church knows it, because she has it. There are the Methodists who profess the episcopal form; we point to their break, '*ex nihilo, nihil fit.*' They deny the value of succession, or claim it upon Presbyterian grounds, because John Wesley could not confer what he had not himself. However, if you want the records, you can have them in the Archbishops of Canterbury to the very days of Augustine. Remember, that from the original apostles went forth twelve streams of descent—thirteen if you count St. Paul in, for Matthias took the place of Judas—which must have multiplied and recrossed infinitely in the course of the first centuries; even

so, that in every living bishop to-day who has been validly consecrated is the succession of all the apostles."

Maurice had fired his last shot, and made his last stand. He sat silent and thoughtful, yet not displeased. It was before him, the crisis of his fate. "What shall I do?" was his thought; anything but yielding—and yet and yet it was right to yield, only how should he save his dignity? "Give me a week," he said, "to decide this." "Why should I give you anything?" replied Gardiner. "I have no right to give you or refuse you. You own that you have failed to satisfy yourself. You have asked for a better way: are you satisfied, or are you not? I cannot tell how we stand, and therefore dare not advise. If you have been debating with me to gain a support against your own doubts, I have no right to give you counsel: if you are coming to me as a friend, I know what I should say. It is not time yet for me to say that."

"One thing more, at least, let me ask. You do not regard me as a minister, I see. I do not quarrel with that; but, tell me, am I not so far a minister to myself, that I ought not to relinquish that calling?" Gardiner was upon the point of saying no, for he misapprehended the drift of Maurice's question; and, had he done so, all would have gone wrong. But something in the young man's tone, something of subdued feeling, caught his ear and he hesitated. With that subtle rapidity of perception which he possessed beyond most men, he seemed to enter into the other's thought. "If you mean," he said, "that, having proposed that work of serving Christ as his minister, you have put your hand to the plough, and ought not to look back, you are right. God forbid that I should hinder you. Only let me, if you are satisfied that I see you are holding it with an unauthorized hand, and ignorantly, take it from you, and put it rightly into your grasp." Maurice's face flushed with joy. "Then your church will not reject me from its ministry?" "I know no reason, if you believe her faith, accept her orders, and can answer her tests, why you should be refused. You must give up your place here, of course. If you will go to Broadwater, and study at the Cranmer School for six months, you can, under the canon, be entitled, upon proper recommendations, to become a deacon, and then a priest. I will give you a letter to my

friend, the Bishop of ———, who is now there in the absence of the diocesan. He will at once baptize and confirm you, if you need baptism. I should advise that in any case; for hypothetical baptism would settle all doubts concerning the validity of your Unitarian baptism.” “I have never had even that. I remember asking about it of my parents. My father was not a church-member, and my mother said she wished it; but our minister told her to wait, and let me choose for myself when I grew up.”

“Very well, then; give me paper and a pen—thank you, a quill, if you have it, for I hate these steel abominations,” said Gardiner, in his cheery tones, relieved from the graver accents in which the discussion had been held—“and I will write the letter; and then, if your friend does not come by the train which I hear whistling, you must come with me to Mr. ———’s, where I am staying, and I will give you a copy of the canons you will need to consult, and also a little book I wish you to look at, which will meet your case.” He drew up to the table and began to write. Maurice waited, and thought in silence. He was ready to draw back. This friend was a young lawyer from the city, who had urged Maurice to throw up his profession and go to the West with him, where he had secured a good opening. Maurice *had* thought of it. He was now committed, yet longed to escape from the net. If his friend did not come, he would hold the matter decided for him. So he listened, and, while Gardiner’s pen raced rapidly on, heard the train arrive and departed, and, soon after, steps come and go, and carriages drive by outside; and still no one came to his door. He got up at last, as Gardiner sealed the letter and gave it him, and walked to the window with a long sigh of relief. Then a great anxiety seized him, and he almost hurried Gardiner away, lest the expected one might still arrive, after all; and, as they walked down the street, he shrank nervously into the shadows at each passer-by from the direction of the station. This may seem childish and foolish in him; but any one who has ever felt the pressure of a great decision upon him knows how stranded and weak and helpless the effort may leave him. When they reached Gardiner’s stopping-place, they found Maud De Forrest alone in the parlor. She laid down her book; Gardiner went directly up stairs to his room, leaving Maurice. She

looked up inquiringly, then came forward, and put both hands in his. "I see how it is; I know it," she said: "oh, how good God is to me!" and then she sat down on the sofa, and covered her face with her hands to hide her tears. Then she left the room hastily, and did not return. When Gardiner re-appeared, he had in his hand a little packet, in addition to the things he had promised. "My niece wished me to give you this. Open it when you get to Broadwater. I suppose you cannot get away this week, but you had better preach your last sermon and resign, and leave next Monday morning. You must excuse Maud to-night; and, if you permit me to say it, excuse me also, for I leave in the early train, and am very tired."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next morning's post brought Maurice two letters. He opened the first, which had a foreign post-mark, without looking at the other. The letter was from Saltonstall Wise, and ran thus:—

“MY DEAR OLD FELLOW:—So you have really kept true to your early purpose, and are preaching in the wilds of Wooden-nutmegdom. So have not I. I think you must have heard an absurd story of my seeking to rest upon the infallible bosom of the one true Church. You write as if you had. I had half a mind to resist it. My grandfather, as you know, came home, one evening in the days of his youth, and turned half a tea-caddy full of prime Souchong out of his silver-buckled shoes, which (the tea, not the shoes), in spite of the piteous wailings of his mother and maiden aunts, he put into the fire, and then went to wash the war-paint off his face. His grandfather assisted at the sacking of a Popish mass-house at Pemaquid, or some such place, and with his own pious hands did smash an ivory crucifix four feet high. His father, old Colonel Wise, was present on duty at the occasion when the head of one William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, was stricken off. Could a man with such antecedents go Romewards? Nevertheless, there is an ugly fact of truth in the rumor; and yet it is not true. I did make profession, and was baptized by a priest. O, I wish I could tell you what was then held out to me—visions of political advancement, which were no delusions either, but based on most sure statistics. I don't think I liked that. As a little boy, I always objected to take the lump of sugar immediately after the medicine. It was mixing things not meant for each other. It spoiled the sugar, and did not take away the bad taste. It *was* a hard swallow, to put the whole thing down, Holy Father at the Vatican and all; but I had done it, preferring any thing to the utterly horrible feeling of having no belief, no religion, no Church, at all. So I could not stand the discovery, that, after all my pains, I had only been promoting my interest in the kingdom of this world, especially when the latter's paths were so very miry. You ask me—I can see you looking at me with all your eyes—‘What am I now?’ I am just nothing. This I feel sure of—that I cannot well go back; and yet, if I chafed before, I feel like raving now. Do you remember Browning's glorious myth which begins—

‘Over the sea our galleys went?’

It is in 'Paracelsus.' Get it, and read it, and you will know how I feel. But this is not why I write: it is to advise you, while there is time. You will have to make your choice. You are not satisfied with Unitarianism: none of us, who are good for aught, are. You will tire of your own experimenting, and then you must go somewhere. Don't go to Rome: whatever else you do, not that. I used to think our people were very foolish in their fears; that, if one could believe that religion, it might do as well as another. I know better now. It is just possible you may bring up in the Episcopal Church. If you can find rest there, go to it. I don't say that you can; but, if you can, don't let pride or prejudice keep you out. You will have two things to contend against—you will really lose position and profit, and your people will make you think, if they can, they are led by interested motives. There are not thirty mitres in the whole Church, I think; and fifteen of these are not desirable head-gear. They drop in on an average of one in three years, and there are two thousand clergy eligible to the vacancies. Nevertheless, if you go over, the first thing our folks (I call them so from old habit) will tell you is, that you are hoping to be made a bishop. The only thing that draws me at all toward these Church-people, as they call themselves, is that their clergy work, and work hard, and that in the least conspicuous and paying ways.

"For myself, I am going to retire from diplomacy; the more so because my worthy *chef* will go out with the present administration, and I have no fancy to stay here, *ad interim*, and cover the blunders of the new incumbent. I am going to travel awhile; and then, Maurice, dear old boy, when I come home I shall try to be whatever you are. I have put my faith utterly in you. If you are settled, I will be taught and guided. It is awful earnest with me, so be very careful what you do and decide."

The remainder of the letter does not concern us. So we pass to the other one.

It was double-weight, postmarked Boston, and, when opened, the enclosed dropped out, and temptingly seemed to unfold itself before Maurice's eyes. It was a call:—

"DEAR SIR:—The First Unitarian Society of Mount Chestnut respectfully invite you to become their pastor. The salary will be \$2,000 a year, and can be increased if your circumstances require. We hope for an early and favorable answer.

"Very truly yours,

JOHN P. CLINTON, }
C. S. ATWOOD, } *Committee.*
PHILIP T. TAYLOR, }

This was within a letter of Dr. Hooper's well-known hand:—

"MY DEAR BOY:—I congratulate you. I have just engineered this nobly, and now here is the success. Just as you left the Divinity School,

old Hamilton, who had prosed in Mount Chestnut forty years, was gathered to his fathers. They have been looking about ever since. A committee heard you in Norowam last Sunday, were greatly delighted, and sent me this to enclose to you this morning. Don't let any foolishness about leaving a useful field of labor make you hesitate. You can have just such service and music as you please: the more the better, so it is only good and striking.

"I headed off the only other candidate likely to give you trouble, and now you are made for life; can marry when you will. You've a pleasant town, within say thirty miles of me—an hour or so by rail—and the best parish we have out of the city.

"If you ask me to preach your ordination sermon, I must not refuse—though I always do decline such things.

"Yours in haste,

TURINELL HOOPER."

Maurice sat down, and answered the doctor's letter immediately. He did not feel safe with it in his hands, so much did he dread his own weakness. He was not tempted by its prospects. Nor did he ever think of accepting the call. That which he dreaded was the reopening in his own mind of the old debate, whether he ought not to give the thing a fuller trial. He was in a state of morbid conscientiousness, for which action was the only relief. So he wrote:—

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I cannot take Mount Chestnut or any other Unitarian charge. I am just resigning my post here, and am about to commence my farewell sermon. I am going into the Episcopal Church. I shall not, there or elsewhere, forget, however, your kind interest in me, or cease to be grateful.

"Yours,

BRYAN."

The ice once broken, it was without trepidation that he opened, a day or two after, the doctor's reply, which ran thus:—

"MY DEAR BOY:—I am shocked and pained beyond measure that, with your bright hopes and uncommon abilities, you should leave us for that Church which, of all others, least recognizes the personal powers of its ministers. I suppose you have been allured by the idea of advancement—that you may be a bishop. They won't make you one: such things are not for converts who are too shaky. There is no body wherein there is so much jealousy of outsiders as the Episcopal Church. It is no place for a man of talent. It dwarfs and warps a man's intellect, all that strict law which it observes. After two generations of it, men really seem to run out. All the prominent posts in it, nearly, seem to be filled by men who have come into it from other denominations. [*I should like to reconcile your two propositions, Dr. Hooper,* said Maurice to himself]. Don't go into this thing. People will say at

once that you are run out, and fit for nothing better. You will be lost, swallowed up, in that Church. They bury a man in a country parsonage, and leave him to starve. The Methodists push all their rising men, the Baptists stick like Highland clansmen one to another, but the Episcopalians will let you work all your life, and then think you paid by a D.D. from any twopenny college. By the way, you'll never get the degree from Harvard now. Of course, they have flattered you, and will do it. They have so few men of note, that real talent like yours will be a very great treasure. It is so ridiculous in you to cut yourself off from all your old friends. Besides, *entre nous*, you ought not to leave us now, if you do by and by. There is a current—a sort of temporary fancy, perhaps—among us setting that way; and, if we were to come in as a body, you know, bringing the wealth and intellect of New England with us, we might make terms, such as we never shall get if we go singly. If I were at liberty to tell you of all the brethren who have thought of this thing, you might be startled. But we shall hold on, though some of the young men are shaky. But do be resolute: take this call. I've not sent in your letter. In a couple of years, you may be very glad.

“Your true friend,

T. HOOPER.

“P.S. If you are in communication—as I suppose you must be—with any of their bishops, I wish you would learn this for me. I am under the impression that they recognize the Roman-Catholic orders. Why could you not be made a priest abroad, and then come to the Episcopal Church? They would think twice as much of you. It is the way *I* should do, except for Mrs. Hooper.”

“Bravo, Doctor! you have thought enough about it, it seems, to have found Mrs. H. an obstacle,” said Maurice to himself, as he laid down this second letter. Then he wrote a brief reply:—

“MY DEAR DOCTOR:—*My* mind is made up. If *you* are thinking of the same thing—and I must say your letter reads so—all I can say is, go at once, and by the straight road.”

It is easier to advise than to act. Maurice did not go the straight or the short road; but out of Unitarianism and its ministry he was determined to go. He sat down and wrote his farewell sermon. At the close of the morning service, on the following Sunday, he briefly stated his resignation, and that his farewell sermon would be in the evening. His little chapel was crammed, even to aisles and doorways. He felt under a strange excitement. He had tried to put the case calmly and dispassionately, but the effort to do so forced him into plainer talk than he had

ever before used. It was in marked contrast to the showy and vague style he had been drifting into. There was breathless silence as he told his flock that he was satisfied that no Divine commission could be given him by congregational forms or from their own body; that their faith was wanting in essential elements, and was a compromise of dexterous concealments; and that the liberty of believing as one pleased was a delusion and a snare.

He took his text from the book of Judges, from the story of Micah and his idols. He drew a spirited picture of the lawless Israel when there was no king, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes; and he then applied this, with a severity of which he hardly himself felt the force, to those theories of a "Church of the future" which he had once indulged in.

His people went out of the church cowed and stunned. In after days they woke up to a hurt and angry feeling. Some drifted away into other bodies; but the original Universalist element, which had been kept down by his Harvard Unitarianism, revived, and they called an out-and-out Universalist, and the society droned on under a half-educated man, who ran no risk of being borne away by what the womankind of the parish considered the main cause of Maurice's perversion—the Episcopalian parties in the great houses of Norowam. Let us leave them in peace: our story concerns them no more.

Maurice did not care to linger in Norowam. He could not determine to go to Broadwater yet: he felt the inaction and lassitude which follows intense strain of mind and purpose. So he packed up his things, and started for a brief summer ramble. He found himself landed at nightfall at the Massasoit in Springfield, from which place he intended to go to Northampton the next day, and then loiter up the Connecticut Valley to the White Mountains. He found the hotel crowded. The halls and parlors were swarming with young men. There was a familiar look and tone to them which struck his attention while he was waiting at the clerk's desk. It was some time before that functionary could attend to him; but, when he did, it was not very satisfactory. His words were brief, as of a man in the midst of great events. "Sorry, sir; but, unless you wrote a week ago, you've no chance; everything is taken. We

turned off fifty to-night!" "What's the matter?" was Maurice's reply. "Crowninshield, Endicott; seventy-three. Yes, all right. John, take those gentlemen's things to seventy-three," said the clerk. Then to Maurice again, "Beg your pardon, sir; but the college regatta to-morrow on the river. Yale stops at the United States; Harvard stops here; all full. If you are Harvard, you may find some friend who can give you a room; I can do nothing for you. If you're Yale, you had better go down to the other house." Just then, Maurice felt his hand seized, and violently shaken. "Bryan, old boy! you here! that's glorious! We'll take care of you, if you can stand a shake-down on the floor. Our class has No. 17. You won't get much sleep. We're rather old birds to be here; but then, for the sake of the boating interest, some of us always turn out to the regattas, and this is a special affair. Come in and get your supper. Five of the fellows came in the Boston train—Sears, Howe, Morton, Keyes, and Pepper Osgood: that, with you, and me, and Fred Tilton, will make eight of us. Here, waiter, show us the dining-room." So rattled on an old classmate, and Maurice found himself borne off into the large dining-room, usually, at that hour, here and there dotted with silent travellers, enacting the solemn rites of the evening sacrifice to nightmare and dyspepsia, but which now buzzed with noise and laughter. He was greeted warmly by his old classmates, now, like himself, entered upon manhood, but rejoicing in this brief return to the frolic and boyishness of university days. The talk was mainly upon the one absorbing topic. "Where is our crew? any of them here?" asked one. "Oh, no! they are snug in bed, and two of the Sophs on guard that nobody disturbs them, or smuggles in a cigar or a drink. They have been in training—let me see, since the May exhibition—and you can just fancy how, at the last moment, they must long to break over. Won't they go it, by this time to-morrow night!"

Opposite Maurice's party at the table were a number of the undergraduates, whose talk was livelier than even that of their elders. "I say, Ned, I've just come up from the States. I went to get a squint at their crew, and fell in with some of the Yale men. I booked a couple of bets; I've got five to three from them, so they are bound to crow to the last.

I was ready to go even, but they would give me no chance. Think they are trying to bluff?" "No, no, not between colleges. What's the use? a man bets for his college all he can spare, and takes the risk; it isn't the money. How are their boats? I hear they have gone to the best New York builders. Hang boats; it's the men that do it. We always have won, and we mean to to-morrow." "Shells, I suppose?" "I *should* think so. Why, they are as thin as a paper nautilus, and the men have to use hooks and eyes instead of buttons; a button off would spoil the time." The speaker emphasized this remark by the pop of a champagne cork, echoed back from various parts of the room; and even the waiters were drawn into the excitement, and, being seized by strong and active hands, submitted to be decorated with the red rosette of Harvard. Maurice's party speedily withdrew to their own room, preferring to keep their reunion more quietly. Sleep was out of the question till long after midnight. From the dining-room came up the notes of many a song, and the cheers and laughter; and, older and graver though they were, these elder graduates had much lively talk to get through. However, they went at last to their cots.

Fair and clear rose the morning. The race was to come off at six in the afternoon. Maurice found no time to be alone, nor did he wish it. It was a great relief to him to plunge into the midst of the gay talk and jolly liveliness of the young men around him. There is, moreover, about Harvard a wonderful continuity of descent. You meet a class five years younger than your own, and the brothers of your classmates are on its roll. Twenty years, and the sons of the dear old fellows are beginning to come up to the Freshman examination. Thirty years, and you are sitting on the platform, very choky about the throat, and moist as to the spectacles, as a young gentleman of your own name answers to the "expectatur dissertatio" of the president. So that whenever Harvard men meet, in spite of disparity of years, they are sure to find common ground somewhere. Maurice was introduced to the two crews, and could not but admire the noble young fellows, with their frank, open faces, and joyous, larking ways and talk. There was a most healthy realism in it all. One or two of the old professors appeared in the course of the day—*en*

route for somewhere else, they said,—who shyly drew up to the groups, talking shop-talk, as is the wont of professors when stranded upon the shoals of undergraduate life, but showing, in a quiet way, scarcely less interest. The sultry afternoon wore on, and at length a fresh breeze swept down from the region where Holyoke faces Tom, cooling the air and crisping the broad river-reach. By half-past five, the banks were crowded; all Springfield seemingly turning out to enjoy the spectacle. The Harvard boats, sent down by rail, were carefully placed in the water. The crews took their seats with grim earnestness, and then, with beautiful precision, the result of long practice, pulled slowly but steadily down to the starting-place. The Yale boat, and another from one of the minor colleges, were getting under way from the opposite bank. There was much criticism passed upon them, in low tones, by the Harvard men. There was more of flourish, and loud-voiced command: a simple sign or a quiet word had been all the Cambridge captains permitted themselves to use. Yale showed something of flurry, which boded ill. As the headmost boat shot out into the stream, a voice from the bank called out loud and clear, "Now Yale!" and a ringing cheer went up from the eager hundreds of young men. Their coxswain called out hoarsely, "Way enough! toss!" and the cheer was acknowledged by a returning salute. "That gives us the race, boys!" cried a quick-sighted Harvard man at Maurice's side. "That fellow knows no better than to tire his crew by a useless flourish at the start. It will take him half-way to the ground to get them into good stroke again, and every minute of breathing-time there is precious. Yale pulls too quick: wait till we settle to our long stroke, and you'll see." There was a period of restless, breathless suspense. Far below could be seen the flash of Harvard's oars; and then the boats rounded to, and lay motionless, black points in the river, slightly nearer the eastern shore. Then Yale and the fourth boat reached the spot. Minutes seemed hours as they got into line. All eyes were gazing down the stream. Then came a flash and puff of white smoke, from the bank below, and then the moments of growing, culminating fever of attention. Presently went up from the further bank the cry of "Yale! Yale!" first from solitary voices high up upon the roofs of houses,

whence the keen-eyed watchers, from their perilous perches, could see the position of the boats, then caught up by the crowd beneath, and then dying away in the breathless doubt of the struggle. "Wait till our stroke tells!" muttered the men around Maurice; and then suddenly was heard from below a solitary shout of "Harvard!" and Maurice fancied he could see a gap between the boats. One was certainly tailing the rest, which one he could not tell. 'Most every hand now held a watch, and eager eyes were glancing from the dial-plates to the gleaming river. And now they could see the rise and fall of the bending backs, and the swift roll of the oars flashing and feathering in one sweep. "Hurrah for the long stroke!" cried a looker-on, and then the murmur swelled into a cheer and shouting up toward the goal, amid the cries of "Well done, Y. Y.!" "Harvard! Harvard!" The university boat led right gallantly the way. "Give way, Y. Y.! fifty for ever!" was the cry of many voices, as more practiced eyes than Bryan's saw that pressing the champion boat hard came the brave little four-oars. The Yale boat seemed to lap on the quarter of the Y. Y.; but, as the leading boat came abreast, all could see a mighty gap, not to be closed: and then, amid such cheering as drowned every other sound, the Harvard crews rested on their oars beyond the goal. Yale pulled gallantly to the last, but hopelessly, while the fourth boat, abandoning the utterly vain attempt, was steered into the shore; and the Harvard bowman unfurled and placed in the bow the little champion-flag of crimson silk for which so much endurance and courage had contended. The landing was a tumult of triumphant delight. The strong young fellows, dripping with perspiration, were hustled into their overcoats, and not permitted to set foot upon the ground, but were hoisted upon the linked arms of their comrades, and borne in triumph to their hotel. It was a Babel of voices; every one was telling of the time, the incidents, of the race: while Yale more quietly gathered in a dense crowd upon the other side of the river; not forgetting to raise a hearty cheer of congratulation to the rival and victor college, which was manfully responded to, in all the generous enthusiasm of success, by the young men of Harvard.

Maurice turned quietly away from the river's margin.

Now, that the furor of the race was over, his thoughts came back to himself. He felt that he was no longer young, that life was other than a summer holiday for him, and he strolled away to the hill which the Arsenal crowns, in a deep reverie. A strange sympathy came over him for the losing side. He too, he thought, as he sat upon the hill-top and watched the gorgeous melting of the sunset clouds—he too had pulled in his race, and lost. He slowly started homewards past the United States Hotel. Little groups of long-haired Yale students were standing on the sidewalk, and they looked at him as he passed, jealously watching for some glance of triumph which might be resented. Whether they saw no such signs, as he slowly loitered by, or were restrained by the natural instinct of gentlemanliness, he could not tell, but they went on with their talk as before.

“Well, boys,” said one, “we’re beaten this time; but, if training will do it, we’ll have that champion-flag in New Haven harbor yet.” “Yes,” said another, “that’s so: it is poor pluck that gives up at one beat.” The words sank deep into Maurice’s mind. He remembered that he had a classmate living in Springfield, and went into a shop to learn of his abode. That was soon found; and, at the very gate of the pretty little house, he met his friend. Maurice was warmly greeted, taken into the house and presented to his friend’s wife, a bright, lovely little woman, who wore conspicuously the Harvard colors. They kept him to tea; and, over that social meal, the chat flowed freely. “You are a Unitarian minister somewhere in Connecticut, they told me. I thought you would have gone into the law,” said his friend. “I was that,” replied Maurice. He had changed his clerical-cut coat he wore in Norowam, for a light summer-sack, and had put on a blue neck-tie, so the question was hesitatingly asked, and a look of surprise came over the wife’s face. “I was that; but I have left the Unitarians.” “I wonder if you had as good a reason as I had,” said his host, glancing across the table to his wife, who smiled, and blushed a little, and then said, “Will has a better reason than me, I hope, though I did take him with me to church.” “Well, I am satisfied now, any way; but how was it with you, if I may ask?” “I am afraid I have had no such good reason,” said Maurice; “at least [with a bow to the

lady] not so fair a temptation. I have left Unitarianism because I have tried it, and found it wanting. And now I am adrift. I have thought—I wish I could make up my mind—that I should go to Broadwater to study for the Episcopal Church.” “O Mr. Maurice, do! I am sure you ought. I *know* you will never feel contented till you do.” “But, deary, perhaps Mr. Maurice does not feel ready to take such a responsibility.” “Why not? he *has* taken it already. It is his work: he must not give it up; it is settled for him. The only thing is in what way to do it—the right way or the wrong.” “You see, Maurice, my wife (woman-like) cannot think any way but her own the right.” “Well, now, isn’t it?” said she. Maurice smiled; but twice that day a casual word had hit him hard. He went back to the Massasoit at ten. The noise and fun was at its height, a grand supper was in progress, and from the dining-hall came the roar of sturdy choruses, and then a rich voice trolling out a solo, followed with cheers, and the jingle of glass, and shouts of laughter. There are black sheep in every flock, and weakness of the flesh, and foolish young fellows who will be led into excess. As Maurice passed through the hall, he met a party of undergraduates. They were helping one of their number up to bed. The fair young face was all flushed and stupid with drink, and the athletic, manly limbs all relaxed. Maurice saw it with a pained feeling. He knew that such things would be, and that one outbreak did not necessarily mean the ruin of the boy, who would probably wake well shamed on the morrow; but he was saddened by the sight. He felt that which, the first time we do feel it, comes with a very chilling sense—the power of worldliness; not what is usually meant by worldliness in sermons and essays, but the real spell of the world. Here was all this gay life around him—this hearty, happy animation, with all its redeeming traits, too, of chivalric pluck and gentlemanliness and honor, and even its excesses, which were not deep-seated evils, and what was it worth?

He sat thinking it over in his room. He was not disposed to take the Puritan view at all. He did not believe renunciation of the world meant giving up anything intended for our use and enjoyment. He admitted this boat-race, even with its fringe of dissipation as good and healthy in its way.

But he felt the contrast of the life he had half-purposed to himself to return to, with such a life as Winthrop was leading. It was not in itself bad, but it needed that it should be infused with the strong leaven of a downright, uncompromising Christian principle. He now saw clearly, for the first time, the worth and the value of the ministerial office. It was to be a work in the world; not a Sunday work, but among men. There flashed upon his soul the opposing sides of the day's experience—its tendencies downwards, its coarse, degrading possibilities; its ennobling, hopeful, purifying opportunities. He felt the want of his own influence in the scale of right. All this culture, all this training of body and mind, was a great fallow field. The end of life was not running boat-races or enjoying triumphs. He saw his life-work before him, and he knew that the old seaman's words to him were true—he had been saved from the wild waves of the Newfoundland Banks to do God service in his church. Had he found that church? It seemed to him that he had done so. No one could deal with these young men unless possessed of an admitted authority. He had seen in Winthrop the ministry of a church which acted with power. He had felt the difference in the bearing of young men toward him and toward his friend. He saw the cause of his own failures. He determined to take the morning train for Broadwater.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE morning after the boat-race, a classmate, whom Maurice met at the breakfast-table brought him news of some changes in his probable position in life. He had inherited a comfortable estate, and had never been required to give any other care to it than simply to receive and spend his dividends. He now learnt that, through the fraud of its president, the manufacturing company in which a large part of his property was invested was on the brink of failure. It was feared that, by a series of adroit forgeries, the stockholders were to be made individually liable. He had to hurry to Boston. For two months' time his life was wholly changed. He was compelled to pass his days in dusty and hot offices, in consultation with lawyers. At one time, he was in hourly expectation of having to begin the world anew, with nothing but the clothes in his trunk, his own head and heart.

"If the worst come to the worst," said his lawyer to him one of these dark days, "I will take you into my office and give you the best chance I can; but the ministry will be out of the question." Maurice never knew how much this was to him, till it seemed out of his reach. He mentally resolved to seek a clerkship, and to earn his daily bread while studying for the six months required. At length, however, light broke. Through his own shrewd mastery of the details of a very dark transaction, he was enabled to trace the disposition of the embezzled property. The company came out of the trial sorely crippled, without hope of making a dividend under two or three years. He was offered a place in its employ at a very tempting salary. One great gain he had made; he had conquered his dreamy, balancing temper to a great extent, had gained an insight into the practical business life of the world. He had learned

economy too; to live simply, and to deny himself. He asked and obtained leave, at the final meeting of the directors, when the winding-up of the affair was reached, to consider for one week their proposal, and then, once more, he took up the line of life which for two months he had dropped.

"We shall have you back with us soon," said one of his friends. "You have too good a brain to be buried in the pettinesses of a country parsonage."

Bryan felt the force of this; he had a just pride in his own success; he had felt, too, the charm of business enterprise, but not yet its weariness. But he had also, in another's fall, seen the awful temptation which besets the American business life. He had looked into the vortex of that dreadful maelstrom, "stock speculation;" he had seen the shipwrecks and ghastly drowned faces looking up from that wild whirl. He knew in his soul that he that maketh haste to be rich maketh to himself sin. Strong as was the allurements of material activities, a stronger spell lay upon him in the unopened letter which day by day he had carried in his bosom, and in the hopes sown by that fair river, amid the western hills of New-England. So, asking for his week, he rose up and went his way in feverish impatience, and yet checked by the clinging pressure of the past.

The summer had ended when Maurice trod again the streets of Broadwater. The beautiful old town seemed, as it always seems, unchanged from its sleepy quietude. It was night when he arrived, however, and this must pass for an after recognition. He only knew then that he went straight to the hotel, and, tired with travel, made no attempt to visit the Divinity School that night. He had taken with him sundry papers, which yet required to be gone over, and which he had calculated he could attend to before bed-time. But he was too sleepy, and, after nodding over them for half an hour, he gave it up and went to bed. The consequence was, that he did not stir out the next morning, but was putting the last paper into his valise as the gong of the Decatur House rung for dinner.

That over, he sallied forth. At the hotel-door the attack of irresolution came back upon him once more, fiercer than ever. He strolled up to the hills above Broadwater. He found himself at the gate of a cemetery. He went in along the winding path that led to the monument, idly taking

notice of all things in the effort to stay the tumult of his thoughts. The moment for decision had come, and yet he was wanting to it. The fact that he felt a doubt seemed to press heavily against him. What business had he to be hesitating? He sat weariedly down upon the summit, and looked around over the lovely landscape, in the first russet changes of its autumnal beauty. Beneath lay Broadwater, buried in its elms. Westward, like the ridgy back of a long wave, rising with the shoreward "sene" of the ground-swell, just ere it curls and breaks, against the horizon, he could trace the crest of the Hoveden Hills. To the eastward shone the silver reaches of the winding river. Far to the north, a dim blue cloud against the sky-line marked a well-known mountain in a neighboring State. He looked down into a mass of groves, and the four chimneys of a stately mansion-house peeped out—one of the old family seats of the aristocratic heart of the State. He noted all, lingering on each point with leisurely distinctness, as one trying to escape the pressure of importunate thought; but his eye would come back slowly yet inevitably to the square observatory of the Cranmer School building.

He had come expressly to Broadwater to find rest for his irresolution, and now he was minded to flee from the haven where he would be. He caught sight of the smoke of a steamer upon the river. It was the boat for New York. He half rose from his seat upon the grass, in the impulse to go down to the landing, and take passage in her for the city. He put his hand in his pocket, to see if he had his wallet with him, and his grasp met Gardiner's letter. Another one was with it. It was the written offer of the Chesuncook Falls Manufacturing Company, to him, to take their sub-agency, with the promise of the chief place in a year, and a salary of ——— thousand dollars, with perquisites and prospects unlimited. The week was not up. Dr. Hooper he had seen in Boston, and he had said that the pulpit offered to Maurice was still vacant. He could reach the wharf in time, or, failing that, take the night train. He laid the two letters side by side before him, on the grass, and watched the approaching column of smoke. Let not the reader unacquainted with such mental trials despise this conflict. Reason and study had convinced him; but reason and study are powerless, when the mystery of the soul's perplexity, as

to absolute right and wrong, in personal decision, comes upon us. He felt the one thing for him to do was to sit still: it was literally "his strength to sit still." Desperately he sat there upon the hill-top, watching the approaching boat, from which he could not take his eyes, till he could see her swiftly bearing down past the quarries of Sandiland, and gliding behind the island-screen of drooping willow-boughs, upon the hither side of the river-channel. He watched her till she reached the wharf: even then it was not too late. She might stop a half-hour for freighting, and he get aboard. Ten minutes more would take him to the pier, and then a letter would reclaim his valise, and discharge his bill. He all but clung to the short grass to keep his place. After all—the thought came to him—staying where he was, decided nothing. He would not be compelled to enter the school because the boat left him.

He turned sharply round, as if the thought stung him. He looked no more toward Broadwater, but gazed fixedly at the Hoveden Hills, as if he would imprint their outline upon his memory, until he heard the faint toll of the steam-boat-bell. Then he stood up, and saw her drive with gathering speed past the lower buildings of the town, and swing out into the broad reach toward the gorge beyond. Then he walked, with deliberate but firm steps, down the hill toward the Divinity School. The tone of his mind came back as he reached its northern entrance. He had now a practical embarrassment, to find those of whom he was in search, and he was himself again. The life he had been leading seemed to come to his aid, and he bethought himself of the necessary steps to make his errand known. He went straight up the stairs, meeting no one, to the little ante-room before the chapel, thinking to wait until some one appeared. To his surprise, he found it changed. The altar was no longer there, but only a chair and table in its place. The lectern had disappeared, and only a few little tables were standing in front of the seats. The door of one of the adjoining rooms opened, and a young man came out. Maurice, without speaking, put into his hand his card and the letter which Gardiner had given him. The young man glanced at the address, and then said, "The Bishop of — is now in the study; walk in here, sir, and he will see you." Maurice entered a small chamber, partially screened off to

form a sleeping-room, and passed through into a large and nobly proportioned apartment. Upon the dark-crimson papered walls were hung various prints and engravings. One side was entirely lined with well-filled book-shelves. A large study-table was in the centre; a small table, heaped with papers and the confused litter of a busy man's working-room, occupied a corner. Various broad and comfortable chairs stood invitingly about. The large French-folding sashes of the east window were open, and a pleasant breeze came fluttering in. A gentleman rose from his seat, by the little table, to greet him. He was of middle height, with black, curling hair, just touched here and there with gray. He was stouter and shorter than Gardiner, erect, and with a dash and mobility of movement, and a quick play of features, which were clear cut, and conveyed an assurance more of energy than of reserved power. His smile was singularly pleasant; and, as he took the letter and card, he motioned Maurice to a seat. He read the letter almost at a glance, threw it on the table, and, starting up, held out both hands to Maurice, clasping his with a warm pressure.

"I am delighted to see you," he said, "and your mind is made up, is it? I judge so by your coming to us. Thank God, thank God, for it. Gardiner writes to me every thing good about you. I had a letter from him last night, anxiously inquiring about you, and saying that your place should be ready in the school as soon as you came. And you desire, of course, Holy Baptism first? Mr. Vincent—the Rev. Mr. Vincent, Mr. Maurice—will you be good enough to see that the font is ready, and to get out my robes, there in my trunk, in my chamber? And now, my dear fellow, we must have your confirmation to follow. I am acting here while the Bishop is away, and have his full authority. You are really determined, are you? Sit down, and tell me all you want to say."

Vincent had left the room, and the two were alone. The kindly, earnest manner of the Bishop fairly opened Maurice's heart, strained, as it was, with the long emotion of his mental conflict. He could only murmur a few incoherent words: "Thank you, thank you, Bishop;" and then he bowed his face on his hands. The Bishop laid one hand gently on his shoulder, and then waited for self-control to

come back. Then Maurice lifted up his head. His eyes were tearless and his mouth firm. "I came here," he said, "to ask for Baptism only, to lay aside my old heresies, to resign myself into the hands of my only Lord. I have tried and failed as a minister. I know not whether I ought to ask more than this; even to be confirmed, to become a communicant, seems too much." "No: it is not too much. We will not hurry you, but indeed your failure was not your fault. I have heard a great deal about you from one who knew you well. She—eh—well, that person," said the good Bishop, slightly confused, "assures me that you can do the Church noble service. Your work failed, because it was not built on any thing strong or stable. I judge that you failed, because you worked too well,—too much like a Churchman. Winthrop has the greatest admiration for you. If you see your mistake now,—that your belief was wrong and your work outside the church instead of in it,—why should not you take a new start?" "I feel so weak, so doubtful of myself." "That is just as you ought to feel; but do you not think you are called to the work of the ministry?" "I thought so once; when I was saved from the wreck of the 'Mystic,' I vowed myself to that. Oh, if I could have only come here then! These lost years! these lost years!" "My dear young friend, not lost; you have had training, you have gained experience, you have learned that it is not theories but convictions which succeed; you are better fitted for our ministry, instead of being worse fitted, by what you have gone through. Every clergyman makes some failures and blunders; I wish I could have made mine upon Unitarians. But we won't speak of what is to come yet. You are ready and desirous to be baptized, seeking therein remission of sins, and to profess your faith in Christ, God as your only Saviour?" "Indeed and indeed I am." "And you would not shrink from owning that faith before men, and trying to live according to it?" "I would not," said Maurice, "God helping me;" and his eye, full of sad earnestness, was lifted to meet the gaze of the other. "And you would not shrink from those means and helps which will give you strength to keep your vows. If the Lord were on earth, and bade you come to Him, you would not turn away?" "I hope not," said Maurice. "Then you will not refuse the invitation, the offer He

makes of himself invisibly through the Sacrament?" "If I may,—I do not know,—it is too much to think of now." "Well, I will not press you; you must want time for preparation. Yet, if it were only Maundy Thursday, we might unite all the services. It is almost a pity," said the Bishop, whose enthusiastic love for the Church led him to make the most of her rites. "However, perhaps it is best as it is. We have evening service at seven to-night in the Chapel, instead of the usual hour. I have two or three others to confirm, two of the school from my own diocese, who were brought up Congregationalists. And now sit here, my dear boy, as long as you like; but please excuse me, as I am much engaged till then. Would you prefer to be alone? I am sure the ladies would be glad to have you join us at tea; but, judging from my own feeling, I thought you would rather not meet any one till after the service." "Thank you, Bishop. I should very much prefer being alone till then." The Bishop put a little manual of devotional preparation into his hands and left him. Maurice sat for some time busily reading it and striving to control the current of his thoughts. Doubts, questions, the errors of his past days, self-distrust, all manner of perplexities, came to beset and bewilder him. Yet clearer and clearer was the firm resolution to go on. He closed the book. He took from his pocket the little Prayer-book which had belonged to Frank, and the packet which Maud had given him. He remembered he was to read it then. He broke the seal; it contained a brief portion of a letter and some verses. The fragment of the letter was in Frank's handwriting, and was as follows:—

"And now, dear Maud, I have resolved to give myself to God. I do not take this step, that I may be more worthy of you, though I pray for that continually, but because, as you have taught me, it is right. I shall be confirmed next Thursday, at Grace Church in the City, not waiting for the Bishop to come to Cambridge. May God help me to keep my vows!" The rest of the letter was torn off. Upon the back of this fragment was, in Maud's hand, this indorsement: "All that remains to me of my dear, dear Frank." The verses were in Maud's writing; but, as Maurice read them, he felt they were not her own. We give them as they were:—

“O Lord! Thy Church’s gates are opened wide
To all who humbly knock;
There is the fold secure wherein abide
Thy home-returned flock.

“O gracious Lord! admit me as the least
Of that great company!
Grant me to sit low at Thy marriage feast,
Thy new-born child to be.

“Without Thy gates sadly I watch and weep,
By sin made desolate.
Deep is my sin. Let penitence as deep
My path to Thee make straight.

“O Word made flesh! I own thy healing power;
Grant me Thy healing wave.
Oh! bear with me till the baptismal hour,
And then be near and save.”

The only other thing in the parcel was a note addressed as follows: “To my brother in the Lord, Bryan Maurice, to be opened after his Baptism.”

He replaced the papers hastily, as the opening of the door startled him. It was not the Bishop, but the young clergyman whom he had met at first. “The Bishop sent me to say to you, sir,” he began, “that perhaps you would like to go into the Chapel before the rest, and I will take you in.” Maurice understood the thoughtful kindness of the act. He would gladly have passed some of the time in prayer; but in a strange room, where he dreaded interruption, his New England shyness interposed. “Is the Chapel far?” he asked. “It used to be in the house.” “Far! Oh, no! you can see it from here,” and he stepped to a side window and pointed. Maurice looked out. Across a little grassy quadrangle, one side open to the street, itself forming the south side, was an exquisite little building, built from the red sandstone of the neighboring quarries. It had arisen since Maurice’s former visit to Broadwater. Its sharp roof was covered with many kinds of colored slates. Midway of the nave rose a little pointed bell-cote, in front of which projected a porch of open-work, screening the entrance.

“That is the new chapel,” said Vincent; “shall we go to it?” He led the way by a different staircase from that by which Maurice had entered, descending into the body of the

house. Maurice caught a glimpse of a broad hall and stately suit of rooms, and he heard the sound of ladies' voices. He shrank from meeting any one, and was relieved to follow his guide along an outer passage, an enclosed piazza, sashed and glazed, which served as a cloister to lead to the quadrangle. They crossed this, and reached the little porch. Vincent unlocked it, and said, "It is now near six. I will lock the door, if you like, and then you cannot be disturbed till just before seven, when Martin comes to light up and ring the bell." He held out his hand, saying, "I trust to welcome you here soon," and Maurice felt there was kindly sympathy in the pressure. "You will find a seat on that side," he added, pointing to some low open forms, and then withdrew. Maurice could not but look about him.

The little building, for it was small, was exquisite in proportions and adornments. The roof was of illuminated panels of gold and ultramarine, relieved with vermilion. The rafters were disclosed with color-decorations along their chamfered edges. The chancel-roof was sprinkled with golden stars. In the centre of its apse was a high window, with a very lovely full-length picture of the Saviour walking on the sea. Beneath was the altar, richly vested in an altar-cloth of dark-hued velvet, with the sacred Monogram embroidered on the centre. Midway of the nave ran a transverse passage, and the eastern part was raised a single step, for a choir, with a triple row of stalls on either side like an English College Chapel. West of the passage were plain open forms, facing the chancel. The windows of the nave were slender lancets, with cusped heads; two of them were adorned with armorial bearings, over which were the mitre and keys, and the inscriptions beneath told that they were memorials of the deceased Bishops of the diocese. The lesser chancel-lights were four quatre-foils, each bearing the type of an evangelist. In front of the chancel stood a lectern of carved wood. A white marble font was at the entrance of the choir. The rail of the altar was within the arch, its gates opened wide. A small organ, the pipes richly decorated in colors, occupied the niche opposite the entrance, completing the transeptal outline of the building. At the west gable was another door, and over it a window, with the arms of the school, a

mitre and crossed keys, emblazoned on it. Maurice owned the subduing influence of the place. As soon as he could compose himself, he knelt down at the font, and remained there some time.

In the hush of prayer, the wild whirl of doubts and perplexities went from him. He rose from his knees, and went and sat down at the place pointed out, and quietly watched the deepening of the twilight, with which the flaming windows faded to darker and richer tints. It was to his soul absolute repose. At length he heard the key turn in the lock, and presently an old man came in and began to light the gas. He gave a quick glance at Maurice, but said no word. Presently he went out, and the quick toll of the chapel-bell was heard. One and another came in; but Maurice bent over his prayer-book, and was rather aware of their coming than saw them with his bodily eyes. He heard the quiet rustle of garments, and caught the passing shadows of black dresses. At last a student took his place at the organ and began a voluntary. The students thronged in, mostly in their black gowns, then several surpliced clergy, and last of all, the Bishop in his robes. The stalls were quite full, though not entirely. The Bishop did not take the mitred stall, but passed on into the chancel within the rail, and presently one of the students came to close the gates, but, at a sign from the Bishop, returned to his place. Maurice expected the usual Cranmer School service, but found instead that the full Even song of the Church was used. The psalter, however, was chanted antiphonally and very heartily. A student read the lessons; the rest of the service was taken by Vincent. Maurice could not help wondering if he were an officer of the school, as he looked at his handsome face, and noted the slender moustache which shaded his lip. In the midst of his tension of feeling, Bryan had that double consciousness not unusual to prolonged excitement. It is said, men on trial for their lives note the veriest trifles with absorbing interest. It was not till the second lesson was drawing to a close, that he remembered that he must come forward. All the blood in his body seemed to well up into his face. One whisper at his heart bade him rise up and flee before it was too late. Another, like a far off voice, bade him go on. The lesson ended, and the organist sat quietly turned away from his

instrument, while wondering looks were exchanged by the students. The Bishop came forward, with a quick and resolute step, toward the font, and, fixing his eyes on Maurice, said, "Let the candidate for baptism present himself." Maurice hardly knew what he must do. Fortunately he did the most natural thing, which was, to come to the front of the choir. He had **but once** seen an adult baptism, and his ignorance of its details flashed upon him suddenly. Vincent came from the choir-stalls and stood at his right hand. Some one else, he felt, was standing behind him, but who he knew not. He was following, with the utmost intent, each word of the exhortation. A perfect calm had come upon him. He could almost have started at the sound of his own voice, when he replied to the questions, it rang so firm and true. At the second one—"Dost thou believe all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?"—he paused for a moment as he mentally repeated them, and then bowing his head, replied in an accent, the repressed fervor of which thrilled the listeners, "I do." Most impressive were the Bishop's brief prayers, as his hand was held above the head of the candidate. But what voice was it, which, as he knelt, answered to the Bishop's demand, "Name this person?" It was a familiar tone, which aided to swell higher the wave of feeling which swept over him. To his closed eyes, as the water-drops fell on his brow, and the sign of the cross was traced, there came a brief vision of the face and form of Frank, in pure and shining robes. As the service ended, he turned to resume his seat; and the students, rising, began the *Benedic anima mea*.

He then saw who had been his witnesses. The tall form of Mrs. Gardiner showed that she had been one; but who was the other? That dark, sunbrowned face, hidden by the long, drooping moustache and pointed beard, was known to him, and yet strange. He could not believe himself; but, as for a moment their eyes met, a light of joy and thankfulness came into those of the stranger, which brought back old days and old memories, and Maurice recognized in his other witness—SALTONSTALL WISE.

The prayers were over, and the Bishop gave out two verses of a psalm, bidding the candidates for confirmation to come forward. Two of the young men in the first row

of stalls arose and obeyed. Maurice followed them, and Wise was still at his side. Maurice was past all wonder, with only one feeling—that of a great and rejoicing hope. He had felt that morning utterly cut off from all friends and former ties, and here, he could hardly tell how, they were all around him.

Perhaps, with the exception of adult baptism, there is no rite of the Church so impressive to a looker-on as confirmation. Brief as was the interval between the sacrament and his recognition of it, Bryan felt the reality all the more of his witness to his vows. He rejoiced in the laying-on of apostolic hands as the setting of a confirming seal upon his purpose. Each moment was taking him irrevocably from his old self, away from the weary past.

He rose up from that rail strengthened, renewed, and manful of resolve. And then, sitting in his chair, in quiet tones, which were, nevertheless, almost painfully audible in the hushed stillness of the chapel, the Bishop addressed them. Perhaps it is as well to give his words in their completeness, that non-episcopalian readers may get an idea of what a Bishop says on such occasions.

“My dear young brethren, it is with no ordinary feeling that I bid you God-speed. It may never again fall to my lot to confirm such a class as this, composed entirely of those who are looking forward to that other laying-on of hands which shall advance them to the ministration of Christian teaching to others. Yet, if that hope shall lift you, as it surely must, above many of the ordinary temptations that beset the Christian life, it brings you, perhaps, into more dangerous nearness to others. In the low-lying desert, the Tempter solicited the animal appetite. He took our Lord to the exceeding high mountain, where he would assail the ambition of the intellect. He placed Him upon the giddy pinnacle of the temple, where he appealed to the spiritual pride. Remember ever, as you daily pray here, to lay seriously to heart the honor and danger of the trust to which you are to be called.

“And now, that you may do this, let me give you these few words of caution: Remember that the Church is no place for individual display. It is Christ’s kingdom, wherein all are subjects—His vineyard, wherein all are laborers—His army, wherein all move as the Captain of our salvation

wills. What to-night you have renounced was the will and the intent to please yourselves. You are here to learn how more effectually to serve, to arm yourselves, not for the combat which shall win renown and spoil, but for the stern, hard battle, the wearying strife, wherein, as one falls unheeded, the next must step before—where, so long as the lines advance, the individual deaths are lost in the coming victory. You, at least, whatever the case of the lay-Christian, are to bear in daily remembrance that your reward is not here.

“And now, my dear young friends, to whom I feel bound by a closer tie than the ordinary interest which a Bishop must ever feel, let me welcome you to your work and your newness of life.

“From the bondage of the opposing yet confederated errors which assail the life of the Catholic Church, you have come forth. With sincere conviction, I believe and trust, with steadfast purposes, with noble resolves, you stand upon the threshold of active Christian manhood. May the same Holy Spirit whom we have invoked over you guide you, comfort you, defend you, and, at the last, be your approving witness in the great day, when all service shall be accounted unto Him, by whom we are delivered, and for whom we labor!”

The chapel was empty. Our two young friends stood face to face in the moonlight, outside the porch. “Bryan, dear old boy!” “Saltonstall, God bless you!” was all they had power to say. In a moment, Vincent came back to look for them. “Come up to the study, please, gentlemen, the Bishop wants to see you.”

As they passed through the hall of the school, Mrs. Gardiner met them. “I hope you did not think it strange my standing as your witness,” she said. “I got a note by the evening mail just before I went to chapel, written from Norowam, from Miss De Forrest, my niece. She said she expected you would be at Broadwater daily, and begged me to act as her proxy. She did not like to give up her right as your nearest friend in the Church, as your sister; and yet she could not very well, among strangers here, appear herself. You remember that we met in Rome, Mr. Maurice, and I am delighted to think you will be one of us.”

The Bishop greeted them warmly. "Of course," he said, "Mr. Maurice, my work is ended. You must wait till the Bishop of the diocese returns, before you can complete your arrangements for the school; but that will be only for two days, but do not think of giving up the ministry. Here is your friend, who owns that he once deserted you at Cambridge; you must practice Christian forbearance and forgiveness, and stand by him here. It will be but six months before you can both be ordained deacons. I see you want to be together; to-morrow morning come in and have a long talk with me."

So Wise and Maurice walked out, and up the moonlit street. "Tell me all about it, Wise, and how, of all men, *you* turned up *here*?" "Maurice, you remember my last letter; you must have got it about two months ago. Well, it was written, but not dated, some eight months before that. I mailed it to you from this country, not knowing your whereabouts, doctrinally I mean, but hoping it would draw your fire and then I could get at you. Between the writing and the sending, I was led to take orders in the Church of Rome—sub-deacon's orders. I had a fit of fresh skepticism, more violent than ever, assail me, and I 'went it blind,' as they say, in utter desperation. I was never confirmed in the Romish Church, for some reason or other, and my orders were conferred by the abbot of the confraternity—if they are orders, which the Bishop here seems to doubt. Well, this step, which you would have thought final, was the saving of me. I did not herd with the English priests, of whom there are a lot about Rome; their over faith and enormous credulity sickened me. I went in with the Italian priests. They found I was an American, and somehow made me out for a liberal. They let me into a state of things which astounded me, but did me good. Maurice, there is a large body of them, larger than any one dreams of here, who are ripe for a reformation. They can think and talk of nothing else when they meet one they can trust. In and through them, I got my first idea of a truly *Catholic* Church, of an inherent vitality which would survive chance and change. I learned another thing, also, and that is that the Church of England and our Church—*our* Church, Maurice, think of that—are really working for unity of Christendom. I found myself in the society, the

vera catholica, which numbers thousands of members. They put into my hands its pamphlets; one of them was written by Bishop ———, the one who has just confirmed us. Then I went in their interests to Paris, and saw the Abbé Guettée and the Russian arch-priest, Wassileff. They completed the work, and told me what to do. I returned home and learned that Bishop ——— was here. I have been with him for six weeks past, though I had not talked with him two days before I found what I wanted. He sent for me this evening, asking me to stand sponsor for a young Unitarian minister, who was to be baptized. You can't think what I felt when I saw you; however, it was all right. I am here to live and to die, for the first time in my life, with clear convictions and a definite field of duty. I never had or professed to have such before. It has been all experiment. Now stand by me, won't you?"

Maurice was silent. "If I have the gift," he said at last, "the power, and the privilege, to serve at my Church's altars, I shall take it. It seems to me awful presumption, after what I have known, and my failures and all; but those who are wiser than I think differently. I leave it in their hands."

Then followed, of course, the long outpouring of confidences and details of each other's life since they parted.

We need not go over that again. When Maurice was alone once more, he broke open with hasty hands Maud's letter. "Dear Bryan," it began, "when you read this, you will be, by God's grace, my brother. Frank, our dear Frank, was my betrothed lover, my first, my only love; we were both too young to look for an immediate marriage, when we were engaged. When Frank sailed for Europe, after his father's death, there had been, as I told you, a political quarrel between my father and his; but we were just as sure friends as ever, though we did not meet. He suddenly sent me back my letters and presents, and broke the engagement. I did not know why, only, in a brief note, he said it was in no respect my fault. Now I know. The doctor had told him he could not hope for many years of life; he might prolong them by going abroad and living there. He hoped, in the singleness of his heart, that he might make me give him up entirely, by his seeming harshness. His sister told me all. I had heard it only the week

before I met you in the graveyard at Norowam, and I *could* not tell you then. He told her to tell me after he was gone, and to bid me be happy in a new engagement if I could. I have forgiven him the wrong he did my constancy, forgave him in the hour of our only, our last, communion. My uncle and my great-aunt knew nothing of it then. I have, I trust, no unworthy repinings, but my heart lies buried beneath the cypresses of Rome. My life is the Church's. And now that I have told you this, you will not misunderstand me when I say, that you were as a holy bequest, to me from him, that I have prayed for you, watched over you, and have done what I could to bring you into the communion, and, if God will, into the ministry of the Church of Christ. When we meet again, it will be, I trust, to welcome you in that holy calling, to reverence you as my priest, to be taught by you as my pastor. Frank left me his whole fortune. I keep it in trust to build and endow a church to the free service of Almighty God. When you are fitted to take charge of that, come to me, and it shall be yours. I shall enter into a sisterhood for the care of the sick, and teaching of the young, the womanly service of our Lord's appointment. The memory of the blessed dead shall be ours for evermore. Yet you, I trust, will marry when the right time comes; I shall never."

It seemed Bryan's fate to be moved about the world by unexpected coming of letters. That happens, however, to most of us. The Chesuncook Company sent him instructions to go on to Philadelphia. He was still their agent, as far as such work was concerned; so he resigned himself to his fate, and gave up his hope of making his first communion at the chapel the next Sunday. He was directed to pick up his legal adviser in New York, on his way through; which he did, and, in such good company, made his first visit to the Quaker City. They found the business detain them over the hours of departure of any thing earlier than a night-train. It was barely possible something might come up for their attention on Monday morning. So they decided to remain the Sunday. Maurice's companion, as a Boston lawyer, declared his intention of going to hear the distinguished Unitarian preacher. Bryan walked with him as far as the plain little building whose exterior is so disproportionate to the intellectual brilliancy within; and then

turned westward in search of a church where, he had been assured at the hotel, all the strangers liked to go. He was told to keep on till he reached one of the western squares, and at its corner he would find the place he sought.

Before he reached the place, he came to a church which arrested his attention, and which he was unwilling to pass by. It stood in its own green yard, with its noble tower abutting on the street, and serving as the porch of entrance. The tower terminated in a broached spire of wonderfully correct proportions, relieved by lucarne windows, not, as ordinarily, looking like excrescences stuck upon the surface, but just breaking the monotony of its outline. A deep chancel, with three windows at its side, was partly decked with clinging ivy wreaths. Each gable was surmounted by a cross. Maurice lingered, for it was yet early, gazing at the architecture, every detail of which showed a feeling most unusual in our land of routine copyists. He passed by, and found that the west end was not inferior; but that, in the same enclosure, stood a little group of irregular buildings in the same style,—evidently the schools of the church. A sound of children's voices singing a hymn was heard through the open windows. He turned back, and looked in at the deep portal. A gentleman was just entering. "Is this an Episcopal Church?" asked Maurice. "Yes, sir. Would you like a seat? Come with me: I shall be most happy to give you one." "I had thought," said Maurice, "of going to — Church; but this attracts me so much, I do not feel as if I could pass by it. Thank you: I should be most happy." Maurice followed his guide through the deep portal. A curtain was partially drawn aside. The font, richly carved, stood beside a stone pillar on the left of the entrance. It seemed to bid him specially welcome, and to remind him that his was now the believer's privilege. A broad transept division led to a north doorway, through which the children of the Sunday School were coming in. The pavement was of figured tiles, upon which the tread fell without noise. The church was divided into nave and aisles by seven arches on either side, and the lofty clere-story was surmounted by an open roof. The sittings were of oak, low and massive. Maurice noted that the walls were of stone within as well as without, that paint and plaster were nowhere used, and that the columns were

monoliths, each with a carved capital. The whole effect was impressive and delightful to a degree he was quite unprepared for. Beyond extended the deep chancel, unbroken by desk or pulpit, with the altar seen afar, upon the rich covering of which stood a pair of chalices, with delicate squares of lawn veiling them; while upon a credence-table, formed by a shelf niched in the wall, were the oblata, covered with their snowy napkin. The pulpit was set against the wall of the chancel arch, while opposite it appeared the lectern: upon it was the open volume of the Holy Book.

Bryan followed his conductor to a seat not far from the chancel. When he rose from his own private prayers, he was surprised to find his companion still kneeling,—not merely bent forward, but upon his knees; and, as the church filled, he could not help seeing that this was the habit of the place. Almost all who came in, whether young men or old, women or children, showed the same devotion. It was very different from the fashionable carelessness he had been used to witness, and he felt that he had made a happy choice. He looked up at the large east window, the central figure in which was the Saviour, with four apostles and saints beside; and, though to a critical study these would have hardly borne close inspection, in his present mood they impressed him. Presently, the organ, which was placed at the north side of the chancel, behind a fretted screen of carved oak, began a voluntary, and two surpliced and stoled clergymen issued from the vestry, and knelt at the stalls on either side. The one farthest from him, next the lectern, read the opening sentences in a clear, rich voice, and then, turning to the people, began the exhortation. Maurice was struck with the purity his face expressed, the refined and tender intellectual cast of his delicate features. His accent was the slightly peculiar one of Philadelphia,—a pleasant change from the nasality of the New England head-voice. The Confession followed,—all around him rising up the subdued murmur of voices from the entire congregation: at the close of which, there came, in unison with a single organ-note, a chanted “Amen.” Then followed the Absolution, with the same response. The unseen choir in front replied in the same manner to the versicles and *Gloria*; and, after the *Venite*, the Psalter of the day

was chanted, antiphonally, to a series of beautiful Anglican chants. It was to Maurice very moving to stand there with his thought following the rapt utterances of the Psalms, and looking into the vista, on either side of which, like guardian angels, were the white-robed clergy. Beneath the great east window, he saw the floriated cross upon the altar's frontal, and, above, the golden gleam of the chalices. He could, with a new emotion, lift up his voice in the simple but stirring Gregorian to which the *Te Deum* was sung, and his heart was very "joyful in the Lord" in the thrilling burst of the *Jubilate*. Then followed the Nicene Creed. It was to him a personal confession of his faith in the "one Lord JESUS CHRIST," as, like a wind-swept harvest-field, all heads bowed at the beloved name. Tears rose to his eyes as he repeated, "I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins." He could join now in the prayers of the Litany, as never before, with a love both purified and humbled. At the close of the Litany, the other clergyman announced the Introit for the day. Maurice caught sight of his face, and, with a start of joy, recognized Professor Wentworth. It was very comforting to him that it would not be a stranger who should give him his first communion. The responses to the Commandments were chanted to a peculiarly beautiful movement; and this (to Maurice) new feature in the worship was at first strange, and then very pleasing. At the close of the ante-Communion service, the Rector gave out the hymn, but did not go into the vestry: he merely knelt at the rail during the last verse, and then went straight into the pulpit. Without announcement of text or subject, he began a brief address. It was a concise statement of the threefold meaning of the office he was about to celebrate: "A sacrifice, not in letter, but in spirit; for 'ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come.' It was offered in commemoration by the Christian priest, upon the Christian altar; yet, as all were kings and priests unto the Lord, while the ministerial work was that of official commemoration, the worshipping people were to offer and present their souls and bodies, a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice. It was a Eucharist also,—the great thank-offering for accomplished redemption. It was the sign of rejoicing, which, though dimmed by the sense of sin, was yet animated by the Christian hope, was the symbol of the re-

posing faith of Paradise, and the full fruition of heaven. It was also, and last, the Communion by faith with the invisible presence of Christ, was the reception of the sanctifying life of the Holy Ghost, and the type of access to the forgiving Father, wrought through the union of the Divine Son, both with that Father above, and with the repentant and returning child below. As the seal and pledge of these mysteries, it was to each and all, with each and all, the common partaking." And then his voice swelled and deepened in an earnest appeal to those present not to turn away. After all earthly ties were sundered, he bade them remember this remained: for the faithful dead who slept in the Lord Jesus, for the sorrowing believers who lingered here, there was this great and exceeding comfort. By their sense of sins forgiven, by their thankfulness for blessings manifold, by their renewed aspirations after holiness, he besought them not to turn away. The deep hush which followed the eloquent tones of that voice, which all who listen to love, was broken only by the rising of the congregation at the Ascription, and the chanting of the *Gloria Patri* which followed. The Rector re-entered the chancel, and took from the credence the golden alms-basins. The gentleman at his side gave a quick glance around, and then rose and went forward. Maurice was struck with the reverent manner of the wardens and vestrymen, so unlike the careless lounge or pompous strut which so frequently disfigures the lay assistance in this part of the service. Only one thing jarred at all upon Maurice's mood; the gold-piece he laid upon the plate lay amid a number of the smallest silver coin known to our currency. He blushed as if he had made a blunder: but the answering color came into the face of the tall and noble-looking vestryman who bore the plate; and Maurice, if he had known, might have found that his offering had called forth a twenty-dollar note from the pocket of the other. No one stirred from the slip in which Maurice was, as the non-communicants passed quietly out. There was no noisy blare of the organ, as too often at such times, but a quiet gliding away, as dissolving snows melt into quiet droplets. Maurice did not rise from his knees till the Rector's voice began the address, and then the congregation in front of him seemed in no degree less dense. It was a strange feeling to Maurice when he found

himself no longer a spectator, but a participant in the service. He strove with all his might to abstract himself in the rite. He succeeded in part; but it was not till the silence which came when the kneeling celebrant partook of the consecrated gifts that he was able to lift his thoughts entirely to what was before him. The haunting, distressful feeling of unfitness which so often besets the first communion, before the spirit is disciplined and trained, was upon him. One sentence that he had heard that morning came to his aid—"worthy because of unworthiness, fit because *conscious* of unfitness;" yet, though calmed by prayer, his heart beat very quickly as he followed his companion at last up to the chancel. A lady dressed in quiet half-mourning stood immediately before him, so that they knelt side by side at the first place left vacant. As the priest stood before them, Maurice saw him break a portion of the bread in twain as he administered it. The communion was very full, and the elements were obliged to be carefully given. It shared between him and his neighbor the same fragment; and presently, when the bearer of the chalices came to them, each drank at the same moment. Maurice thought nothing of it then, of course; but, presently, it was to come to him in a way he little expected. In that excited state of the perceptions which is apt to co-exist with strong spiritual emotion, we are often compelled to note and remember similar circumstances.

Deep was the feeling, almost overpowering the joy, with which Maurice returned to his place. He knelt, praying long and fervently, till the congregation rose to join in the *Gloria in Excelsis*. Then his eye fell upon the young lady who had knelt beside him. Several, who had occupied intermediate slips, had left the church after receiving (for the church had been very full, and more than three hundred had been at the rail before Maurice went up.) She was standing but a few slips in advance, and something familiar, which he could not explain, drew his attention to her. The choir had mostly left the church after the Trisagion, leaving only two or three voices to lead the congregation. The *Gloria* was sung to an invariable chant, well-known to all. Somewhere, there rang in his ears a familiar voice, and, strangely, fantastically, it seemed to him, he was thinking of the city of Rome. He thrust back the thought resent-

fully, as an alien intrusive feeling. When the benediction had been spoken, and Maurice was ready to depart, he turned to thank the stranger who had given him a seat. This would, no doubt, have led to further conversation; but another of the vestry came up to say something, and Maurice, thinking he would wait outside, went toward the west door. The sexton had lifted its curtain, as the congregation retired, and the full radiance of noon poured through the arch. A female figure was standing in the clear, bright space of the door-way. Her dark dress helped to give the impression of mere outline—a distinct, dark shadow, and nothing more—and so the peculiarities of attitude were the more marked. Maurice saw it all in a moment. It was precisely thus that he had seen the young Quakeress stand upon the night when she had lost her way at Rome. There was just the patient, waiting, enduring look. The blood rushed to his heart, and a sick and faint feeling came over him. It was cruel for such a mocking likeness to come at such a time. He stepped hastily forward, and then as instinctively checked himself. Just then a little girl came from the church-yard. “O Miss Ellen!” she said, “I’ve been waiting and waiting ever so long to tell you that Jane is better, and mother says she will have her baptized to-morrow, at evening service.” “Thank you, Lucy, dear. Tell your mother I will come and see her,” was the reply. Maurice could doubt no longer, and yet the sea, the pitiless sea, gives not up its dead. He shook his head sadly. It was a cruel trial. She left the church. Maurice was about to follow, when he saw that she crossed the yard, and went into the school-building. He turned again to the porch, meaning to wait on the street outside. Two ladies stood in the entrance talking. He overheard one say, “Did you see Ellen Winrow, to-day? Her face was almost heavenly. I have not seen her look so happy since the night when she was confirmed.” Maurice could hesitate no longer: he turned back at once, determined to seek her out. She had re-entered the church, with her Sunday-school class-books in her hand, and was passing through it, so that they met just at the font. The broad light of noonday revealed them each to the other. She stood perfectly still, her eyes growing larger and larger, and then sank down at the base of the carved stone of the font. Maurice sprang to her to

raise her up, saying (for his calmness came back to him) "Ellen!—Miss Winrow!—do not be alarmed: it is I—Bryan Maurice." The ladies in the porch had seen it all, and hastened back. Ellen unclosed her eyes a moment, murmuring only, "Thankful!—so thankful! I knew—I knew it would come," and then relapsed into her fainting spell. Maurice gently laid her head in the lap of one of the ladies, the one who had spoken, who had at once sat down on the base of the font beside her; and then, after one glance into the basin to see if by chance any water could be left there, which of course there was not, darted off to the vestry. He startled the good Rector and assistant very decidedly by his abrupt entrance, as he seized the water-pitcher, only pausing to say, "A lady fainted;" which caused them to hurry on their coats, in place of their just-discarded cassocks, and to follow him down the aisle. The gray-haired sexton had partially dropped the curtain, the elder of the two ladies had taken off Ellen's bonnet, and the younger was fanning her energetically. Both looked sharply at Maurice, as with the feminine instinct of sisterly sympathy, they regarded him, in some wicked way the cause of so much emotion. But all suspicions were put to flight as the young girl opened her eyes once more; and, as she saw Maurice, the blood surged back to her cheeks. She tried to rise. Maurice knelt down beside her, and put his hand in hers. She held it with a long-clinging clasp. "You have come back to me from the dead," she said, "at last. I knew at the altar to-day that a great blessing was coming to me; but I did not know what it was." "Hush, hush! Ellen: you must not try to talk. Dr. Wentworth, we must have a carriage for her, and get her home," said the lady who was holding her. "Oh, no; I am better: let me get up." "Keep still, deary, keep still; and Dr. Wentworth or Mr. Arden, if one of you will send a carriage, we will wait here with her." So, as she was really better, though very weak, the others went away, leaving Maurice with the ladies. Most peremptorily, Mrs. —, the elder, forbade anything like explanations, saying, "No, no: you shall see each other to-morrow, and talk as much as you like; but now it would only distress her. It is enough for you, deary, if you know that it is all right: keep entirely quiet." Which counsel, considering that she (an experi-

enced mother and happy wife, with a most tender sympathy, and eke abundant curiosity) was burning to know more, was very praiseworthy. The sexton returned with the carriage, and Ellen was able to walk to it, and even to protest against any one being allowed to go home with her. She was obliged to submit, and the younger lady, a fellow teacher in the Sunday School, got in with her. Maurice would gladly have followed, but the matron interposed. "No," she said, "I shall play duenna to-day to you young folks; and meanwhile, as my home is but a little way from here, I shall insist upon taking you with me, sir. You are not fit to walk to any of the hotels, and there are no cars on Sunday." She saw that Maurice was fearfully overdone by excitement, was pale and trembling now, and she, with that rare instinct of good sense that she possesses, had comprehended that it was a case wherein ordinary etiquette should be postponed. Maurice was too much agitated to do anything but passively yield. She would not let him speak a word, even to apologize, but took him straight to her house, and got him comfortably seated in her cool parlor, and made him swallow a glass of wine before she let him utter a syllable. Then, placing herself quietly on the sofa, and untying her bonnet, she began: "I suppose I guess a good deal, and I think I ought to know more, for Ellen Winrow is almost like one of my own girls ever since she lost her father and mother. I have taken it for granted that she would approve what I am doing. It was not mere surprise that made her faint. Were you the gentleman she met in Rome, and who was with her on the 'Mystic,' on her last voyage?" Maurice bowed: he could not trust himself to speak. "You see, sir, I know a part: Ellen told me some things when she was preparing for confirmation; not much, but something which came out in explanation, and I feel as if I ought to know more." "There was no formal engagement between us," Maurice said, "but I had reason to hope, that, if we reached home in safety, there would be: and now, if Ellen—if Miss Winrow—is free, and not changed in heart—" "That you must find out for yourself: I am not to give, but to get confidence, sir. I see that you are a communicant of the church; but I think I may, without impertinence, waive ceremony so far as to ask you what else you are?" "I have been a Unitarian minister

I am now, or next week to be, a candidate for orders in the Cranmer School at Broadwater. My father was the late Judge Maurice of Massachusetts." "Whom I knew in Washington, when he was in Congress from your State. I thought I saw a look of some one I knew very well. That is quite enough for me. So I ask no more questions, except why on earth you never met Ellen since?"

The reader shall not be required to be present at the unfolding of that mystery, which came out by means of a longer conversation than we need to give. Miss Winrow was saved by a fishing-boat, and taken into St. John's, Newfoundland, and from there got passage to England, to join her brother, who had remained in London to enter a business house. Her name did not appear at the time upon the lists of the saved; and Maurice, arriving before the rest of the rescued, was, for a like reason, not included. Each supposed the other lost. The quiet life which Maurice had led, and his disinclination to speak of his shipwreck, had prevented his hearing of Ellen's return. Any one who knows the nine-days'-wonder rapidity with which events pass out of the American mind will not find this strange. The good lady, being satisfied that she was doing right, would not hear of Maurice's returning to his hotel. "You are in six months to be a clergyman—and that is next to being one—and no clergyman goes out of this house without sharing its hospitality." So she kept him to dinner; and then insisted that he should go to afternoon service, and return to tea, to meet Dr. Wentworth, whom she found that he knew. She added, playfully, that he should not stir out of her sight till it was too late for him to go and try to see Miss Winrow. So, as he did not, and could not, discover where, in the tolerably good-sized city, Miss Winrow was to be found, he rested content, perforce, in a promise that on the morrow the information should be given. He did not know that Mrs. ——— had snatched a moment's opportunity to write a loving little note to Ellen, telling her that she could not see Mr. Maurice till the next day, and that she must not do anything but rest. Very quietly the gentle-spirited girl resigned herself to it, and lay on her sofa at her home, now at her aunt's house, where she had lived since her return. She knew all: she had the feeling of utter trust. God had given back to her the one of whom she had not ceased to think in the reserve of her virgin heart.

The next morning there came, however, a natural revulsion of doubt. Her heart was beating very fast when the door-bell rang, and she was sent for to the parlor. Mrs. —, her friend, was there alone. "I have just ten minutes to spare, Ellen, with you: not one more. I peremptorily ordered Mr. Maurice to walk four squares up Chestnut before he returned into 1-th. When he comes back, he is to pass through here, and, where he sees me at the window, he may ring the bell. I would not tell him the number, or let him see me come in. I would not have you taken by surprise; and, if you do not want to see him, you shall say so. When he comes, I shall go up to your aunt's room, and sit with her as long as I think proper for him to stay, and then come down and order him off. I will tell aunty all I know about him, which is all good. You were made for a minister's wife, Nelly; and now you have your chance, darling." Ellen blushed crimson, as a tumult of happy thoughts rushed upon her. She was puzzling herself much, however, over this last remark, which she inwardly resolved should not be long of explanation; but, in all the timidity of maidenly reserve, she busied herself with a vase of flowers upon the table, arranging them with hands that trembled in spite of her efforts to be composed. The good lady walked to the window and pulled up the blind, regardless of the fact that it was high noon, and utterly unconventional for her to be sitting there in bonnet and shawl. She kept up a steady stream of talk, waiting for no answers; till, suddenly, with a brief nod towards the street, she sprang up, saying, "Now for aunty!" took Ellen to her heart, and kissed her; and then swept out of the room, past the servant who was just answering the bell of the hall-door.

One moment, and Maurice was beside his long-lost, new-found love. He knew not what he said, or she what she answered, if she did answer; but her head lay upon his bosom, his strong arm was holding her in that clasp which seals, before witnessing angels, the pledge for a life-long faith.

Nobody will care for the plain prose of the journey home to Broadwater, which Maurice had to take the next day. Ellen would not hear of his lingering for her sake. She was heroic for him. It was necessary that he should begin at once his course of study, in order to be ready for the Lenten-Embertide ordination. He could get away at Christ-

mas, but not before; and, after Easter, if he said so, her home should be wherever was his. Meanwhile, letters were to be his comfort and her daily joy. So they parted, after brief meeting. But her Sunday-school children, and the poor, among whom she had been a very sister of charity, never worshipped her so much, never found her so lovely as during that winter of untiring service; and stormy indeed was the winter day that missed her steps from the deep-arched portal of her church, and her presence at its daily prayers. People asked inquisitively why Ellen Winrow had left off her mourning, but got no satisfactory answer from the very few friends who were in the secret.

There stands a lovely church in one of our flourishing towns, which, with its schools and rectory, almost realizes the Dreamland fancies of the good Bishop in whose diocese it is. There, laboring and preaching, catechizing, praying, and ministering the sacraments of the New Birth and the Heavenly Life, is Bryan Maurice. Not alone; for Ellen is with him. Not friendless; for, beside the warm hearts who are gathering to his side, there comes to that parsonage, at the holy-tide of Easter, one who is ever a loved guest; for sister Maud then takes a brief resting-spell from her constant work of mercy. She comes to her one great joy—the keeping of the Queen of Festivals in the church whose every stone is the memorial to her buried love. No other hand than hers is suffered to order the flowers which fill, and droop over, the white marble font, upon whose vase is carven, in tiny letters which only the loving few who know its history can read and understand, “In memory of F. G.” There is a beautiful east window, too, upon whose glowing panes is the figure of the Lord stilling the tempest; and, upon the slender scroll which threads the fair colors at its foot, you may read, in ancient type, the text, “And there was no more sea.” If your eyes are good, you may also trace the fainter inscription: “A thank-offering for great deliverance.” And Saltonstall Wise comes there, in the summer heats, from his busy city parish, and writes cheery and quaint letters, filled with his fiery hopes of a united Christendom—of his frank indignation of all time-serving and pettinesses which delay the Church’s needful work. Men say, too, that upon him will yet be laid the solemn cares, the dread responsibilities of a Missionary Bishopric.

THE END.





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